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Drawn by T. WAGEMAN, Eng<sup>d</sup> by R. PAGE.

MR. KEAN  
AS  
HAMLET.

THE  
**DRAMA**  
 OR



J. E. Smith New York.

A View of Cookes Tomb in St. Pauls New York.

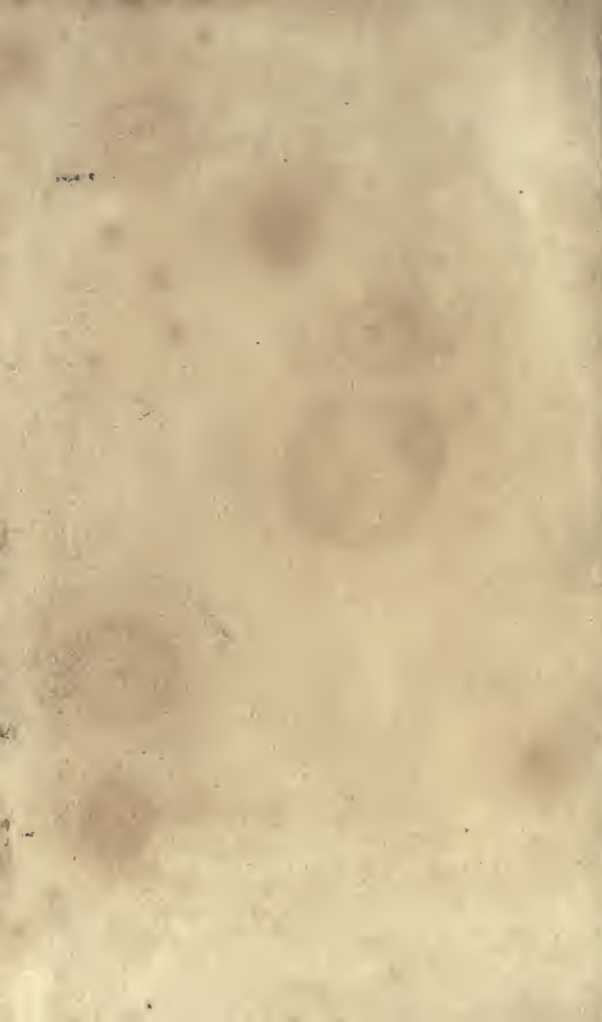
H. Adlard sculp.

THEATRICAL POCKET MAGAZINE.

Vol III.

LONDON;

Published by T & I Elvey 30 Castle Street Holborn.



**THE DRAMA;**  
OR,  
**THEATRICAL**  
**POCKET MAGAZINE.**  
*WHOLLY DEDICATED TO THE STAGE,*  
AND CONTAINING  
ORIGINAL DRAMATIC BIOGRAPHY,  
ESSAYS, CRITICISMS, POETRY, REVIEWS,  
ANECDOTES, BON MOTS, CHIT CHAT,  
WITH OCCASIONAL  
**Notices of the Country Theatres,**  
THE WHOLE FORMING  
A COMPLETE CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL  
ILLUSTRATION OF THE BRITISH STAGE.

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“The play, the play’s the thing.”—HAMLET.

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**VOLUME III.**

*From June, to December, 1822.*

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Embellished with Elegant Portraits of the principal  
Performers of the London Theatres.

*Engraved, (from Original Paintings, taken expressly for  
the Work) by the first Artists.*

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**London:**

**PUBLISHED BY T. and J. ELVEY,**  
CASTLE STREET, HOLBORN;

To whom all Communications “for the Editor,” post  
paid, are to be addressed.

THE DREAM

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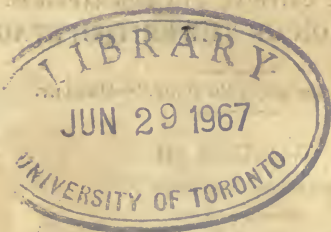
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Printed by T. and J. Elvey, Castle Street, Holborn.



## PREFACE.

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A new Volume requires a new bow from its editor, and a seasonable compliment or return of thanks. We may say of our work "*vires acquirit eundo*," and we can but observe, that the grateful sense we entertain of the public favour is quickened by the continued partiality which is shewn to our labours.

Professions we have now no more to make, nor is there any necessity at this period of our labours to have recourse to them. A work that has stood the test of public opinion through three Volumes, must be supposed to possess some *solid* pretensions to public favour; and the Editor and Proprietors may without vanity conclude, that their exertions have at length entitled them to the entire confidence of their subscribers.

We will still continue our endeavours not to lose this hold on their good opinion; and we take it for granted, that the best means of securing it will be by adhering to the plan and principles which have conducted "*The DRAMA*" to its present enviable pre-eminence and prosperity.

For the information of the Theatrical world, and those who may intend to purchase our publication, it may not be irrelevant to state, that our intention is to form in this work a complete *Cabinet* or *Library* of the choicest Dramatic subjects, to the utter exclusion of all extemporaneous matter whatever, and by so doing supply a *desideratum* so long required in Theatrical Literature. This at-

tempt has succeeded to our utmost wishes, and we trust our work will be found to contain the most interesting subjects; we are convinced, that, although devoted to one object solely, it has never been the receptacle of dulness or insipidity.

The remarks on the professors of the histrionic art, are written with a *lenient*, (but not *partial*) hand, as we cannot but feel that they are "*men and brothers*" always bearing in mind the wholesome hints which CUMBERLAND throws out to critics. It will also be found we have never extenuated a fault which might easily be corrected.

✓ The Minor Theatres have also been particularly attended to, a proceeding which appears to have given the highest satisfaction to our readers. We also congratulate them and ourselves on the variety of interesting information we have received from Country Correspondents, and though the narrow limits of our work preclude our inserting the whole of the Letters we receive on those subjects, we feel a pleasure in finding our fame has so spread itself, and are equally indebted to their authors.

The miscellaneous department will be found to have received a considerable accession of strength. The Biographical division also has not been neglected—and take them "for all in all," we think the pages here embodied will convince our readers that their encouragement has not been wholly unmerited, as they will perceive we have suffered no *dramatic plant* or *flower* worthy of our *culling*, to be neglected, cast carelessly aside, or "*waste its sweetness on the desert air.*"

— December, 1822.

# THE DRAMA;

OR,

## THEATRICAL

### POCKET MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1822.

“The play, the play’s the thing.”—HAMLET.

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EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF  
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PRICE SIX-PENCE.

## ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

June 22.—Mr. MATHEWS, on Saturday evening, closed the most prosperous season, (one excepted, that of the *Trip to Paris*) he has experienced during the five years of his career in his *singular* and mirth-creating entertainment. He now proceeds to America, where we most sincerely wish him perfect health, and a shower of dollars ; but particularly, we wish him—soon “*At Home*” again. We sub-join his *Farewell Address*.

“LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

“My task of the evening being finished, it now only remains for me to bid you farewell. This is the last time for many months to come that I shall have the honour and pleasure of appearing before you. I would fain make you merry at parting, but I feel it impossible to leave such kind friends, even for a time, without a sensation *here* that prohibits an attempt at a mirthful leave-taking. That I may not therefore throw the same cloud over you which at this moment overshadows *me*, I will merely intreat that you will not forget me in my absence, and believe that though the Atlantic must part us, it is utterly impossible that I can ever forget how deeply I am indebted to your flattering and unwearied patronage. I trust to be enabled to bring back a new budget for your amusement, and all my powers of observation shall be aroused to their utmost, to collect such materials in my travels, as shall prove that I have not absented myself from your smiles in vain.”

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## DRAMATIC ORACLE.

Near twenty letters have been returned to the post-office for non-payment—among them are two from Margate, one from Manchester, and one from Worcester.—All letters should be superscribed “For the Editor of the Drama, Messrs. Elvey’s, &c.

Our customary answers to our numerous Correspondents, must stand over till our next.

The portrait of Mr. KEAN which was intended for our present Number, is not sufficiently finished for public inspection. It will be given with as little delay as possible.

# THE DRAMA;

OR,

## THEATRICAL

### POCKET MAGAZINE.

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No. I.

JUNE, 1822.

Vol. III.

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MR. KEAN.

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Hail mighty genius ! while the sacred page  
Of glorious SHAKSPEARE shall inspire the stage ;  
Thy native fire, by secret art refin'd,  
Shall be the mirror of his god-like mind.

---

AT the request of several of our most valued subscribers and correspondents, who seem to think an article of the kind, a *desideratum* in a dramatic collection like ours,—we have been induced to commence the third volume of our work—with a biographical memoir of this eminent tragedian ; at the same time illustrating it with a striking likeness, taken expressly for our publication. Our biography we have endeavoured to derive from the most authentic sources,—and although we cannot but acknowledge our frequent obligations to Mr. OXBERRY's excellent publication "*The Flowers of Literature*," yet we trust in our collection



will be found several interesting facts and anecdotes, not generally known, and which we have every reason to think have never before made their appearance in print.

EDMUND KEAN was born in Castle-street, Leicester-Square, on Nov. 4, 1787.(1) His father was AARON KEAN, a tailor, (or, as some say, a builder) which occupation he followed even in its humblest walks, deriving neither name nor fortune from his business. His mother is only known as a daughter of the celebrated GEORGE SAVILLE CAREY, and is, we believe, still living, and one of his sisters occasionally performs or did perform at various provincial and minor theatres, under the name of CAREY. His uncle, MOSES KEAN, was celebrated for his powers of ventriloquism, and for the faculty of mimicry and imitation; this peculiar talent he abused by often employing it against his friends, till at last it left him none to ridicule. This always must be the result of that hateful talent, for people are much less offended by the exposition of their vices than of their failings; we can bear to be called *knaves*, but not *fools*;—our vanity is the most sensitive of our feelings.—There is a feeling in the human heart which renders *derision* insupportable, and a man will always be found more ready to grant forgiveness of the heaviest injuries, than in one instance pardon where he has been made the subject of ridicule and contempt. MOSES KEAN, however, fell under the lash of the imitative powers of a brother mimic, Mr. REES, in an interlude produced at the Hay market Theatre, for the benefit of C. BANNISTER, under the title of “*Thimbles flight from the shop-board.*” The ventriloquist, like his brother AARON, had been originally a tailor, and had lost a leg; but as neither of these circumstances were fair objects of ridicule, the audience disapproved of the attack made by REES, which was chiefly levelled thereat. (2)

(1) The critic, in the “*British Stage*,” asserts, that he was born on St. Patrick’s day, March 17th, 1788. The above, however, is, we have every reason to believe, correct.

(2) DIGNUM was an intimate friend of this MOSES KEAN, and was also of the same trade. CHARLES BANNISTER once met them under the Piazza’s in Covent Garden, arm in arm. “I never see those men together, (said he, to a friend with

KEAN's parents were too poor to allow any idle inmates in their family; as soon, therefore, as he was able to walk, he was placed at Drury Lane Theatre in the lower department of pantomime, where he practised under a celebrated posture master, till his limbs became capable of winding themselves into the strangest contortions, and his body had acquired the greatest flexibility: this however was obtained at the price of health and strength; the bones thus unduly exercised, became distorted, forming a frightful contrast with his features, which were beautiful though sickly. But the talents of the boy had won him friends among the actors, and when his parents began to look on this deformity with despair, his theatrical acquaintance came forward to his relief; and they procured for him all the necessary medical advice and applications to counteract this dreadful evil. The distorted limbs were braced in irons to direct and support their growth; and in order that he might not lose the emoluments arising from the situation he filled, as *Cupid*, in "*Cymon*," (which he played when but two years old) he was converted by the manager into a *Devil* in the Christmas pantomime. In this part it was necessary to hide his face, and to shew his limbs, and the arrangement was acknowledged to have been a judicious one—for his body was well adapted to give us an idea of a perverted mind—a species of association which our old philosophers were very liable to entertain. It is said by BACON, that persons who were deformed in shape, and those whom the Roman law called *fili populi*, are envious and malevolent to excess, except the calamity happened to fall on a very heroic nature, which is sure to counterbalance the effect, by comprehending a train of virtues. It is certain that young KEAN did not manifest any impatience at the unpromising growth of his body, and that the ridicule which was played upon his infirmity did not continue long, for it did not meet with the anger by which ridicule is fed.

From the system of education generally taught in a theatre, much could not be expected; the boy's good and evil

him) but they put me in mind of SHAKSPEARE'S comedies." —"But which of them, BANNISTER?"—"Why, '*Measure for Measure*!' "

qua'ities ripened without care, together ; or if either found cultivation, that advantage was rather bestowed upon the latter in the bad example of those about him, for such a child must naturally have been excluded from the society of the first actors : the stage, like every other profession, must have its dregs, and it cannot be expected, that amongst many idle, he should be the only diligent one, or amongst many dissipated, he should stand alone as the friend of propriety. Yet even this mode of life, deplorable as it may seem, was not without its advantages ; if the boy grew self-willed, he at the same time learned to depend upon himself ; if he became careless, he also became fearless ; and if he neglected books, he learned to think with men. It was a system that weakened the body, but strengthened the mind, the greatest merit of which was its energy, and the greatest evil its utter want of steadiness. The most inestimable part of a school education, is, that it enforces regular habits of application which accompany the boy in manhood, and lessen half the pain of labour ; the will, too, being completely disciplined, when at length the reins are given into the pupil's hand, he can command himself, when those who have not been subject to a like controul in youth, are ever governed by this passion. Every page in the life of KEAN exhibits this in the strongest light.

In his fifth year, he began to out-grow his bodily defects, but a curious circumstance occurred that caused his departure from the theatre, the cause of which is thus detailed by one of his biographers. The anecdote, if true, is certainly most curious. In the performance of "*Macbeth*," at the opening of the new house, in March, 1794, Mr. John KEMBLE, who was at that time manager, imagined that he could increase the effect of the incantation scene, and therefore resolved, that "the black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey," should be brought before the audience in *propria personæ*, and a number of children were accordingly appointed to personate a party of goblins, and other fantastic creations, who were to dance in a circle, while the witches were moving around the cauldron winding up the charm that was afterwards to deceive the usurper of *Donaldbain's* throne. Among those selected for this purpose, young KEAN, of course, was employed, as being accustomed to the



stage, but his appearance on that occasion was as little advantageous to himself as his employer—just at the moment of *Macbeth's* entrance into the cavern, the boy made an unlucky step, from which, owing to the irons about his limbs, he could not recover; he fell against the child next to him, who rolled upon his neighbour, who in turn jostled upon the next,—and the impulse thus communicated like an electric shock, went round the circle, till the whole party “toppled down headlong,” and was laid prostrate on the floor. The comedy of this event mingled not very harmoniously with the tragic sublime of the scene, and the laughter of the audience was, if possible, still less in unison with the feelings of Mr. KEMBLE, who, however remarkable for self-possession, could not fail of being disconcerted by an accident so ludicrous. He was a decided enemy to every thing that in the slightest way infringed upon the decorum of the scene; of course, therefore, he looked upon this accident as a serious evil, and in consequence, determined to dismiss the goblin troop from “*Macbeth*,” observing “these things must not be *done* after these ways, else they will make us mad.” The cause of this confusion, however, “smiled in the storm,” and very philosophically replied to all reproaches, that he had never before acted in tragedy, a reply which by no means altered the manager’s resolution. He was dismissed from “*Macbeth*” and the theatre, but still had lost nothing in the opinion of the friends about him. Those who knew him best, looked upon him as a youth of very superior understanding, and his mother felt much anxiety to give him the advantages of education. It seems, however, that she could not venture upon this step, without first obtaining her son’s consent, for he not only had a will of his own, but had found the means of rendering that will authoritative with his parents. Fortunately he had felt his dignity insulted by the manager’s rebuke, and upon his mother’s wishes being proposed to him, they were found to coincide with his own; he even intimated, that if she had not taken him from a place where he had been so ill-treated, he should have left it without her consent, and sought his fortune elsewhere. With this happy agreement on both sides, he was sent to a school in Orange-court, (the birth-place of HOLCROFT) where it is probable, that dirt was more abun-

dant than learning, and vice than either : the government of such a school could not have been very rigid, yet even to this, he submitted with reluctance, and soon growing weary of stated tasks, and regulated hours, he felt an inclination to see what was going forward in other countries, and resolved to go to sea : his mother opposed this idea with all her power, and finding it impossible to obtain her permission, he left her without ceremony, and stealing away from his home, entered as cabin boy on board a ship bound to Madeira. That this new life did not agree with his utter abhorrence of all authority, may be easily supposed ; for long before the vessel reached its destination, he became disgusted with the slavery he endured, and once arrived there, he laid a plan for his escape without subjecting himself to the charge of laziness, and the disgrace of punishment. This time, however, he had not a fond mother to deal with, and though it was not difficult for him to leave the ship, it was by no means so easy to find a passage back to England ; a just pride, too, perhaps inseparable from such a life and character, made him unwilling to quit his post disgraced, not to mention that he ran some risk of being re-taken and punished, a fear, that, no doubt, had some weight in his ensuing calculations.

He had been for some time labouring under a severe cold, which had originated on ship-board, and was probably increased by the change of climate ; externally, indeed, there was little appearance of this, and as something more was requisite to convince others of his malady, he pretended that the cold had produced utter deafness. In this he succeeded so well, that the captain no less than his crew were deceived by the pretext, yet perhaps this would not have been sufficient for his purpose, had he not at the same time declared, that his limbs were affected by lameness, a declaration which was rendered creditable by the slight distortion of his limbs, for as yet he had not quite outgrown the malady of his early childhood. The captain, deceived by these pretensions, and finding these misfortunes totally interfered with the duties of his situation, sent him ashore to the hospital, where he remained two months, carrying on the farce of sickness, till the physicians in utter despair of his cure, prescribed his native air as the only remedy for so in-

veterate a disorder. The patient knew better than they did that their prescription was an infallible specific ; he re-embarked, persisting in his assumed character of an invalid, though on one occasion his firmness and courage were put to a severe trial, and which he sustained in a manner never surpassed even by the hardiest veterans in the service. As soon as the sun set on the day of their embarkation from the island, the clouds began to thicken, the night winds blew sharply, and terror and death took their station upon the wilderness of waters. This was the forerunner of a tremendous storm, which about midnight rose to such violence, as to endanger the safety of the ship. The near peril, had roused every one but himself—all hands but his were employed, and all hearts, save his alone, seemed appalled at the horrors that threatened them. He was *deaf* to the beating of the waves, as well as to the cries of the women ; true to his character of sickness, he remained quiet in his cot,

“—Amidst the crash of elements,  
And the war of worlds.”

Upon his arrival in London, he would have sought refuge with the mother, whom he had deserted, but she unfortunately was in the country, and he now found himself without friends and without money. In this dilemma he recollected his nurse ; to her he applied, and she brought him to his uncle MOSES's lodgings, where he met Miss TIDSWELL of Drury Lane Theatre ; by this lady he was treated with maternal kindness, while his uncle encouraged him to follow the stage, either from despair of his roving habits, or from his own delight in that pursuit. He therefore gave him several hints which hereafter he turned to good account. But the uncle and nephew did not look upon the stage in the same light : the old man was really fond of the drama ; while EDMUND's ideas were limited to the exhibitions of Bartholomew Fair, of which, indeed, he was a devoted admirer : pantomime was his favourite, and his body being of exceeding flexibility, the rope dancers and tumblers of SAUNDERS's company encouraged him to the practice of the exercises by which they entertained the public. His uncle, however, had an insurmountable objection to the *profession*

in its lowest branches, and therefore his nephew was obliged to be satisfied with imitating what he saw at Bartholomew Fair, when he returned home. He has been often caught in the act of running round the room upon his hands, with his legs in the air, and could imitate before he was seven years old, nightingales, monkees, knife grinding, and influenced probably by the specimens of his uncle, he was accustomed to recite speeches from "*Lear*,"—"*Richard III.*," &c. after the manner of the most popular performers of those characters.

His uncle's death which happened a short time after he had been received into his protection, gave him an opportunity of devoting much of his time to his beloved amusements, and he then became one of SAUNDERS's groupe at Bartholomew Fair, where he made his first appearance as a *Monkey*, to the gambols of which it was easy to him to make his limbs subservient, and so dexterous was he at changing the figure of his body, that he has been seen upon throwing himself on the ground, (like AARON's rod) to take the form of a serpent. He did not, however, go with the troop from fair to fair, but continued in London under Miss TIDSWELL's protection, near seven years, during which time his parent remained absent in the country. At last, after repeated enquiries, he learned that his mother was playing at Portsmouth, where he determined to seek her, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his protectress, who represented to him the dangers and inconveniences arising from such a journey, and the probability of his having been misinformed—indeed, he appears at no time to have paid much attention to the advice of those about him ; what he wished, he was pretty sure to accomplish, if the act were within his power, and accordingly he set out on foot to Portsmouth, only to meet with the disappointment that had been prognosticated ; his mother was not there, and his scanty funds being soon exhausted, he was thrown upon his own resources, without a single friend to assist him. With his education, there was no choice left ; he had but one cultivated talent, and to exhibit which, he hired a room, for the purpose of defraying his expenses back to the metropolis. By this effort, he cleared about three pounds, and it appears, the approbation he met with here, was the thing that deter-

mined him to the choice of the stage as a profession, and soon after his return to London, he appeared at Sadler's Wells, and by his recitation of *Rolla's* Address to the Peruvians, became so extremely popular, as made him look to it as a profession, and apply with diligence to the study of SHAKSPEARE and other eminent dramatists.

[*To be resumed.*]

## DRAMATIC SCENES.

No. I.

### RETRIBUTION; OR, SIR ALBERT THE CRUSADER.

BY J. J. LEATHWICK.

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

*Sir Albert,*

*Sir Hugh,*

*Sir Allan,*

*Selim,*

*Hugo,*

*Senechal,*

*Lady Elwina,*

*Alice,*

SCENE I.—*A barren Moor.*

SIR ALBERT and his 'Squire HUGO, mounted.

*Sir A.* How low'ringly the gath'ring clouds tartarean roll  
Their dense collapsing columns; 'tis a prototype  
Of that soul-stirring tempest, that oftimes chafes  
Impetuously the fitful bosoms of mankind.  
Spur on your courser, Hugo, we must cross  
These bleak domains, before yon glim'ring light  
Shall leave the fainting west, and darkness



Comes that might outrival wonted chaos.  
 Hark ! how that hoarsely sullen, deep ton'd burst  
 Of thunder, came echoing and reverberating  
 From the hills.—'Tis the voice of the  
 Omnipotent, when he deigns to speak  
 In clashing accents, to the trembling globe.  
 If I remember right, (for years have roll'd  
 Revolving, since in heat of chase, I rang'd  
 These wilds) that not far off, a forest tow'rs  
 With high aspiring head.—Thither we will  
 Bend with rapid speed our devious course,  
 And couch'd aneath the thickly spreading trees,  
 Will rest awhile.—The storm beats pitiless !  
 And lightning's forked flash incessant rives  
 The face of earth, and 'lumes the arch of heav'n.  
 It seems as if the very skies combine  
 To wreck upon our lone devoted heads,  
 The disgorgement of their black'ning coils  
 And pregnant bosoms. But soft ! methinks  
 That as the coruscation of the last  
 Etherial warfare, shot glowingly o'er  
 The vast expanse, I saw the forest ; let  
 Us immediate gain its shelt'ring foliage,  
 And heav'n direct that in our passage there,  
 The swift destroying shaft may playful bound aside,  
 Nor strike us to the earth, as livid lifeless corses.  
 [Exit, followed by 'Squire.

SCENE II.—*A Hermit's cell.*

*The Anchorite discovered, in a musing meditative manner.*  
*(Solus sitting.)*

*Hermit.* Now the impervious black brow'd shade of  
 night,  
 Hath cast its sable mantle o'er mankind,  
 And all the world is buried in oblivion,  
 Save that the prowling robber stalks abroad,  
 Or his fell counterpart the ruthless wolf.  
*(Rises to the open lattice.)*  
 How calm the face of nature ! the vengeful blast

That but a moment since, with headstrong breath  
 Bow'd down the knotted and majestic oak,  
 Whispers like soft Arcadian measures,  
 And hardly stirs a leaf. The storm is hush'd !  
 And the pale moonbeams glitter o'er the scene,  
 As if to view the work of desolation.  
 How heavenly this sight—what radiance !  
 What resplendence ! Oh ! ye blest pow'rs above,  
 Who reign and rule omnipotent, grant that  
 I may chase the obscurations of my soul,  
 And leave it spotless, pure, and undefil'd ;  
 As yon high orb, dispels the sullen clouds  
 That slow recede away : and may your bland  
 And holy grace distil instinctive from  
 My heart, as these pearl rain-drops shine and fall  
 Translucent.—How soft and still,  
 'Tis like the jarring contests of the world,  
 That oftimes for a season burn with  
 Fiery rage, and then insensate sink  
 To paucity and nothingness.

*(Shuts the lattice, and advances forward.)*

Come, ye celestial and revered shades  
 Of my renown'd forefathers ; ye who once  
 Could massive rear the emblazon'd targe, or  
 Forceful wield the flaming brand ; endow  
 Mine arm with might, and brace each threat'ning nerve  
 With vengeful ire. For I have need of all  
 Your wonted fame, to renovate my soul  
 To triumph o'er my curst and scathful foe.

*(A sound without.)*

But list ! I thought I heard a foot fall steal  
 Upon the solemn silence of the night.  
 It cannot be the sharer of my woes,  
 My constant Selim, or that ensample  
 Of fidelity, my vassal, Hubert ;  
 Their steps will not again till morn retread  
 These woods. By heav'n's, they rapid come this way—  
 'Tis strange and passing all my comprehension.  
 Perchance bewilder'd travellers ! if such  
 They prove, my lowly cell shall instant 'ford

Them shelter. But should the bandits, by which  
I've heard this forest is inhabited,  
Be now my guests, I'll instant stain this trenchant  
Blade in the warm life blood of their callous hearts. [*Exit.*  
(*During this soliloquy, the Hermit in the act of drawing his sword, turns aside his cassock, and discovers the habiliments of a knight.*)

*Re-enter the RECLUSE, with SIR ALBERT and HUGO.*

*Hermit.* Welcome, Sir Knight. It glads my soul to view  
Again the plumed casque, the glitt'ring shield,  
And all the gorgeous panoply of war.  
I hail them with devotion, for they were  
Long the lov'd companions of my wayward  
Manhood. Aye! the time has been, my streaming  
Pennon has roll'd and wav'd majestic in the  
Fresh'ning gale, and shining brands and willing  
Hearts were ready to defend and keep it :  
But now, alas ! those heads lie low, and  
Gnawing moths do ruthless burrow in the  
Inactive folds. Here sit you down, my friends,  
And if our homely fare suffice the calls  
Of hunger, we'll bear the palm from pallid  
Want and enervating luxury. (*Places refreshment.*)

*Sir A.* Receive my warmest thanks, my noble host,  
In vain my throbbing heart internal glows,  
To render meet a guerdon fit for thee.

*Hermit.* I pray ye, name it not. I would not  
When the storm so violent rag'd, have chas'd  
My foeman's dog away, to brave the  
Inclement skies or shivering meet  
The forceful blast. By that blest symbol of  
Our faith divine, the red cross on your targe,  
I now most gladly view a follower,  
Staunch in that brave cause, that erst did warm  
My warlike soul, and fir'd my zealous blood,  
E'en to the very acmè of enthusiasm.  
If you have lately cross'd the billowy waves,  
Perchance you'll pour to my delighted ear,



The recognising theme of other days.  
How fares our Albion's Richard?  
Does he still as erst uphold his country's fame,  
And beaming valiant, yet diffuse o'er her  
The glorious meed, the blissful prize  
Of never dying matchless chivalry?

*Sir A.* Ah! no, a despot's chains ignobly fold  
And galling bite him, and that nerveful arm  
That oft pursued the retrogading foe,  
And made them fly, like Autumn leaves before  
The Wintry wind, lies powerless and inactive.  
When peace was made, our valiant royal chief  
Immediate re-embark'd and sailed for  
Britain's isle! But lo! a furious storm  
Dispers'd and direful sunk, his num'rous fleet  
And well appointed armament. Our  
Monarch gain'd the shore with few retainers,  
And trav'ling thro' Germania's lands,  
Whilst in a merchant's foreign garb array'd,  
Was foully seiz'd, and treacherously us'd  
By Austria's baneful prince.

*Hermit.* Detested stain to knighthood, alien to  
Honour and to courtesy.

*Sir A.* Oh! had you seen his lion soul expand  
With mighty throbs, or caught the flashing radiance  
Of his falcon eye, yourself would burn with  
Renovated force, and ev'ry warrior's heart,  
Would beat responsive to the kindling beam.  
And thou too, shade of my lamented sire,  
If thou wert once allow'd to re-assume  
Corporeal form, thy tendons still would grasp  
The quiv'ring lance, and o'er the breathing world,  
Would gild anew thy matchless fame.  
But no! thy knightly spirit, when it  
Murmuring left it's frail receptacle,  
Celestial sped it's beaming flight thro'  
Shadowy clouds, and cutting with expansive  
Wings the boundless ether elysian, gain'd a  
Blissful seat in yon azure heav'n,  
Never to vacate.

*Hermit.* Methinks, Sir Knight, thy father's matchless  
soul

Hath gain'd a noble resting-place in thee.  
 Hath many summer's shone, since this fam'd  
 Hero slept the silent sleep?

*Sir A.* Num'rous ! I cannot on the tablet of  
 My memory, e'en recollect his form  
 On lineaments. My mother, when she  
 Gave me birth, departing flew to heavenly  
 Realms, and long dire griefs envenom'd sting,  
 Deep rankled in my father's phrenzied  
 Wounded heart : at last the fam'd crusades  
 Broke forth to extirpate religion's foes ;  
 In which my sire to mitigate his grief  
 With countless compeers strait engaged ;  
 But e'er he bade his native land farewell,  
 He gave the dark Sir Allan charge o'er me,

*(Hermit starts.)*

And all, who to him vow'd eternal faith.  
 Relying firm on this device my hapless sire  
 Delusive left this white cliff'd isle, and many  
 A Saracenic chief did breathless rue  
 His dire protentious visit. One low'ring  
 Murky eve, the battle rag'd with dubious  
 Strife, and charging squadrons clash'd  
 Cymbalic on. The Christians fled ; my sire  
 Disdain'd, and wall'd around by heaps of  
 Slaughter'd foes, he glorious greatly fell.  
 These doleful tidings soon were brought with  
 Rapid speed to our ancestral tow'rs,  
 And Pomfret's halls long mourn'd their lord's decease.  
 But there was one in whom compassion never  
 Glow'd, or touch'd his steely breast, and from that  
 Hour, Sir Allan turn'd with ruthless sway  
 His former love to hate. 'Twas the beacon  
 Signal of unkindness, and my infantine  
 Years continual roll'd in misery  
 And despair. My wrongs increas'd, and as  
 I grew, the mad'ning retrospection would  
 Oftimes chafe my boiling blood, and light  
 With furious flame my injur'd mind.  
 I could not long have borne it, but that a  
 Blooming maid, his sole and only child,

The sunshine of my life, my lov'd Elwina,  
Irradiate threw the lambent beams of  
Pity, and tun'd my troubled soul to  
Harmony and peace.

*Hermit. (In great agitation.)* Speak on, I pray ye,  
speak ! my list'ning ears  
Impatient lack to hear from thee  
Thy sad and woe-fraught tale.

*Sir A.* Thus roll'd the circling hours, and when arriv'd  
At manhood's years, my buoyant heart insensive  
Caught the inspiring theme of war, and  
Throbbing high beat strong with martial pride  
And emulative glory. The Holy Land  
Was still the scene where dauntless acts were  
Blown and sounded to the world, thro' fame's  
Heraldic, sonorous trump. Thitherward  
I bent my vent'rous course with the full sanction  
Of my wily guardian, and swiftly reach'd  
The ensanguin'd shores in safety and in health.  
It boots me not each action to rehearse,  
Or tiresome narrate what millions have applauded  
And acclaim'd ; suffice that I escap'd  
The wayward fate that laid my parent low,  
And trod once more my native happy isle.

*Hermit.* Blissful deliverance. (*Aside.*)  
And do you now, Sir Knight, direct intend  
To trace your steps to Pomfret's ancient  
Castellated walls ?

*Sir A.* Yes, mine host ! when morning's earliest beam  
Shall usher in the glorious new-born day,  
Or when the mounting lark shall 'rapt the  
Enlist'ning air, and pour his undulating  
Strains at heav'ns high portals ; then we bestride  
Our pawing steeds. But think not that I e'er will  
Give the sullen knight, a chance to triumph  
O'er my falling fortunes, or entertain  
A doubt, that I would prowl around that  
Massive pile, I ought now to command,  
But that the sense of love steals o'er my soul  
And chases for awhile mine enmity away.  
My train I left behind at distant bowers,

As fitting not my present enterprize.  
 Let but our royal chief regain his throne,  
 And re-assume his wonted dignity;  
 And I will 'fore the assembled court  
 Challenge by law of arms to deadly strife,  
 This ingrate knight, and make him bite the dust,  
 In dying mortal agony. (Rises.)  
 Farewell my kind and courteous entertainer,  
 I've often thought, that nobleness of soul,  
 Dwelt more in lowly cells and solemn haunts,  
 Than in the peopled towns and gilded palaces.  
 Good eve ; and may the temporal blessings  
 You enjoy, be meted out to you in  
 Endless, boundless stores.

[Exit, attended by 'Squire.]

*Hermit. (Solus.)* Be still my beating heart, and thou  
 My yearning soul repress thy struggling  
 And convulsive throbs. I will to rest, and  
 Try to recompose myself to balmy sleep,  
 And when my Selim comes with blushing morn,  
 Will pour to his delighted ear, this  
 Ordination of the High Supreme. [Exit,

[To be Resumed.]

## THE DRAMATIC REFLECTOR.

No. V.

*Consisting of Observations, &c. Original and Selected, on  
 matters connected with the stage.*

BY J. W. DALBY.

12.—FARINELLI.

THIS Italian singer, whom the genius of a HOGARTH has immortalized, who was honoured by our nobility of both sexes, and intoxicated by the foolish admiration of an infatuated nation ; this “cunning eunuch” scorned their adula-

tion, repaid respectful solicitude by contemptuous neglect, and pocketing the gold of his admirers, retired to his native country, possessed of almost incalculable wealth.

"*One God, one King, and one FARINELLI,*" in the warmth of her extravagance and impiety, exclaimed a female admirer of his, who was exalted through the magic influence of her personal charms to extreme rank and fortune. Our successful melodist doubtless believed himself deserving of such idolatrous encomiums; and on one occasion, having been prevailed on by a noble Duke to sing at a public entertainment; while the amateurs were waiting in anxious expectation of his arrival, they were surprised by a rude verbal message, stating, "*that he was otherwise engaged, and could not possibly attend!*" His Grace, only happy when he could contribute to the pleasure of his guests, was severely mortified, and apologized to his friends for their disappointment. The Duke of MODENA, to whom the singer was a subject, happening to be present, instantly sent a servant to our inflated minstrel, commanding his immediate attendance.

The Modenese soon makes his appearance, a chair is placed for him near the noble host, and every person, except the Duke of MODENA, respectfully stands up. The latter surprised at such a reception of a person who had behaved so indecorously, indignantly and impatiently cries out, "*Does your Grace permit a public singer to sit in your presence? have the goodness to excuse my officious interference, but we manage these gentry better in Italy: FARINELLI, stand in yonder corner of the room, and sing your best song, in your best manner, to this company, who honor you with their notice.*"

The squeaking minion trembled and obeyed, sang his song, made an obsequious obeisance to the company, and having received a nod of approbation from the Duke of MODENA, retired in humble guise from the brilliant assembly. The beaux doubtless were bewildered at this scene, and the ladies, of course, sympathized with the sweet fascinating creature, and conceived him horribly ill-treated; "but (to use the words of a friend with whose cynical severity I can for once agree) experience and good sense confirm the necessity and propriety of the Duke of MODENA's



lesson to the English nation, who in their obsequious attentions, and indiscriminate admission of actors, prize-fighters, singers, and dancers, are so perpetually violating decorum, and confound, more than a thousand THOMAS PAINE's, the necessary subordinations of society and rank." "Are we," continues my friend, "to be pestered or insulted by a motley dramatic crew of insolent prostitutes, and female quixotes, of gamblers, pretenders, buffoons, half-wits, and half-gentlemen, who, trained in the infamy of the gaming table, the obscene jargon of the brothel, the technical cant of the green-room, the noisy nonsense of an eighteen-penny ordinary, and the uninteresting absurdity of some obscure coffee-house, reflect disgrace on a creditable profession, and on their infatuated patrons, who are not satisfied till they have dragged by the head and shoulders, these unworthy interlopers into the company of gentlemen."

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### 13 —LA MAUPIN.

The history of this French singer, (for fate ordains that this No. of "The Reflector," shall be entirely devoted to foreign warblers) exhibits one of the numerous instances in which a stage heroine, fortified by public favour, and presuming on the magic of a melodious voice, defied the laws and institutions of a country by which she was supported, and committed with impunity, crimes which would have doomed a common unaccomplished desperado to an ignominious death.

This romantic and indecorous adventurer, who dressed, fought, made love, and conquered like a man, having been married at an early age, fortunately for her husband, Mons. MAUPIN, quitted him a few months after their nuptials, won by the superior attractions of a fencing-master, who instructed her, *for love*, in the use of the small sword, a weapon which she afterwards handled with destructive dexterity against numerous opponents.

In an excursion from Paris to Marseilles, her performance in a favourite piece was received with admiration and the most extravagant applause, and, strange to tell, she won the affections of a *beautiful young woman*, the only

child of a wealthy merchant in that city, prevailed on the infatuated girl to elope with her in the night, from her father's house, and being pursued, took refuge in a convent. The rigid discipline of this place not being at all congenial to the disposition and intentions of our *hero*, and being also alarmed by some religious doubts and scruples, which occurred to the mind of the fair but phrenzied fugitive, who began to repent her rash and unwarrantable conduct in flying from all that was happy and respectable in life for a female bravo, whom, perhaps, she rather dreaded than loved.

Finding great impediments to her designs, and maddened by opposition, this theatric miscreant set fire at midnight to the building which had so hospitably sheltered her, and in the dismay and hurry that ensued, having secured by force her unhappy victim, fled to a sequestered village, where they were concealed for several weeks; but the country being alarmed by such flagrant enormity, a diligent search took place, the offender was traced to her retreat, and seized, after a stout resistance, in which she killed one of the officers of justice, and dangerously wounded two others.

The lovely, but frail Marsellaise, was restored to her afflicted parents, and LA MAUPIN, a notorious murderer, a seducer of innocence, and an incendiary, was condemned to be burnt alive; but this syren, whose tones enchanted every hearer, while the poison of asps was within her lips, had secured such powerful interceders, that the execution of her sentence was delayed; and, in the end, this abominable and profligate woman escaped the punishment she deserved.

From infamy and fetters she hurried to Paris, was received with raptures at the Opera, but could not shake off the characteristic audacity of her former deportment. In a crowded theatre, conceiving herself affronted by DUMENIL, a favourite actor, remarkable for mild temper and inoffensive manners, she rushed on the stage, poured forth a torrent of abuse on the poor man, interrupted the entertainment, and caned him in the face of the audience. This indignity was submitted to without a murmur, and basking in the warm sun shine of public patronage, she exercised for several years a capricious and insulting tyranny over princes, magistrates, managers, and people.

At a ball given by a prince of the blood in the reign of LOUIS the Fourteenth, LA MAUPIN insolently paraded the rooms in men's cloaths, and treating a lady of distinction with indecency, was called out, at different times, by three gentlemen, each of whom she ran through the body ! This hell-hound was again pardoned !

Influenced by peculiar taste or vicious caprice, or by a combination of appetite and curiosity, the Elector of Bavaria made her proposals which she accepted, and for a short time insulted the inhabitants of Brussels as an appendage to the loose pleasures of their sovereign. But she shortened her reign by her eccentricities ; and soon disgusted her lover.

Though callous to crime, the German Prince shrunk from absurdity, and, after the violence of passion had subsided, resolved to dismiss a woman so deficient in those indispensable female requisites, delicacy, decorum, and softness, which I hear so many young men, reeling from the stews, regret the want of *in those select circles*.

The satiated Elector, with a mixture of cruelty and generosity, dispatched the husband of a new mistress to LA MAUPIN, with a purse of 40,000 livres ; the messenger was desired to inform her that a carriage was at the door, in which she must immediately quit Brussels. The enraged courtesan threw the purse at the bearer, abused him as a cuckold and a scoundrel, told him his insignificance protected him, that she would not disgrace her sword with the blood of such a contemptible rascal, and kicked him down stairs.

The applause of a Parisian circle again soothed her chagrin, and the galling recollection of neglect and insult, were alike unheeded, or escaped from, amid the bustle and the blandishments of fashionable follies. As old age and infirmity came on, she quitted the stage, and associated with her forsaken husband, who in her accumulation of wealth, overlooked his domestic disgrace, and trusting that years had somewhat ameliorated her disposition, again ventured to take her to his arms. After a life of impudence, licentiousness, and flagitious enormity, this extraordinary character was comforted in her last moments by an indulgent priest, who, from gratitude or *conviction*, thus replied



to certain doubts and questions, which naturally arose in the breast of so great a sinner: "Your peace is made with God: and although you have been a late labourer in the vineyard, you shall sleep in Abraham's bosom."

June 4, 1822.

## LIVING DRAMATISTS.

### SKETCH I.

GEORGE SOANE, A. B.

"A tragic penman for a dreary plot."

"*Return from Parnassus.*"

To try the disposition of his son, which was fraught with peculiar generosity, one of the earlier French monarchs set a crown and sceptre before him on one cushion, and a sword and helmet very near it, on another. The boy, unconscious of the ordeal to which his feelings were subjected, grasped the warlike implements with great eagerness, and thus manifested the tendencies of that genius which unshackled nature had implanted.

The mind of Mr. SOANE has been similarly developed, and in the first emanations of his theatrical orb, we can trace the very sources from which it was illumined. Unbiassed by the dictates of a managerial employer, the paths of dramatic literature, lay open before him, and he struck without hesitation into the cheerless track of enormity and despair. His first piece, the "*Peasant of Lucerne*," was but a colloquial epitome of sin and suffering; a blasted heath without a single flower to enliven its wildness or redeem its sterility. His next effort bore the pompous appellation of a tragedy, and was submitted to the committee of Drury Lane Theatre, under the patronage of an estimable peer, for the boards of that establishment. The hopes of Mr. SOANE, however, were doomed to be defeated; but to "*shame the fools*," who had so tastelessly rejected his "*Bohemian*," it was speedily published, and though replete with instances of great verbal beauty, proved to be a mass

of blood and horror, bordering in some parts upon burlesque, and thoroughly unfitted for the important purpose of public amusement. Depressed, but not discouraged, Mr. SOANE directed his attention to a tale of great pathos and popularity; the drama so founded, was anonymously produced, and the "*Innkeeper's Daughter*," continues to evince his remarkable ingenuity and success.

A new era was now given to the life of Mr. SOANE. Owing to that jealous tenacity, for which playhouse people are distinguished, he had been previously banished from their support and communion, on account of the imputed severity of certain theatrical strictures. It is not our province to analyze the alleged bitterness of those opinions, or expatiate upon the sordid feelings from which they originated. The bare fact is all that belongs to us, and we shall therefore merely repeat our mention that Mr. SOANE had been hitherto interdicted from the circle with which it became his profit and his pleasure to be closely united. His "*Innkeeper's Daughter*," gave a hundred steel links to the chain of sociality; he had opened a wide avenue to the prisoned talents of Miss KELLY, and not contented with laying the bond of interest upon her heart, he carried the cup of flattery to her lips, and glorified it with a pearl,

"Richer than that which four successive kings  
Of Denmark's crown have worn."

In a preface of much elegance to this melo-dramatic trifle, he carried a handsome tribute to the altar of female vanity, and the woman whose talents had been vilified and traduced with unpardonable rancour, became at once the patron and prop of his subsequent greatness. She received his "*offered love, like love*," and "*has not wronged it*."

The piece just alluded to, was soon followed by the "*Falls of Clyde*," an effort, in which Mr. S. maintained his claims to experimental dexterity. From that period, the broken pinion of his genius, has, (to use an expression of the author of the "*Cenci*") *flapped bloodily in dust*," and he has toiled in vain to recover the heights of his early career. Failures pressing upon failures,

"To o'er top old Pelion, or the skyish head  
Of blue Olympus,

have betokened his inadvertence, or betrayed his imbecility—and where they could not justify our censure, have excited our regret. The "*Dwarf of Naples*," the "*Gregarach*," and the "*Hebrew*," are strong and strange examples of wanton perversion, of boundless audacity, and of limited power. No violets have sprung from the "*fair and unpolluted flesh*" with which his cemetery soil has been fattened; (1) the tenderness and the heroism, the ferocity, and the humour, of his original themes, were committed to their dark beds, with "*maimed rites*," and Mr. SOANE in giving them "*shards, flints, and pebbles*," for charitable prayers, left us to mourn over the imperfect "*strewments*" of his "*bring home with bell book and burial*."

Such are the tale and tissue of Mr. SOANE'S inferiorities, viewed and reported, we most solemnly aver, without the slightest admixture of unworthy feeling. Should he turn to the "*black and grained spots*" we have pointed out, in lieu of "*honeying over the nasty sty*"—let him devote the purest energy he possesses to correction and amendment. We firmly believe him to be master of a true Pactolian stream, but as it is only labour that can separate his golden thoughts from the sands that absorb them, let him treasure up our counsel, and it must eventually strengthen his judgment and expand his gloomy fancy.

## DRAMATIC DISASTERS.

IN the 17th century an accident occurred at Witney, in Oxfordshire, which was truly disastrous, and is especially remarkable from the publicity it gained through puritanical misrepresentation. The young and gay of the place assembled in innocent mirth to witness the performance of a dramatic piece; the flooring gave way, and several lives were lost in the general downfall. Instead of sympathy, the sufferers met with execration. One JOHN ROWE, of the University of Oxford, and "Lecturer in the Town of Witney," pub-

- (1) Lay her i' the earth,  
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,  
May violets spring!" *Hamlet, V. I.*

lished an account of the occurrence, entitled " Tragi-comedia ; being a brief relation of the strange and wonderful hand of God discovered at Witney, in the comedy acted here, in February ; where there were some slain, many hurt, with several other remarkable passages ; together with what was preached in three sermons on that occasion from Rom. i. 18, both which may serve as some check to the growing atheism of the present age. Oxf. 1652."

The age must indeed be far gone in bigotry which could be influenced by such imbecile ravings as those of Mr. ROWE ; yet we are told that this publication contributed not a little to the suppression of plays at that period. We learn from the pamphlet that the piece performed was " MAUCEDURUS, the king's sonne of VALENTIA, and AMADINE, the king's daughter of ARRAGON ; with the merry conceits of the Mouse, &c." The actors were countrymen, and nearly all from Stanton Harcourt ; they acted for pecuniary reward, and had performed their comedy in several adjacent places. (1) Denied the use of the town-hall, they fixed on the White Hart, a principal inn in Witney. At seven o'clock in the evening the drum beat, and the trumpet sounded to announce that all was ready. Men, women, and children, to the number of three hundred, attended the summons. The theatre of the night was a large apartment, which had been used as a malting-room, " having a part of it covered with earth for that purpose." The play had proceeded for about an hour and a half, when a beam gave way, and the flooring sunk. They fell into a room " where there was a shuffle-board which was broke to pieces." All, for a few dreadful moments, was silence ; at length such cries and groans arose, as furnished the declaimer with several very pertinent allusions from Rom. i. 18, and it was found that five were " slaine outright ;" a woman had her

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(1) The practice of bands of countrymen travelling through neighbouring districts for the performance of dramatic pieces, thus appears to have ceased only at the latter part of the 17th century. This was a relic of the Catholic ages, in which similar associations were formed for the representation of *Mysteries* at holy festivals.

leg broken, and underwent amputation.—Though these were “awful warnings,” the sufferers were still few in number; but Mr. ROWE closes his account by informing us that “sixty persons are said to have been much bruised.”

The following instance of the fatal consequences of a false alarm in places of public amusement, occurred at Burwell, near Newmarket, on the 8th September, 1727: it happened that some strollers had brought down a puppet-show, which was exhibited in a large thatched barn. Just as the show was going to begin, an idle fellow attempted to thrust himself in without paying, which the people of the show opposed, and a quarrel ensued; after some altercation the fellow went away, and the door being made fast, all was quiet; but this execrable villain, to revenge the supposed incivility he had received from the showman, went to a heap of hay and straw which stood close to the barn, and secretly set it on fire. The spectators of the show, who were in the midst of their entertainment, were soon alarmed by the flames, which had communicated themselves to the barn; in the sudden terror which instantly seized the whole assembly, every one rushed to the door, but it happened, unfortunately, that it opened inwards, and the crowd that was behind, still urging on those that were before, they pressed so violently against it, that it could not be opened; and being too well secured to give way, the whole company, consisting of more than one hundred and twenty persons, were kept confined in the building till the roof fell in. This accident covered them with fire and smoke; some were suffocated in the mouldering thatch, and others were consumed alive in the flames. Six only escaped with life; the rest, among whom were several young ladies of fortune, and many little boys and girls, were reduced to one undistinguishable heap of mangled bones and flesh; the bodies being half consumed, and totally disfigured. The surviving friends of the dead, not knowing which was the relic that they sought, a large hole was dug in the church-yard, and all were promiscuously interred together. As it is not easy to conceive more aggravated wickedness than occurred in the perpetration of it. The favour which was refused was such as the wretch had neither pretence to ask, nor reason



to expect. The barn did not belong to the showman, and the spectators were admitted only upon terms with which he refused to comply. The particulars of his punishment, or his escape, are not preserved with the story.

The accounts are many and authentic as to the atrocious act itself; and though diversified, and apparently written by different authors, agree in the truth of the story.

A similar accident occurred at Stirbitch in 1802.

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## SHAKSPERIANA.

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No. X.

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*Consisting of Anecdotes and fragments relative to SHAKSPEARE, original and select.*

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BY G. CREED.

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“ Oh, where’s the bard, who at one view  
 Could look the whole creation through,  
 Who traversed all the human heart,  
 Without recourse to Grecian art ?

He scorn’d the modes of imitation,  
 Of altering, pilfering, and translation,  
 Nor painted horror, grief, or rage,  
 From models of a former age ;

The bright original he took,  
 And tore the leaf from nature’s book.

’Tis SHAKSPEARE, thus, who stands alone.” LLOYD.

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## VERSES BY SHAKSPEARE AND BEN JONSON.

OCCASIONED by the motto to the Globe Theatre—*Totus mundus agit histrionem.*

JONSON.

“ If, but *stage actors*, all the world displays,  
 Where shall we find *spectators* of their plays ?”



## SHAKSPEARE.

"Little, or much, of what we see, we do;  
We are all both *actors* and *spectators* too."

*Poetical Characteristicks*, 8vo. M.S. vol. 1, some time in the Harleian Library; which volume was returned to its owner. OLDYS.

## SHAKSPEARE, TAYLOR, AND LOWINE.

It appears from, "*Roscius Anglicanus*," (commonly called DOWNES the prompter's book) 1708, that SHAKSPEARE took the pains to instruct JOSEPH TAYLOR in the character of *Hamlet*, and JOHN LOWINE, in that of *King Henry VIII*. STEEVENS.

## PLOTS OF SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS.

The plots of SHAKSPEARE are generally borrowed from novels; and it is reasonable to suppose that he chose the most popular, such as were read by many, and related by more; for his audience could not have followed him through the intricacies of the Drama had they not held the thread of the story in their hands. The stories which we now find only in remoter authors were in his time accessible and familiar. The fable of "*As you like it*," which is supposed to be copied from CHAUCER's "*Gamelyn*," was a little pamphlet of those times; and old Mr. CIBBER remembered the tale of "*Hamlet*," in plain English prose which the critics have now to seek in SAXO GRAMMATICUS. His English histories, he took from English chronicles, and English ballads; and as the ancient writers, were made known to his countrymen, by versions, they supplied him new subjects; he dilated some of PLUTARCH's lives into plays when they had been translated by NORTH.

## SHAKSPEARE AND KING JAMES.

At the conclusion of the advertisement prefixed to LINTOT's edition of SHAKSPEARE's *Poems*, it is said "that most learned prince and great patron of learning, King JAMES I."

was pleased with his own hand to write an amicable letter to Mr. SHAKSPEARE, which letter, though now lost, remained long in the hands of Sir WM. D'AVENANT, as a credible person now can testify."

Mr. OLDYS, in a M.S. note to his copy of FULLER's *Worthies*, observes, "the story came from SHEFFIELD, DUKE of BUCKINGHAM, who had it from Sir WM. D'AVENANT." Dr. FARMER with great probability supposes that this letter was written by King JAMES, in return for the compliment paid to him in "*Macbeth*."

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#### SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Old Mr. BOMAN the player reported from Sir WILLIAM BISHOP, that some part of *Sir John Falstaff's* character was drawn from a townsman of Stratford, who either faithlessly broke a contract, or spitefully refused to part with some land for a valuable consideration, adjoining to SHAKSPEARE'S, in or near that town. OLDYS.

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"One of SHAKSPEARE'S younger brothers who lived to a good old age, even some years, as I compute after the restoration of CHARLES II. would in his younger days come to London to visit his brother WILL as he called him, and be a spectator of him as an actor in some of his own plays. This custom, as his brother's fame enlarged, and his dramatic entertainments grew the greatest support of our theatres, he continued it seems so long after his brothers death, as even to the latter end of his own life. The curiosity at this time of the most noted actors, exciting them to learn something from him of his brother, and they justly held him in the highest veneration. And it may well be believed, as there was besides a kinsman and descendant of the family, who was then a celebrated actor among them, [CHARLES HART] this opportunity made them greedily inquisitive into every little circumstance more especially in his dramatic character which his brother could relate of him. But he, it seems, was so stricken in years, and possibly his memory so weakened with infirmities; (which might make him the easier pass for a man of weak intellects) that he could give them but little light into their inquiries; and all that could

be recollected from him of his brother WILL in that station was, the faint, general, and almost lost ideas he had of having once seen him act a part in one of his own comedies, wherein being to personate a decrepid old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping, and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated among some company, who were eating, and one of them sung a song." See the character of *Adam*, in "*As you like it*." Act II. sc. ult.

The above anecdote which I have extracted from the M.S.S. of Mr. OLDYS is thus commented upon by Mr. MALONE.—Mr. OLDYS seems to have studied the art of "marring a plain tale in the telling of it," for he has in this story introduced circumstances which tend to diminish, instead of adding to its credibility. From SHAKSPEARE's not taking notice of any of his brothers or sisters in his will, except JOAN HART, I think it highly probable they were all dead in 1616, except her, at least all those of the whole blood; though in the Stratford Register, there is no entry of the burial of either his brother GILBERT, or EDMUND, antecedent to the death of SHAKSPEARE, or at a subsequent period. (1) The truth is that this account of our poet's

(1) This (with all due deference to the opinion of the learned gentleman above quoted) I incline to consider a strong proof in favour of the anecdote related by Mr. OLDYS. SHAKSPEARE had no less than nine or ten brothers and sisters, and it appears to me extremely improbable they should all have died (with the exception of the one mentioned in the will) before the year 1616. We have had a specimen of SHAKSPEARE's forgetfulness by the interlineation in his will in which the bequest to his wife was made, and also in the non-insertion of his nephews Christian name. And there being no entry whatever of the burial of GILBERT and EDWARD, is I think a still stronger confirmation that they were living after his decease. For my own part I am much inclined to give implicit credit to the anecdote, whether it originally came from the poet's brother himself or from Mr. JONES, as I see nothing whatever in it that militates against probability.

G. C.

having performed the part of an old man in one of his old Comedies came originally from Mr. THOMAS JONES, of Tarbick, in Worcestershire, who related it from the information not of one of SHAKSPEARE's *brothers*, but of a *relation* (1) of our poet who had seen him act in his youth. Mr. JONES's informer might have been Mr. RICHARD QUINEY who lived in London and died at Stratford in 1656, aged 69: or Mr. THOMAS QUINEY, our poet's son-in-law, who lived, I believe till 1663 and was 27 years old when his father-in-law died; or some one of the family of HATHAWAY. Mr. THOMAS HATHAWAY, I believe SHAKSPEARE's brother-in-law died at Stratford in 1654—5, aged 85. There was a THOMAS JONES, an inhabitant of Stratford, who between the years 1581, and 1590 had four sons, HENRY, JAMES, EDMUND, and ISAAC, some one of these it is probable, settled at Tarbick, and was the father of THOMAS JONES, the *relater* of this anecdote, who was born about the year 1613. If any of SHAKSPEARE's brothers lived till after the restoration and visited the players—why were we not informed to what player he related it, and from what player Mr. OLDYS had his account. The fact, I believe, is, he had it not from a player, but from the above mentioned Mr. JONES, who likewise communicated the stanza of the ballad on Sir THOMAS LUCY.(2)

#### HOW LITTLE SHAKSPEARE WAS ONCE READ.

“THOUGH no author appears to have been more admired in his life-time than SHAKSPEARE, at no very distant period after his death his compositions seems to have been neglected. JONSON had long endeavoured to depreciate him, but he and his partizans were unsuccessful in their efforts; yet about the year 1640, a period of only twenty-four years after SHAKSPEARE's decease) whether from some capricious vicissitude in the public taste, or from a general inattention to the Drama, we find SHIRLEY complaining that no company came to our author's performances.”

(1) Mr. MALONE here makes a flat assertion without supporting it by any evidence; although he afterwards accuses Mr. OLDYS of not giving *his* authority for the anecdote.

G. C.

(2) See Drama, vol. i, p. 217.

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“ You see  
 What audience we have ; what company  
 To SHAKSPEARE comes, whose mirth did once beguile  
 Dull hours, and buskin'd make even sorrow smile ;  
 So lovely were the wounds, that men would say  
 They could endure the bleeding a whole day ;  
 He has but few friends lately”——

*Prologue to “ The Sisters.”*

“ After the Restoration, on the revival of the theatres, the plays of BEAUMONT and FLETCHER were esteemed so much superior to those of our author, that we are told by DRYDEN, “ two of their pieces were acted through the year, for one of SHAKSPEARE’S.”

*Preface to Dr. Johnson’s Edition of SHAKSPEARE.*

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#### CROWN INN, OXFORD.

The anecdote of SHAKSPEARE’S being the father of D’AVENTANT, given in No. 4, of the *Shaksperiana* [vol. 1, p. 234] was originally told to Mr. OLDYS, by Mr. POPE, at the EARL OF OXFORD’S table, upon occasion of some discourse which arose about SHAKSPEARE’S *monument* then newly erected in Westminster Abbey, and he quoted Mr. BETTERTON the player as his authority. Mr. OLDYS answered that he “ thought such a story might have enriched the variety of those choice fruits of observation he had presented us in his preface to the edition he had published of the poet’s works”—Mr. POPE replied—“ there might be in the garden of mankind such plants as would seem to pride themselves more in a regular production of their own native fruits, than in having the repute of bearing a richer kind by grafting ; and this was the reason he omitted it.”

The same story, without the names of the persons, is printed among the *Jests* of TAYLOR, the water poet, in his works, fol. 1630, p. 184, No. 39 : and with some variations may be found in one of HEARN’S pocket books.

The ingenious Mr. WARTON observes, that ANTHONY WOOD is the first and original author of this anecdote, and says that he has the circumstance of SHAKSPEARE’S being D’AVENTANT’S father expressly mentioned in some of WOOD’S papers. WOOD was well qualified to know these



particulars, for he was a townsman of Oxford, where he was born, in 1632.—“As to the *Crown Inn* (he continues) it still remains an inn, and is an old decay'd house, but probably once was one of the principal in Oxford.—It is directly in the road from Stratford to London. In a large upper room, which seems to have been a sort of *Hall* for entertaining a large company, or for accommodating, as was the custom, different parties at once, there was a bow window with three pieces of excellent painted glass. About eight years ago, I remember visiting this room, and proposing to purchase of the landlord the painted glass, which would have been a curiosity as coming from SHAKSPEARE'S inn. But going thither soon after, I found it was removed; the innkeeper having communicated my intended bargain to the owner of the house, who began to suspect that he was possessed of a curiosity too valuable to be parted with, or to remain in such a place: and I never could hear of it afterwards. If I remember right, the painted glass consisted of three armorial shields, beautifully stained. The house is on the West side of the Corn Market. I have said so much on this subject, because I think that SHAKSPEARE'S old hostelry at Oxford, deserves no less respect than CHAUCER'S *T'abarde*, in Southwark.”

### “INKLE AND YARICO.”

MR. DRAMA,

As many of your readers may not be acquainted with the origin of “*Inkle and Yarico*,” the following historical account, extracted from Mr. POYERS' “*History of Barbadoes*,” (1) possibly will not be unacceptable from

Your obedient Servant,

LUDOVICO.

AMONG the many instances of treachery experienced by these wretched victims, (Caribs) of European cupidity, there is one mentioned by a contemporary historian, which,

(1) 4to. 1808.



as it has employed the elegant and pathetic pen of ADDISON, and has excited the most lively sentiments of indignation in the breast of the philanthropic Abbé RAYNAL, ought not to be omitted in this place. I shall, however, divest the affecting narrative of the fanciful embellishments with which it has been decorated by others, and recite it, with historic fidelity, in the words of the original and artless writer, by whom the story was first told. (1) "An English ship, having put into a bay, sent some of her men ashore to try what victuals or water they could find; but the Indians perceiving them to go far into the country, intercepted them on their return, and fell upon them, chasing them into a wood, where some were taken and some killed. A young man, whose name was INKLE, straggling from the rest, was met by an Indian maid, who, upon the first sight, fell in love with him, and hid him close from her countrymen in a cave, and there fed him, till they could safely go down to the shore, where the ship lay at anchor, expecting the return of their friends. But at last seeing them upon the shore, the boat was sent for them, took them on board, and brought them away. But the youth, when he came to Barbadoes, forgot the kindness of the poor maid, who had ventured her life for his safety, and sold her for a slave. And so poor YARICO for her love, lost her liberty."

It will readily be perceived how much this simple tale has been embellished by the creative imagination and descriptive powers of ADDISON. (2) And it is painful to add, though too obvious to escape observation, that similar artifices and exaggerations have been successfully employed in later times to inflame the passions, and prejudice the minds of the credulous misinformed Europeans on the subject of West Indian slavery. It does not, however, appear, that the lady possessed any remarkable share of delicacy, since it is reported by LIGOU, who was personally acquainted with her, and received many offices of kindness at her hands, "that she would not be wooed by any means to wear clothes." Nor does she seem to have been much affected by the ingratitude of her perfidious betrayer. "Her excellent shape and colour, which was a pure bright bay; and

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(1) LIGOU's Hist. of Barb. p. 55.

(2) Vide the Spectator, No. 11.

small breasts, with nipples of porphyrie," were irresistible attractions, and she soon consoled herself in the arms of another lover. In short, "she chanced to be with child by a Christian servant, and lodging in an Indian house, amongst the other women of her own country; and being very great with child, so that her time was come to be delivered, she walked down to a wood, and there, by the side of a pond, (1) brought herself *a-bed*; and presently washing her child, in three hours time came home with a lusty boy, frolic and lively." (2) Who could suppose that this is the same unfortunate female, of whom so much has been said and sung by moralists, poets, and historians; whose hapless fate has caused such lively sensations in the tender minds of Europe's philanthropic sons? No apology, it is presumed, will be thought necessary for this minute and authentic account of the celebrated *Belle Sauvage*, whose wrongs have been amplified and recorded by the ablest pens; and whose imaginary sorrows have drawn the tear of sympathy from the brightest eyes.

The elegant, though inaccurate Abbé RAYNAL, erroneously ascribes a conspiracy among the negroes, which was formed about this time, to a design of avenging the quarrel of this much injured woman.

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## THEATRICAL INQUISITION.

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"The *Playhouse* is an admirable school of behaviour."

COLLIER.

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## DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

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*Journal of Performances, with Remarks.*

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May 27th.—Richard III.—Giovanni in London.

28.—Abroad and at Home—Monsieur Tonson.

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(1) There is a pond in KINDALL's plantation, which from this circumstance, is called, at this day, "*Yarico's Pond*."

(2) LIGON's Hist. of Barb. p. 54 and 65.

This comic opera of HOLMAN'S, was revived this evening with considerable alterations in the music and songs, and we scarcely ever saw a performance meet with such general approbation. The actors seemed pleased with their parts, and the audience appeared delighted with their exertions. MUNDEN, in *Old Testy*, afforded a rich treat by the exercise of his rare and peculiar comic powers. HARLEY, in *Young Flourish*, blended with excellent effect the volatile flutter and animated gaiety of his most entertaining performances. KNIGHT was an amusing *Dicky*. Mrs. HARLOWE gave good effect to the whimsical would-be-fashionable affectations and ludicrous coquetry of *Lady Flourish*. Miss COPELAND was a spirited representative of the arch and intriguing waiting-maid, *Kitty*; and Miss POVEY was a sweet and interesting *Miss Heartley*. She sang the songs of the part, "*The heart that has ne'er tasted sorrow*," with exquisite pathos, and "*Come, smiling Hope*," with taste and expression; and the duets with BRAHAM, "*With love, dear youth, this constant heart*," and "*Wilt thou say, farewell love!*" the latter of which was most enthusiastically *encored*. The perfection, however, of the evening's entertainment, was the splendid singing of Mr. BRAHAM, in *Harcourt*. His first song was a simple ballad, which he gave in a very pleasing style; then followed "*Oh! thou art all to me, love*," and "*Forget me not*," which he sang with glowing tenderness and feeling. His last effort was a splendid battle piece, a composition of his own, we believe, commencing with—

"What man with heart so pitiless and cold,  
Whose bosom swells not at the trumpet's sound—  
Exults not with the spirit-stirring drum,  
Nor welcome mingles in the coming strife?"

Here this highly-gifted musician seemed to revel and exult in the triumph of his art, his peculiar powers being called into full exertion in his favourite style, and developed with that brilliant and imposing effect in which he is hitherto without a rival. A rapturous *encore* and repeated peals of applause were the honourable reward of his exertions. The piece was announced for repetition amidst general approbation.

29.—Heart of Mid Lothian.

30.—Henry VIII—Paul and Virginia.

31.—Peasant Boy—Devil to Pay.

June 1st.—Abroad and at Home—Ella Rosenberg.

3.—Roman Actor ; or, the Drama's Vindication—Mountaineers—The Waterman—[Benefit of Mr. KEAN.]

This eminent actor, with that goodness of heart which characterises all his actions, generously gave the whole proceeds of this evening for the benefit of the Irish peasantry ; a proceeding which will for ever be treasured up in the memory of all whose feelings are congenial to his own. Dr. YOUNG gave his last tragedy to a charitable institution, but Mr. KEAN's is, we believe, the first instance of an actor relinquishing his benefit (which has never yet produced him less than £500) for charity. It was a noble sacrifice, and will for ever immortalize his name. His kind intentions were not quite defeated, but we cannot but regret they were not better seconded. The pit was crammed to excess, and the dress boxes were tolerably well attended—but the house was otherwise indifferently so.

The scene from MASSINGER's play of "*The Roman Actor*," was produced as a sort of appeal to the public on the merits of the stage ; and seemed to have a particular reference to that neglect which Drury Lane Theatre has so long laboured under, and that most unmeritedly. With the causes of this neglect, Mr. KEAN has assuredly no connexion—his night's performances have always been the most productive. In the "*Mountaineers*," Mr. KEAN sustained the part of *Octavian*, in a manner the most correct, forcible, and affecting, we ever witnessed. HARLEY's *Sadi* was acted with extraordinary humour, spirit and effect. Mr. K. assumed the part of *Tom Tug* in the afterpiece, and gave the songs with much taste and expression : his voice is sweet, and although not powerful, is very distinct in its cadences. He was *encored* in each song, and well deserved such a testimony of approbation—but when he came forward on the fall of the curtain to make his obeisance, the enthusiastic applause with which he was received, was the warmest ever bestowed ; the consciousness of meriting it, beamed modestly on his countenance, whilst he seemed to

express his happiness at having been instrumental in the cause of humanity.

4.—Castle of Andalusia—Spectre Bridegroom.

5.—Henry VIII—Tale of Mystery.

6.—Pizarro—Paul and Virginia.

7.—Peasant Boy—Devil to Pay.—[Benefit of Madame VESTRIS.]

8. Othello—Monsieur Tonson.

10.—Richard III—Giovanni in London.

11.—Love in a Village—Modern Antiques.

12.—Macbeth—Giovanni in London.

13.—Devil's Bridge—Day after the Wedding—Rival Soldiers.—[Benefit of Mr. BRAHAM.]

The house was as brilliant as it was crowded. He was in admirable voice; the songs in his part, (*Belino*) never gave greater delight. It is said, that in consequence of the unproductive performances at this theatre of late, this gentleman has, with great consideration and liberality refused to take any payment for the last six nights he has performed. We understand he was engaged at thirty pounds per night, or twenty, if the audiences were not numerous. Thus he has given up a claim on the manager amounting to £120.

14.—Mountaineers—M. Alexandre's Ventriloquism—Inkle and Yarico.—[Benefit of Mr. RODWELL.]

Being the close of the season, the audience, which was numerous, naturally expected the customary address—but the last piece terminated without any person appearing for that purpose. Loud cries of "*Address! Address!*" now sounded from every quarter, when at length Mr. COOPER appeared, and spoke as follows:—"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—I am not empowered by the management to offer you any address. I regret to say, that at this moment, Mr. ELLISTON is confined to his house by severe indisposition—I; therefore, Ladies and Gentlemen, can only on my own part, and that of the other performers, return you our thanks, and respectfully bid you farewell!" With this rather lame and impotent conclusion, the audience after murmuring and applauding, departed, and thus ended the most disastrous season this theatre has experienced since its first erection:—even during the time the mis-managing Committee had its conduct, and wretched



✓ enough that conduct was, we positively never recollect the performances so miserably attended. On many nights during the present season, we may assert without fear of a contradiction, that there has not been more than fifteen or twenty pounds in the theatre, the expenses of which are stated to amount nightly to considerably more than two hundred pounds!!—And this, when such names as those of KEAN, COOPER, MUNDEN, ELLISTON, FITZWILLIAM, KNIGHT GATTIE, HARLEY, BRAHAM, BARNARD, EDMISTON, W. WEST, FORDE, ORGER, POVEY, SMITHSON, VESTRIS, GLOVER, COPELAND, BLAND, and others of very considerable talent are combined often together in the performance of some of our very best tragedies and comedies.

We really are disgusted at the continued “bark” against this theatre—the purpose of which appears to us merely to gratify private feelings of spleen and revenge. Personality is a theme we always endeavour to avoid—our business is with the stage and its performances, and surely Mr. ELLISTON has a positive right to conduct his theatre and his company in the way which he considers most conducive to his own interest—should it prove otherwise, he alone is responsible for the event, and we detest to see his private feelings outraged by those who pretend to “stickle for the rights” of the Drama and its laws. Mr. ELLISTON is well aware of the alarming depression which has of late attended theatricals. He is well aware, that even the sister theatre, the superiority and liberality of whose management is generally acknowledged, has of late been performing to as “beggarly an account of empty benches” as his own—he is therefore unwilling, (and we think wisely) to run into an enormous expenditure in the production of novelties, the result of which would be his utter ruin and destruction. We would ask this question—Have the numerous splendid pieces which have appeared at Covent Garden Theatre this season—the “*Two Gentlemen of Verona*,”—“*Cherry and Fair Star*,”—“*Montrose*,”—“*Law of Java*,” and numerous others, as yet, covered half the expense incurred in bringing them forward? decidedly not—we are certain, must prove the answer. With this conclusion before his eyes, it would have been the height of folly, indiscretion, or even madness in him to have heedlessly run into a lavish superfluity, merely to find himself enriched with the empty praise of



those who, perhaps, have never contributed during the whole season a single *sous* towards the enrichment of his pocket. For our own parts, (and in this, perhaps, we differ from *all* our critical contemporaries) we have a very high opinion of Mr. E.'s capabilities for managing a theatre. He has had much more experience in theatrical affairs than almost any of his brethren, and must certainly have become wise from long practice—and although some symptoms may have latterly been observed of a parsimonious disposition, yet with this must be balanced the enormous expenditure he has to stand against. It must also be allowed on the other hand, that Mr. E. has acted even in a princely manner where the occasion has required it—witness his engagement of Miss WILSON—the magnificence with which the *Coronation* was got up—and the grand and superior scale on which “*Giovanni in Ireland*” was produced, although unsuccessful.

We think these few remarks due to Mr. E. and his company—and we should be truly happy if we could rescue them from what we consider, in many respects, the most unmerited obloquy. Of this one thing we are certain, that there is not a proprietor of a theatre in existence, that would more willingly yield a liberal hand where a necessity for it existed, or there was the slightest chance of success.

## COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

### *Journal of Performances, with Remarks.*

May 27th.—Julius Cæsar—Cherry and Fair Star.

28.—Othello—Marriage of Figaro.—[Benefit of Mr. MACREADY.]

29.—Rob Roy—Cherry and Fair Star.—[Benefit of the Philanthropic Society.]

30.—Law of Java—Cherry and Fair Star.

31.—Way to keep him—Highland Reel.—[Benefit of Mr. and Mrs. LISTON.]

June 1st.—Jealous Wife—Cymon.—[Benefit of Mrs. DAVISON.]

3.—Julius Cæsar—Cherry and Fair Star.

4.—Law of Java—Love, Law, and Physic.

5.—School for Scandal—Cherry and Fair Stair.

6.—Law of Java—Miller and his Men.

7.—Guy Mannering—[*Meg Merrilies*, Mr. FARREN.]—

—Two Pages—Love a-la-Mode.—[Benefit of Mr. FARREN.]

8.—Lord of the Manor—Husbands and Wives.

The *profits* of this evening were devoted to the relief of the Irish. The receipts were, we think, about £20., the expenses must have amounted to above £200. So much for theatrical charity !

10.—Macbeth—Cherry and Fair Star.

11.—Henri Quatre—Miller and his Men.—[Benefit of Mr. EMERY.]

12.—Montrose—Cherry and Fair Star.—[Benefit of Mr. FARLEY.]

13.—Merchant of Venice—The BOYHOOD AND OLD AGE OF Mr. YATES—[1st time]—Marriage of Figaro—[Benefit of Mr. YATES and Mrs. GIBBS.]

The entertainment consisted of two scenes and three persons, but only two representatives. The first scene displays an apartment where the servant *Robert* is laying dinner. *Master Pretty*, [Mr. YATES] in nankeens and a scarlet jacket, enters trundling a hoop, and plays many antics—shows a great predilection for *acting*—and makes poor *Robert* the butt of his humours, by throwing a shoulder of mutton, dishes and all at his head. He then drinks up all the wine, and exhibits a boy of fifteen, reeling drunk, and retires to the china closet to complete his amusements, by tumbling about amongst the crockery. But the scene changing from the dining-room of *Master Pretty's* papa, represents the miserable garret of *Master Pretty*, now an *old worn-out actor of seventy-five*, living on the theatrical fund, in the year 1782 ! The servant lad *Robert*, it appears, has also survived to this period, and totters in bending under the weight of eighty-five years. They talk over old times—*Robert* still calling the old actor "*Master Pretty*," and regretting that "*Young Master*" had given up independence for the stage. *Old Master Pretty*, however, consoles himself with the memory of past fame, acts over the scenes of former days, according to the manner of some of the most distinguished performers of his time. KEMBLE, YOUNG, MACREADY, FARREN, MATHEWS, are the subjects of his imitations, and concludes his *old age* with

a moral remark on all the world being a stage, and all the men and women being players. The little sketch was much applauded.

## MINOR DRAMA.

### SURREY THEATRE.

THE intense regret we felt at finding that able manager, Mr. DIBDIN, had seceded from the proprietorship of this theatre, has considerably subsided at finding the concern has fallen into hands scarcely less capable of spiritedly continuing it in the same admirable manner; and although we cannot but feel a gratification at the change which has taken place with respect to the former, whose truly valuable services have been transplanted to the Hay Market, yet that gratification has certainly felt some alloy from our being acquainted with the embarrassing circumstances into which that unfortunate depression which has lately pervaded all kind of theatrical property had led him. The present proprietor, Mr. WATKINS BURROUGHS, has commenced his season in a manner that gives us great hopes of the future; no expense appears to have been spared in obtaining the first-rate talent—and the first artists. Among the old standard favourites of the theatre, Mr. BURROUGHS, Mr. BENGOUGH, Mr. S. H. CHAPMAN, Mr. GOMERY, Mr. RIDGWAY, &c. have been retained. And amongst the new engagements, will be found Mr. T. P. COOKE, Miss P. GLOVER, Mrs. GLOVER, Mr. BRADBURY, Miss VALLANCY, and several others. While for the scenic department, Messrs. TOMKINS, KIRBY, PITT, and others have been secured, whose names stand foremost among their profession. Entirely new properties, costly dresses and decorations have been prepared, and the house newly embellished. It will be seen by this, that Mr. B. is fully entitled to the most liberal support, and we sincerely hope the public will not be slow in awarding it. He commenced his regular summer season on Wit-Monday, (May 27th) with a grand serious romantic drama, entitled, *The SOLITARY OF MOUNT SAVAGE*; or, *The Fate of Charles the Bold*. This piece, (which is from the same French original as that produced at the Olympic Theatre, the plot of which is given in vol. II. p. 96) embodies and exhibits the

circumstances of a mysterious tale of guilt, penitence and unfortunate love, in the history of the hero, from whom the piece takes its title ; and that of an orphan of whose father he has been the destroyer : and it is scarcely necessary to add, it possesses a large portion of that interest, which ever belongs to the strange and the romantic. We really scarcely ever recollect a production at a minor theatre so excellently got up ; and we give the manager unlimited praise for his liberality and attention in this respect. Mr. BURROUGHS' performance of the *Solitary* was distinguished by a brightness of conception, for which we could scarcely have given him credit, his execution of the part will rank him in the estimation of all judges of good acting, as one of the *first minor tragedians* of the day, for his personification of the part can scarcely be denominated by any other appellation, and his claim of right we think will not be disputed. The burst of sensibility which followed his last scene, was enthusiastic and heartfelt. Mr. BENGOUGH, as the *Baron D'Herstall*, sustained his duties most energetically. The curses which he showered on the head of the ill-fated destroyer of his peace, were powerfully delivered. Mr. B. is a most useful actor, and in characters like the present, is not surpassed by any actor now on the minor boards. GOMERY, as *Michelli*, had but little to do—we need not observe that little was done well ; and Mr. J. KNIGHT, as *Grampus*, a retainer of the *Baron*, was highly diverting. Mr. COOKE, as *De Palzo*, was respectable. Of Miss HUDDART, we should be sorry to say any thing unfavourable, but we cannot but acknowledge our pleasure received some alloy from her performance of the orphan *St. Maur*. It is a character that requires the infusion of considerable pathos and tenderness, with a mixture of energy which it is impossible for her powers to effect. Her voice is untunable, and has a certain sameness that is often unpleasant—and her action is somewhat stiff, and now and then ungraceful—we do not wish to disparage, and we trust Miss H. will not accuse us of illiberality—we really mean her kindly ; she is young, and may by close application, amend the faults we speak of : but there are other lighter characters in which she would have appeared with much more advantage to herself and with much more pleasure to her audience—but it will be a considerable time ere she will be absolutely capable of

pleasing in characters where the passions have much play. —Among all the other theatrical accompaniments employed to give the story its full effect with the audience, the scenery is particularly entitled to favourable observation; the Priory of Underlach, and the various scenes that compose the visions of the *Solitary*, by TOMKINS, are fine specimens of the art—but the last scene, the summit of Mount Savage, with the valley illuminated by the moon, from the pencil of the same artist, was so strikingly grand and beautiful, and had such a *nouvelle* effect, as to elicit an expression of universal approbation. The springing of the Mine was also well imagined, and as well executed. The Melo-drama has become a universal favourite.

June 3rd.—The REPROBATE; one of Mr. DIBDIN's pieces, was revived this evening for the purpose of introducing Mr. T. P. COOKE as the Captain of Banditti, and for whom we believe the piece was originally written. The principal features of the drama rest on the banishment of a young man by his parent for profligacy; of which crime his character is more aspersed than guilty, and this by the artifices of *Proteo*, a predatory adventurer and Captain of Banditti, in whose adventures he has joined, and by whom he has been robbed and cheated; on the return of the son to his father, and marriage with his cousin; and of the discovery and capture of the miscreant, through the treachery of *Ribaldi*, his accomplice. It is seldom we have felt so much admiration for any representation as for the performances of Mr. COOKE's robber, and never have been more anxious to contribute the meed of approbation than on the present occasion. Mr. C. personates four characters—*Rozelli*, a Florentine count—*Donderdroncken*, a German,—*Tout-au-fait*, a French valet—and *Napthali*, a Jew pedlar. Here Mr. C. has ample room for the display of his powers,—and it is well known he is the best German (witness his *Hans Ketzler*) Frenchman, and Jew, on the stage. The last scene in which he discovers himself in these characters to the different persons he has imposed them upon, we think as rich as any on the boards. The frippery, foolery, and mock heroism of the Frenchman—the bluntness, cunning, and *nonchalance* of the German, and the slyness and hypocrisy of the Jew, seemed before us in “*very life*,” and then in his combat with three men, all of whom he re-



pulsed—and immediately after with a new assailant, (the prodigal son) his activity and athletic powers were truly wonderful. The applause which followed was well deserved. Mr. S. H. CHAPMAN's *Justino*, (the son) deserves our hearty approval and commendation. His first entrance before his father's house, worn with fatigue, anxiety, and remorse, with his pathetic exclamation of "*Oh my mother! —mother!*" when he fell on his knees before the tomb of his maternal parent, whom his misconduct had consigned to an untimely grave, was the perfection of mellifluous sorrow and despair. We are truly glad to find the encomiums which some may consider were lavishly bestowed upon this young gentleman in our last Vol. have not been thrown away—he is progressively improving in his profession. Mr. BURROUGHS, as *Count Elwini*, was impressive and dignified in an eminent degree. Mr. KNIGHT, as *Benedick*,—Mr. COOKE, as *Ribaldi*,—Miss BENCE, as *Mariana*, the Baron's housekeeper,—and Miss ADCOCK, as *Zanetta*, her daughter, are entitled to receive their share of applause—a trio between *Benedick*, *Mariana*, and *Zanetta*, was loudly *encored*. The scenery, dresses, and decorations, are new and splendid.

17th.—The SOLDIER GIRL; or, *Albert and Louise*. This military ballet of action is from the French—and although we confess we are not partial to "*dumb shew*," yet with the assistance of Mr. BRADBURY's comicalities, and some elegant dancing by Mr. GIROUX, (who seems to have been living in a "*land flowing with milk and honey*") and Miss VALANCY from Drury Lane, we were much pleased, and sat it throughout without once feeling *ennui*. Agreeable to our customary method, we subjoin a brief outline of the story:—

Captain *Albert Von Kertz*, [RIDGWAY] in an attack of insurgents, having been dangerously wounded and left for dead upon the field of battle, was saved by a young peasant girl, [Miss VALANCY] who caused him to be conveyed to her dwelling. Both the girl and her father lavished on him all the attentions which his situation required, and succeeded in restoring their young protege to health.

The gentle attentions of *Louise* so deeply affected the Captain, that gratitude strengthened into love. The Captain was recalled by his father, who commanded the Tyro-



lezè army. *Louise* could not bear to be parted from her lover. The preparations for her marriage with *Fritz*, [BRADBURY] a young villager, whom she could not refuse, determined her to quit her father's house.

In her peasant's garb she reaches the Tyroleze camp. She discovers her lover bestowing innocent caresses upon a sister, who had just pledged herself to promote the interests of his love. She becomes jealous. The better to watch her supposed betrayer, and to escape the pursuit of her parents, she enlists as a soldier. Deceived by false appearances, she attempts to fly the ingrate of whom she has been the preserver. Arrested as a deserter, she is condemned. The portrait of her lover which she wears next her heart, leads to her discovery; she is saved, she recognizes her error, and marries *Albert*.

The piece was well received. BRADBURY, Miss VALLANCY, Mr. GIROUX, and Mr. RIDGWAY, gained much and deserved applause. The scenery was pretty.

25.—THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL; or, *King James I. and his times*.—A very splendid production has been brought forward under the above title, but from the late period of the month it was produced, we must defer till our next an account of it.

### COBOURG THEATRE.

May 27th —THE ENCHANTED CASTLE! or, *The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood*. This Melo-drama is merely an adaptation by H. M. MILNER, Esq. from an old nursery tale, and a drama acted in 1806, by Mr. SKEFFINGTON. As a literary production, it ranks far below the "*Temple of Death*"—and as a spectacle is undoubtedly the worst yet produced on this stage of mummery. The story may be told in a few words—*St. Julian*, [GAILLOT] and *Bertrand du Valbert*, [BLANCHARD] two knight's errant, pursue adventures attended by their esquire *Palaisot*, [BEVERLEY.] The former has never yet felt the passion of love—yet urged onward by an irresistible impulse, arrives at the verge of a wood, in which, as they are informed by *Bertha*, [Miss WATSON] an ancient peasant, stands an enchanted castle, in which the Princess *Roselia*, [Miss TAYLOR] with her at-

tendants, pages, &c. are bound in sleep for a hundred years by the power of *Zofala*, the black magician, [H. KEMBLE.] She also informs the adventurers, that she herself knew *Roselia* when awake, and that the time of the awakening approaches, when she hopes to meet with *Florio*, [Mad. LE CLERQ.] the page of the princess, her former youthful lover, who, if he continues faithful on his awakening, (though she is 114 years old) the good fairy *Almerine* has promised her restoration to her former youth and beauty—to reward his constancy. The knight's contend against all impediments, and force their way into the wood. *Almerine*, the fairy, appears in a cloud to *St. Julian*—declares she will aid his cause, and disappears. Inspired by this assurance, *St. Julian* urges on his companions, who undauntedly pursue their way through all the magic allurements or terrifying appearances placed in their path to deter them. Having safely surmounted these difficulties, they arrive in sight of the Castle of Bronze, in which the princess lies fast bound in the arms of Somnus, guarded by spectre dæmons—these the valiant knights vanquish, and entering the gates, find all sleeping—at length pursuing their search, they find the chamber, in which on a superb couch, the princess is discovered in the bloom of youth, surrounded by her attendants, amongst whom is *Florio*, the page, in the attitude of writing a sonnet to his beloved *dulcinea*. The *awakening* commences—all rise. *St. Julian* makes known the passion with which he is inspired to the princess, who receives his vows, and *Florio* meets with the aged *Bertha*, and declares his constancy, and she becomes again *youthful*. The princess and *St. Julian*, after undergoing a fiery trial, to which they are subjected by the power of the enchanter, are united by *Almerina* in a grand fairy temple, and the piece concludes.

We had so strong a recollection of Mr. SKEFFINGTON'S piece from its splendour in our memory—and the stories of the nursery possess a charm which old age itself has scarcely power to dissolve, that we expected a high treat from this new version of the story. But we were in error, we never recollect so much “noise, fire, and fury,” in so very poor a thing. The scenery was here and there tolerably good, particularly that in which the whole household is found sleeping. The mechanical part of the piece, was

old and vilely managed. The actors, (with the exception of Mr. BLANCHARD, who was more of a "swaggering blade," than a "knight of a gay and gallant mien") were very respectable. GALLOT exerted himself much. Miss WATSON, as *old Bertha*, was excellent—and a song she sung was effectively executed, and received a loud *encore*. H. KEMBLE ("with his brazen roaring throat") had little to do, but that little was done with such "*powerful energy*," that we think he might have been heard at the Waterloo bridge foot. The galleries were thunderstruck at the noise—and to show themselves judges of fine acting, returned a deafening shout of applause—this, joined to what is technically termed behind the scenes, the "crash," which was unceasingly and unmercifully worked in every scene, the hoarse trumpets, squeaking violins, and gruff bass of the musicians in the orchestra, who apparently enjoyed the storm, formed such a "*concord of horrible discord*," as completely "split the ears of the groundlings," and sent us home to our beds with an aching head, which we have scarcely yet got rid of. To all appearance Bedlam had broke loose. We really must beg of Mr. MILNER to present us with something a little more rational—to be less sparing of his pompous announcements in the bills of "magic fires"—"thunderbolts"—"gushing waters"—"subterranean fires"—"fiery dragons"—"fiery spectres"—and "bronze castles"—such false blazonry and lying delusions we are astonished he can practise. For ourselves we candidly acknowledge, that to sit out such another performance as the "*Enchanted Castle*," would be impossible—our nerves are much too weak to permit it—and we really must depute some kind friend to take our accustomed seat for Mr. M.'s future pieces, as our auricular organs "recoil back" with horror at the thoughts of the purgatory we then endured.

27.—THE MURDER OF THE COURIER OF NAPLES. This is a very interesting pretty piece, and turns upon the murder of a courier by one person, and the condemning to death of another, whom appearances, time, and place, pronounce the perpetrator; although in the end, the guilty party met their deserved doom. Mr. T. P. COOKE, (for whose Benefit it was produced) BEVERLEY, GALLOT, and Miss TAYLOR played well, and the piece was much approved of.

June 3rd.—THE DEATH OF CHRISTOPHE, KING OF HAYTI, is a Melo-drama, in which the incidents are lively and effective, though often unconnected and improbable. The piece opens with a scene at Port-au-Prince, where the president *Boyer* is preparing to march with his troops against *Christophe*. The *Count Bonnefoi* obtains permission, attended only by his servant, to depart on a secret mission, but unfortunately falls into the hands of *Christophe*, who orders him to be confined in a dungeon, and his wife with her infant, who had followed to implore his release, are condemned to share the same fate. From this captivity, they are however delivered by the adventurous exertions of *Fan Fireproof*, (an old campaigner of sixty years standing) and her two grandsous, *Jemmy* and *Jerry Heartmouse*. The plot proceeds to develop the character and actions of *Feroce d'Ame*, [BRADLEY] the confidential officer of *Christophe*, who secretly aspires to the diadem, and by whose evil councils the King of Hayti is stimulated to measures, which ultimately prove his destruction. The views of *Feroce*, are accidentally discovered by the queen *Alraida*, [Miss GOODALL] and he is put under arrest, but escaping from the custody of *General Francone*, he meets with *Alraida*, who boldly dares him sword in hand to win and wear the crown which she places upon the fragment of a ruined pillar. A combat ensues, in which the queen is nearly overcome, when *Christophe* rushes in, and brings the villain to the ground; though desperately wounded, he rises, and maintains a conflict with this new opponent against whom he aims a mortal blow, when *Christophe*, (whose sword has been forced from his hand) arrests the uplifted arm, and drawing a dagger from the belt of *Feroce*, stabs him to the heart. *Christophe* however, does not long enjoy his deliverance from this treacherous enemy, as the army led on by *Boyer*, joined by *Bonnefoi*, set his palace in flames, and he in a fit of despair, kills himself. H. KEMBLE, as *Christophe*, (in the absence of T. P. COOKE) was not so noisy, and therefore played considerably better than usual. Was his costume, or that of his soldiers, correct? If we recollect right, it should have been green? BRADLEY's ruffian was true to nature, and of course excellent. BLANCHARD's whiskers were displayed to much advantage. BEVERLEY and SLOMAN, as *Jerry* and *Jemmy*, are allowed too much

latitude in playing with the galleries. Miss GOODALL performed *Alraida* very cleverly, and manifested a considerable precocity of talent. The last scene of *Christophe's* fortress, was well managed.

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### HAY MARKET THEATRE.

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This favourite temple of the dramatic muse opened for the season, on Saturday, June 15, considerably re-embellished and altered, and supported by a strong phalanx of our best supporters, the whole under the management of Mr. T. DIBDIN. The company at present consists of Messrs. TERRY, C. KEMBLE, JONES, W. WEST, OXBERRY, TAYLEURE, Madame VESTRIS, Mrs. CHATTERLEY, Mrs. H. JOHNSTONE, &c. &c.; and under the influence of such a guiding star to the whole as Mr. DIBDIN, much may be expected—and doubtless those expectations will be realized to their fullest extent. The performances for the evening of commencement were—a new introductory Sketch, apparently written to display the talents of the performers, called the BILL OF FARE; or, *For Further Particulars Enquire Within*, written by the manager, which opens a wide field for ludicrous mistake, whimsical coincidence, and amusing equivoques,—The “*School for Scandal*,” and the “*Irishman in London*.” Since this, one or two new performers have made their first appearance—one a pupil of Mr. D. CORRI, (a Miss GRANVILLE) as *Polly*, in the “*Beggar's Opera*”—the other, a Mrs. W. CLIFFORD, from Norwich, as *Mrs. Haller* in the “*Stranger*”—both have been well received, and will no doubt become favourites. We are sorry our limits will not permit us this month to enter further into their merits—our next No. shall contain a very copious notice. We can only state, that if success and patronage is bestowed where it is truly deserved, that upon this house must be very great indeed.

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### VAUXHALL GARDENS.

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These Elysian fields in which all the glowing and bewitching descriptions of a Midsummer Night's Dream, or



an Arabian enchantment, are realized to the extremest verge, the pleasures of which were lately within a hair's-breadth of being ravished from our oft delighted eyes, and whose equal can, perhaps, scarcely be found in the world ; we are happy to state have commenced in the hands of new proprietors, a season under the flattering auspices of the most exalted patronage, enveloped in a halo of brilliancy and magnificence we never recollect seeing surrounding them. The arrangements are so superlatively excellent, and the apparent abhorrence of every thing mean and niggardly which breathes throughout the whole, really demands our unlimited approbation and applause—and we give it with an honest emanation of feeling, for we are perfectly confident of its being worthily deserved. These enchanting gardens have been always endeared to us from our earliest recollections, and many happy hours of our boyhood have we spent among them—and although we are now placed on the *Antiquarian* list, and may be somewhat the “worse for wear”—yet, being still “strong and lusty,” we can join in the pleasures of the scene with the most heartfelt delight, and we unhesitatingly say that although we have seen this *fairy land* in its “happiest moods,” we never recollect it in its present perfection or so highly honored with its present nightly pageants of “gay gallant chevaliers”—blooming damsels, and the “fairest proudest dames ;” For the walks are intensely yet *delightfully* filled with admiring crowds.—“A consummation not only devoutly to be wished”—but as highly merited. Indeed we know not of any other such delightful way of spending the delicious twilights of these “melting moments,” when it is impossible to sleep, than among the cooling and refreshing bowers and fountains of this delightful spot.

It will be expected that we should give some account of the amusements—but

Description flags !—let thought the whole express  
A theme untouched, delicious to excess !  
Profuse of all the soul can wish or love ;  
A landscape in the golden dreams of JOVE !

However, we will do our best,

And let the wrapt imagination trace,  
The site and sylvan genius of the place,



but we must repeat, that words cannot express the numerous beauties of this scene of gaiety and splendour. The principal and most elegant novelty which has been introduced, is what is denominated "*The Heptaplasiesopton*!"—a fancy reflective proscenium, with ornamented draperies, lined entirely with looking-glass, illuminated with beautiful coloured lamps, exhibiting a fountain of real water, illuminated revolving pillars, palm trees, (entwined with serpents) foliage, flowers, &c. The looking-glass being artfully placed, a most striking and magnificent reflection of the whole scene is represented—it is meant to convey the idea of a mirror reflecting an object *seven* times. Four Cosmorama's have been constructed in various parts of the gardens—consisting of beautiful views of the New Exchange at Paris, Scenes in Switzerland, London, &c. A scenic theatre has been added in the saloon. The illuminated Colonnade is newly decorated with carved and painted flowers, fruit and foliage—and there is a whole length portrait of his Majesty, painted by SINGLETON. The fire-works, are of the most splendid description by MORTRAM, SOUTHEY, and HENGLER, and the astonishing ascent *a'la* SAQUI, was admirably executed by LONGUEMARE, who also displays some extraordinary evolutions on the tight rope. We have not room at present to notice all the numerous other amusements—in our next we shall revert to this subject, but we cannot conclude our present slight notice, without observing, that the refreshments were abundant and at very moderate prices, and the wines, (furnished by the London Wine Company) choice and most excellent.

## COUNTRY THEATRICALS.

### BIRMINGHAM THEATRE.

MR. DRAMA,

I was well pleased in reading your correspondent's letter, in your Fifteenth Number, signed J. L. B., and I am sorry to say, the mania for "*Tom and Jerry*," has extended to this place. I cannot, for my part, conceive that this nonentity is approved of by the respectable classes in London—much less can I now believe it to be acceptable to a Birmingham audience. *Tom*, *Jerry*, and *Logic*, were here the means of drawing two crowded houses, and some well

attended, and some almost empty houses : in short, to give you an idea what kind of reception it met with here, I must inform you, that after dragging out a wearisome existence of nine or ten nights it gave up the ghost and expired in spite of the theatrical manager's puffs. By the by, ELLISTON's noted red and black play bills, long puffs, and absurd panegyric have reached this establishment, and consequently we have Mr. So and So was, on his entrance, "greeted with thunders of applause, which lasted for several minutes," &c. &c.—"*Tom and Jerry* has completely succeeded," &c.&c. a practice which cannot be too much reprobated, and an honour due to Mr. ELLISTON, which I think, no one will have cause to envy. Mr. WRENCH here personified *Tom*; Mr. POWER, *Jerry*; Mr. RUSSELL, *Logic*; Mr. OXBERRY, *Jemmy Green*; Mrs. WAYLETT, *Sue*; and Miss LYDIA KELLY, *Kate*. Mr. WRENCH and Mrs. WAYLETT, performed their parts in their well-known style, as at the Adelphi, leaving no room for us to wish for more eminent performers. Mr. POWER was sadly at fault in *Jerry*—it was a part he seemed not to understand, and therefore did not act it in a becoming respectability, but descended to, and sometimes beneath, even the buffoonery of GRIMALDI; in him there was a total "want of proper gentlemanlike feeling." Mr. RUSSELL, who was announced to us as coming from Covent Garden Theatre, was every thing that could be desired as *Logic*. He is really a very able actor, and his imitation of COOKE, KEMBLE, BETTY, INCLEDON, &c. &c. on a late evening, were master pieces of the kind. They were the finest, truest, and most exact delineations that I should think ever were witnessed, and were received as they deserved. Mr. OXBERRY, who is always excellent, was in this character of *Jemmy Green*, surprising; he made of that piece of nothingness a very laughable and entertaining personage. Thus were a set of performers, not equalled by any theatre in the kingdom, excepting Covent Garden, Drury Lane, and Hay Market, crushed into a play, not fit for representation, to men, because of its emptiness and want of any thing like the Drama, nor to children, because of its obscenity.

Birmingham, June 15, 1822.

W.(H.G.)T.

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MR HARLEY,  
AS TRUDGE,  
IN INCLE & YARICO.

# THE DRAMA;

OR,

*THEATRICAL*

POCKET MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1822.

“The play, the play’s the thing.”—HAMLET.

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## DRAMATIC ORACLE.

Several interesting Dramatic pieces will appear in the rotation they have been received, as follows:—*Avelyne and the Hag*.—*The Duke of Ormond*.—*Caius Mucius*.—*The Fugitive*.—*Rosalind's Bower*, and *Vincentio*.—Country Theatricals would still be more acceptable if our Correspondents would send us information on *new pieces* and *performers of merit*. A critique on our old established London actors from the country, is like a tale twice told. A. V.'s criticism from Birmingham, is too splenetic to admit of its insertion.—PHILO KEAN's lines are on an unpoetical subject rather, his other piece is not forgotten.—B. BUSKIN and Peter PRY shall appear.—The Lines by N. A. are good, but they militate against our own most decided opinion.—JUSTICIÆ DEFENSOR, in answer to F. F. COOPER, next month.—H. A. is thanked for his letter, but we shall be able shortly to deduce the cognomen from authority more indisputable.—LUDOVICO's piece is not dramatic.—*Hampstead Theatricals*, and W. T. J., will not suit us.—HENRY is informed we only received one letter from ADELINE, which we answered a month or two ago.—A PEEK's *Rise and Fall of the Drama*, will be incorporated in a compendious article, which we have in preparation.—AMOROSO's lines are not the thing.—ANTIQUARIUS shortly.—Y. T. N.'s *Dispute*, shall appear.—*Papillo* is scarcely interesting enough.—H. R. ; TITUS ; and E. DURHAM, are not forgotten.—We understand our valued correspondent, Mr. DALBY, has a volume of Poems in the press, to be published early in the present month. The subscription list appears to contain a long bead roll of celebrated literary characters. Proposals and terms of subscription may be known at Messrs. ELVEY's.—J. D. V. will be inserted.—W. H. C. shall appear, if he will alter the ambiguity of the second and third verses.—Those Correspondents who do not find themselves noticed in the present oracle, must attribute it to their Letters not having yet reached the Editor, either through their own negligence in not paying the postage, or from their not being superscribed as mentioned in our last.



# THE DRAMA;

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POCKET MAGAZINE.

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No. II.

JULY, 1822.

Vol. III.

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MR. HARLEY.

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"Here HARLEY embraces the muse's intent,  
And yields the gay minx most extatic content.  
He's a *Dramatic Noun*, that is held undeclinable ;  
With a *je ne sçai quoi* that is quite undefinable ;  
And a talent, to bandy a quaint turn of thought,  
Which defies education, and cannot be bought :  
As a rich fascination be borrowed from fate,  
Which can't be engrafted, but must be innate,  
Like the zest of a damson that's pleasantly smart,  
And makes the lips smack after eating the tart."

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WHEN original genius cannot be displayed, a mere peculiarity or eccentricity will sometimes obtain as much notice, though its success will perhaps not be so lasting. It is to this eccentricity must be attributed the praise which indif-

ferent actors as well as indifferent writers have now and then gained from the public, and to much of it, Mr. HARLEY, (although far be it from us to call him an indifferent actor) is considerably indebted for his present popularity. A hastiness and restlessness of action, a singular rapidity of utterance, and a general boldness and confidence of manners, constitute the great effect of this actor's performance; add to these his "laughing smiling face," which appears determined to put to flight all opposition from "dull care" render him a right-down favourite with the public, and a most successful personator of all characters of a comic nature—he is apparently always so pleased with himself, and so bent upon pleasing others, that there is indeed no other actor who can procure so much applause for characters and speeches intrinsically wretched. His face, which has a rich comic expression, is a passport to our favour and our smiles, and his features possess a flexibility which enables him readily to adapt them to every possible sentiment or situation. Like *Prince Hal*, he has a villainous hanging of the nether lip, but that serves only to heighten the humorous character of his countenance; and upon the whole, there is no one who has more personal qualities for the stage than HARLEY. His pliancy of limb, for he is like the perpetual motion, has often stood him in good stead in his personation of many of those characters which have been allotted to him, requiring little more in the representation than a caricature of extravagant manner and absurdities of costume; yet we much fear that his success in such parts has been, in some degree, detrimental to his reputation; and that many superficial observers have hence formed a hasty judgment of his general abilities, and believed him capable of nothing better. This, however, is undoubtedly an error which deserves correction. He certainly is capable of doing the most perfect justice to every character he undertakes—and we have always remarked, the more natural and prominent the part, the more finished and satisfactory proves his performance of it. In short, they who style HARLEY simply a caricaturist, or a mere imitator of FAWCETT, BANNISTER, and others, err as ridiculously as the dullards who term MATHEWS a mere mimic. The imputation is just as much merited in one case as in the other; and while we pronounce;

that MATHEWS is a masterly performer, Mr. HARLEY cannot be denied to be as excellent and as natural a comic actor as the stage possesses. This will at once be admitted by those who have attentively marked his progress. Great comic powers may easily be recognized, although they may sometimes degenerate into broad farce; but nature and the true genius of acting are so amalgamated, that as long as a particle of the latter remains, it will be found to contain something of the former. Such a genius injured by farce, is like gold in the hands of the beater: however gaudy and glaring its effect may become, it is still brilliant; however it's massiveness may be attenuated into a mere superficiality, it is the remnant of a noble metal. So is it with Mr. HARLEY. He may perhaps now and then descend into a little flippancy, but his powers which are of sterling value, soon shine forth from the obscurity, and evidently shew that he does not mistake breadth for solidity, or buffoonery for true comic humour and drollery. He has established himself firmly in the high opinion of all discriminating and impartial observers, by the united efforts of talent and industry; nor can any thing dislodge him from this advantageous situation but his own carelessness; which is little to be apprehended, since we are assured that he has an ardent love for his profession; and that when not actually engaged in it himself, he is generally occupied in studying the performances of the best models, and deriving improvement from their example.

JOHN PRITT HARLEY is the son of a reputable draper and mercer of London, in which city he was born, in the month of February, 1790. At an early age he was placed with Mr. CAMPBELL, an eminent surgeon and apothecary of Coventry Street; but the death of his father caused an alteration in his pursuits; and he resigned the practice of physic, to study that of the law in the office of Messrs. WINDUS and HOLTAWAY, of Chancery Lane. While in this situation, he became acquainted with some amateur performers, who exhibited at the old Lyceum Theatre, and other places; and having made a few essays as an actor, he was so delighted with the applause he received, and became of course so convinced that he was destined to rise to eminence, that he began seriously to think of the stage as a

profession. Accordingly in 1807, he *cut* the dull monotony of a lawyer's office ; and having obtained a situation in Mrs. BAKER's company, he made his *debut* at Canterbury, in July of that year. He however had no characters of importance allotted to him, and he therefore transferred his services to Mr. TROTTER, manager of the Brighton, Worthing, and Gravesend Theatres. At the latter place he appeared in April, 1808, as *Doctor Ollapod*, and retained the situation of principal comic performer, till February, 1813, when a vacancy in the York company presented him with an opportunity of stepping into the shoes of his predecessors, FAWCETT, MATHEWS, EMERY, and KNIGHT. He made his first bow to a York audience on the 8th of March, 1813, as *Ludovico*, in the "*Peasant Boy*," and continued to acquire both fame and profit till the summer of 1814, when Mr. JOHN WILKINSON, the patentee, retired from public life. Upon this, he returned to his old manager at Brighton ; and while performing there, was engaged by Mr. ARNOLD for the Lyceum, at which house he appeared on the 15th of July, 1815, as *Marcelli*, in the "*Devil's Bridge*." He soon became a decided favourite with the town, and was speedily secured for Drury Lane, commencing his performances there on the 15th of September, 1815, as *Lissardo*, in the "*Wonder*." He has ever since remained in London, playing alternately at Drury Lane and the English Opera, and advancing every year in cleverness and popularity.

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### MR. KEAN.

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[*Resumed from Page 9.*]

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"I must once in a month recount what thou hast been."

TEMPEST.

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KEAN's *penchant* for the stage was much encouraged by Miss TIDSWELL, who gave him letters of recommendation to the manager of a small theatre in Yorkshire, at which place he played under the name of CAREY, and although

only in his thirteenth year, was much applauded in the characters of *Hamlet*, *Cato*, and *Lord Hastings*. But that which raised his hopes of future fame to a decisive elevation was the admiration manifested by royalty, when he recited at Windsor *Satan's Address to the Sun*, and the first soliloquy of *Richard III.*; he was also fortunate enough to attract the notice of Dr. DRURY, who, in consequence, (it is said) sent him to Eton school, where he remained three years. (1) At the end of this period, he returned to his theatrical occupations under his old name of CAREY, and obtained an engagement at Birmingham, where he played *Hamlet* successfully, but not with that approbation which followed his earlier efforts. He was, however, fortunate enough to please the manager of the Edinburgh Theatre, who engaged him to perform on his stage for twenty nights, on twelve of which successively he played *Hamlet* to crowded houses. He was at this time about sixteen years of age, and was perfect in fourteen or fifteen characters. His next appearance was at Sheerness, where he sometimes played in the higher walks of comedy. The idle stories which have been related of him during this and a subsequent period of his life, we shall not insult our readers by repeating; they are most of them evident fabrications, (or if truths, not worthy the attention of a biographer) and as we are not able to distinguish facts from falsehood, the surest way we can do is to reject the whole. That he underwent the hardships and privations of a stroller's life, in all their severity, is however well known; and this must render his present state of affluence doubly grateful by comparison. Leaving Sheerness, he successively made his appearance at

(1) It is said that in this short time he became thoroughly acquainted with VIRGIL, CICERO, and SALLUST, a statement that is scarcely credible. Three years would hardly be sufficient to allow a boy to travel from the rudiments of the Latin grammar, to a perfect knowledge of the first compositions of Roman literature; nor, if the pupil had the genius, would the regulations of any school allow such a progress; a boy can only outstep his class at stated intervals, unless the rules of Eton differ from the rules of other scholastic establishments.



Seven-oaks, (1) Swansea, (2) and Waterford, at which latter place he got married. This union brought with it no increase of fortune, and our hero was obliged to earn his din-

(1) It has been stated as a fact, that in the year 1806, he was performing at the Haymarket Theatre characters the most trivial and insignificant; and the following appeared in several publications as a correct list of his performances. If true, it is a curious document, but we can scarcely depend on its authenticity.

<i>Goatherd</i> .....	Mountaineers.
<i>John</i> .....	Heir at Law.
<i>Alcade</i> .....	Spanish Barber.
<i>Servant</i> } .....	Speed the Plough.
<i>Fidler</i> }	
<i>Fifer</i> .....	Battle of Hexham.
<i>Servant</i> .....	John Bull.
<i>Planter</i> .....	Inkle and Yarico.
<i>Warner</i> .....	Poor Gentleman.
<i>Servant</i> .....	Iron Chest.
<i>Alguazil</i> .....	She would and she would not.
<i>Rosencrantz</i> .....	Hamlet.
<i>Truman</i> .....	Clandestine Marriage.
<i>Peter</i> .....	Dramatist.
<i>Do.</i> .....	Five Miles Off.
<i>Carney</i> .....	Ways and Means.
<i>Piero</i> .....	Tale of Mystery.
<i>Dubbs</i> .....	Review.
<i>Waiter</i> .....	Mrs. Wiggins.
<i>Do.</i> .....	Gay Deceivers.
<i>Thomas</i> .....	Modern Antiques.
<i>Nicolas</i> .....	Sighs; or, the Daughters.
<i>Man of the House</i> .....	Son-in-Law.
<i>Landlord</i> .....	Prisoner at Large.
<i>Thomas</i> .....	Agreeable Surprise.
<i>Clown</i> .....	Fortune's Frolic.

(2) In the *Provincial Correspondence* of the "*Cabinet*" of August, 1809, is a curious article from Swansea, in which the name of our hero frequently occurs. The performance of "*Catherine and Petruchio*," on the 23rd of June is noticed: *Petruchio*, by KEAN. On the 25th, a ballet "got up

ner before it could be eaten. For two years, he remained in CHERRY's company, which he then left for Weymouth; and Weymouth he again deserted for Exeter.(1) In this latter city he became a universal favourite, but a dispute with the manager drove him from this retreat to seek his fortune on the Guernsey stage. From a strange perversion of taste, the Guernsey auditors not only did not admire, but actually despised KEAN's talent. One of their critics was even impudent and ignorant enough to fulminate his decrees against him in print; it is a curious document, when coupled with the present high reputation of the modern ROSCIUS, and ought to be recorded; it was as follows:—

“Last night a young man, whose name the bills said was KEAN, made his first appearance in *Hamlet*, and truly his performance of that character made us wish that we had been indulged with the country system of excluding it, and playing all the other characters. This person had, we understand, a high character in several parts of England, and his vanity has repeatedly prompted him to endeavour to procure an engagement at one of the theatres in the metropolis; the difficulties he has met with have, however, proved insurmountable, and the theatres of Drury Lane

by KEAN,” called “*The Savages*,” was produced; and he played *Captain Faulkner* in the “*Way to get Married*.” On the 28th, “*The Savages*” was repeated, and KEAN personated *Osmond* in the “*Castle Spectre*.” On the 5th of July, he is noticed as having played *Rolla*, and Mrs. KEAN *Cora*, her first appearance. On the 10th, (when the performances must have terminated about four in the morning) “*The Exile*”—“*Two Strings to your Bow*”—“*Raising the Wind*”—and “*My Grandmother*,” were represented, in the first of which KEAN was the *Daran*. Throughout this letter, not a word is said in praise of his performances. How little did the writer then suspect, that ere the lapse of five years, the island would ring from one extremity to the other with the fame of the man he had thus slightly noticed!

(1) It appears, that KEAN was the compiler of many little pieces in the companies he belonged to. In 1811, he produced for his own benefit, at Carlisle, a melo-drama, called “*The Cottage Foundling*.”

and Covent Garden have spared themselves the disgrace to which they would be subject, by countenancing such impudence and incompetency. Even his performance of the inferior characters of the drama would be objectionable, if there was nothing to render him ridiculous but one of the vilest figures that has been seen either on or off the stage; and if his mind was half so well qualified for the conception of *Richard the Third*, which he is shortly to appear in, as his person is suited to the deformities with which the tyrant is said to have been distinguished from his brothers, his success would be most unequivocal. As to his *Hamlet*, it was one of the most terrible misrepresentations to which SHAKSPEARE has ever been subject. Without grace or dignity he comes forward; he shews an unconsciousness that any body is before him, and is often so forgetful of the respect due to an audience, that he turns his back upon them in some of those scenes where contemplation is to be indulged, as if for the purpose of shewing his abstractedness from all ordinary objects!!(1) His voice is harsh and monotonous, but as it is deep, answers well enough the idea he entertains of impressing terror by a tone which seems to proceed from a charnel-house."

They who are accustomed to the London newspapers, and know what influence they possess over the public mind, will be well aware that such criticism was enough to ruin the youthful candidate. Those to whom it was addressed, were willing to be convinced; and KEAN had too little prudence as well as too much spirit, to bow before the coming tempest: accordingly, when he first appeared in *Richard*, he was greeted with laughter and hisses, even in the first scene; for some time his patience was proof against the worst efforts of malignity, till at last, irritated by continued opposition, he applied the words of the scene to his auditors, and boldly addressed the pit, with

(1) Our readers we think cannot peruse the above curious article without astonishment. That which has always been considered as a criterion of good acting is here urged as a plea for condemnation of the performer. We have heard it often remarked, that an actor should consider himself when on the stage as in a room, of which the audience merely compose the fourth side.

“Unmannered DOGS, stand ye when *I* command!”

The clamour of course increased, and only paused a moment in expectation of an apology. In this, however, they were deceived; so far from attempting to soothe their wounded pride, KEAN came forward and told them “*that the only proof of understanding they had ever given, was their proper application of the few words he had just uttered.*” The manager now thought proper to interfere, and the part of *Richard* was given to a man of less ability, but in higher favour with the brutal audience.

Not satisfied with having driven him from the stage, and thereby reduced him and his family to a state near starving, the Guernsey editors persisted in their attacks till they had compelled him to quit the town for a dwelling in the outskirts. Every hour increased his distress, and the pride of his enemies, who were determined to bring him to unconditional submission. But here again they were deceived; some strangers who had seen and admired KEAN, at Weymouth, now happened to be upon the island, and hearing of his situation, successfully endeavoured to interest Governor DOYLE in his behalf. To this powerful patron, KEAN owned his distress; and the Governor, warmly embracing his cause, immediately offered to become responsible for his debts, which debts were indeed trifling, for they did not exceed twenty pounds. Still this kindness was not without its evils; while it satisfied his creditors for debts already contracted, it made them cautious not to give future trust to a man who seemed lost to his profession; the landlord, the butcher, and the baker, hinted to him the propriety of removing to the neighbourhood of his benefactor, a hint that he was not slow to take; for independent of necessity, he began to be inspired with the martial fervour. His ambition, indeed, was of a modest kind, for he aspired to one degree only above the rank of a common soldier, and this favour was readily promised on his first application, though at the same time, the Governor fairly pointed out to him the little prospect there was of being able to support a family on the pay of a subaltern. To this KEAN replied, “that he was aware of the weight of such an objection, but his wife had often been obliged to eat of the caméléon’s dish, and the inconveniences likely to occur in the new character,



could not possibly amount to a total denial of comforts, for what family could starve upon four and nine-pence a day? As to his children, one of them was certainly an infant, but the other was two years old, and had already made a considerable advance in the business of the stage, and could support his brother, till that brother was able to act for himself." The mention of this child, and his singular abilities, gave a new turn to the whole affair; the Governor expressed a wish to see the youthful genius, and found upon trial, that the natural prejudice of a father had not exaggerated; he became in consequence a still warmer admirer of KEAN, to whose instruction the child's skill was to be attributed; and in the fervour of the moment requested him to recite some favourite scene. In compliance with this request, KEAN chose that part of *Othello*, wherein *Iago* speaks of the handkerchief. His delineation of the two characters was so brilliant as to make the Governor withdraw his promise of military patronage, for a reason no less honourable to the critical acuteness of the patron, than just to the genius of his client; to draw such talent from its proper sphere would have been a crime, and accordingly while he withdrew his first promise, he very readily offered to assist him in his profession.

The patronage of the Governor relieved KEAN in a great measure from the persecution of his enemies. He was no longer the Cain of society; still it could not make him popular, nor could he procure enough by his benefit to discharge his friendly debt, and pay his passage to England. In this emergency, he gave out bills announcing the appearance of his infant son in a new pantomime; an announcement which spoke more for his own knowledge of the world than for the taste or good sense of the Guernsey public; a child must at best be a bad imitator of manhood, and the original must always be preferable to the copy. Admirable as this scheme certainly was, he did not think proper to rely on it alone for success. The acquittal of the PRINCESS OF WALES was the topic of the day, and taking advantage of this, he privately circulated a report that Lady DOUGLAS, a material agent in the trial, was not only in Guernsey, but was to be present at his benefit. His theatre, a room in a public house, was consequently crowded to excess, not to witness the exertions of genius, but to gratify a foolish curiosity.



KEAN, in fact, was the only object in the room who was utterly neglected; every eye was engaged in anxious waiting of those around, in hopes of discovering the renowned Lady DOUGLAS. When expectation was at the highest, the seats which had been but slightly erected, suddenly gave way, and the spectators came somewhat roughly to the ground. No serious accident, however, occurred, and the activity of our hero soon prepared another room for the general accommodation. Governor DOYLE was so much pleased with the talents of the child, that he would have taken it and educated it himself—but KEAN, who had now got money enough for his present purpose, declined the offer, though he felt grateful for the kindness implied in it, and he determined to return to Weymouth. When he arrived there, he found the company performing to empty benches, and was earnestly solicited by the distressed manager to resume his old situation. This he peremptorily refused; the bad conduct of the manager towards him when at Guernsey, was of too recent a date to be easily forgiven; it should seem, indeed, as if he had stopped at Weymouth for no other purpose than to be solicited that he might refuse, and thus shew his feeling of the treatment he had experienced. Better offers too were held out to him, and he accepted successive engagements at Taunton and Dorchester. From this time fortune's smiles followed him.

[*To be Resumed.*]

## THE DRAMATIC SKETCHER.

No. XI.

By J. W. DALBY.

*AUGUSTUS AND AMELIA; OR, THE VICTIMS  
OF A PARENT'S AVARICE.*

SCENE I.—*A Chamber.*

*Augustus.* (*Alone.*) Had it been mine to follow in the track

Of mean dependance, doomed to wait upon  
 The smiles and frowns of some tyrannic master,  
 Whose will must be my law ; to flatter well  
 That which my heart detested, or to starve ;  
 To bear the burthens of mean servitude—  
 To know my life's law in one word—obey !  
 My hands, my voice, nay, ev'n my looks enslaved ;—  
 Why, *this* I could have borne, have meekly borne,  
 And uncomplainingly, had my hopes ne'er  
 Been taught to soar beyond my lowly lot ;  
 If o'er my cradle fortune had not smiled,  
 And bade my infant eyes awake to see  
 Splendour, and scenes of luxury, which taught  
 My childhood to indulge its airy dreams  
 And lofty aspirations. It is this  
 Which doubles all my sufferings. Education,  
 Connexions, general pursuits, and all  
 Which shews, and makes, and stamps *the gentleman*,  
 Unfit me for a life of poverty,  
 Of meannesses and shifts ; of guards and checks,  
 Of fears and of dishonour !—Gracious God !  
 Why was I doomed to suffer this ? to be  
 Born in the midst of affluence, yet want  
 Almost wherewith to answer natural calls ?  
 Why was my father rich—why must he still  
 Be wallowing in wealth, while I, his son,  
 His heir, am pennyless ? and when I sue,  
 Checking my indignation, in a tone  
 And manner the most humble, must I meet  
 For ever harsh reproaches—cold denials,  
 And treatment such as almost makes my tongue  
 Cleave to my mouth when I would call him ' Father !'  
 Amelia, too—and she must suffer still,  
 No hand to save or aid her ! But my sister—  
 Aye, that's the thorn which rankles in my heart,  
 Which maddens and corrodes it—which must now—

*Enter DARLEY.*

*Darley.* How now, Augustus, melancholy still !—  
 Musing and moping like my cat at home,

Whose brood was drowned this morning. On my soul,  
This will not do !—Why, I remember thee  
The merriest of the merry ; not a man  
In our society who better knew  
To mock old care, and pluck him by the beard  
In very sport ;—the first of revellers,  
Whose forehead wore no wrinkle, and whose lips  
Seemed only made for smiles. Can I forget  
When Harry Evelyn brought old Middleton,  
That laughter-hating miser to our hall,  
And when his formal bowing, and his ‘ *hopes*,’  
(Drawled out in language most delectable)  
‘ *That he did not intrude*,’ were done at last,  
How Harry placed him next to thee, and stood  
Enjoying the fine contrast ; how at length  
Thou didst arise with mimic dignity  
And gravity well-feigned, and in a speech  
None but thyself could make, didst welcome him  
To our right joyous conclave, didst propose  
*Just* to initiate him, and called’st aloud  
In tone, which made him tremble in his seat,  
“ Boy, heat the irons well, and melt the lead,  
And then undress our brother Middleton !”  
And how, thy summons ended, he arose,  
And leaping over tables, heads, and chairs,  
Breaking our glasses, threatening our necks,  
Not stopping for the door, rushed through the window,  
Too happy in escaping with a fall.  
And are these freaks forgotten ?—must we now  
Look ’round for thee in vain, when we assemble  
To seek for merriment ?—The midnight hour  
Which thou didst once enliven, now is dull,  
And cold, and cheerless ; and when it arrives  
We part.—O, it was very different erst  
When thou didst sanctify it with thy song,  
Lighten it with thy wit, and lift thy glass  
In honour of its presence—but, by Jove !  
My eloquence has tired me, and it seems  
Has been employed in vain ; for thou art still  
Dreaming of something dreadful, and thine eyes  
Are fixed upon the ground :—well, I must go,

Lest thy disease infect me. Fare thee well—  
I'll call again.

[Exit.

*Augustus.* Be it to-morrow, DARLEY.

[To be resumed.]

## ADDENDA AND CORRIGENDA.

### TO "THE DRAMA."

BEING NOTES FOR THE EDITOR AND HIS READERS.

#### LEAF THE FIRST.

MR. DRAMA,

UNDER the above title, I purpose forwarding you every month some observations and cursory remarks on various articles in your incomparable Magazine, which I have been in the habit of making merely for my own amusement;—however, as my collections have swelled to something more lengthy than was at first my intention they should do, I should wish to have a "local habitation and a name" given to them in "*The Drama*;" if you think them worthy so high an honour. Those now sent are specimens of the whole.

Yours, respectfully,

June 1, 1822.

G. CREED.

*Price of Plays*, Vol. I. 13.] It appears, that JACOB TONSON got OTWAY'S "*Venice Preserved*" for the paltry sum of £15. What would such a tragedy now produce? In the case of Mr. MATURIN'S "*Bertram*,"—Mr. MURRAY, the celebrated bookseller of Albemarle-street, gave three hundred and fifty guineas for the copy-right; and on a still more recent occasion, a spirited young bookseller, of Bond-street, (a Mr. WARREN) gave a similar sum for the proprietary of Mr. PROCTOR'S (BARRY CORNWALL'S) "*Mirandola*;" this, too, with the chance of its failure at the theatre.(1)

(1) As being somewhat connected with this subject, I may remark, that the great Scottish novelist, as it is reported, netted £100,000 by his works, which he has re-

OTWAY'S "*Orphan*," p. 23.]—GLANVILLE has committed an oversight with respect to the character of *Antonio*, the senator; there is no such personage in the "*Orphan*." He is to be found in "*Venice Preserved*."

"*Nosey*," p. 68.]—Of this personage I may mention, that in the season of 1753, he was engaged in the orchestra of Drury Lane Theatre as a performer on the Violincello, and from the unusual prominence of his nasal feature, formed a continual subject of mirth to the visitors of the galleries. Even to this day, the epithet of "*Nosey*" is frequently applied to the musicians in the theatres. FOOTE, in one of his Prologues, makes allusion to the circumstance in the following lines:—

"Have you not roared from pit, to upper rows,  
And all the jest was—what?—a fiddler's nose!  
Pursue your mirth; each night the joke grows stronger,  
For as you fret the man, his nose looks longer."

A laughable anecdote is related of this musician and GARRICK. When Roscius returned from Italy, he prepared an address to the audience, which he delivered on the first night of his performance; when he came upon the stage, he was welcomed with three loud plaudits, each finishing with a huzza. When this unprecedented applause had nearly subsided, he used every art to lull the tumult into a profound silence, and just as all was hushed as death, and anxious expectation sat on every face, "*Nosey*" anticipated the first line of the address by yaw!—aw!—a most tremendous yawn; a convulsion of laughter ensued, and it was then some minutes before the wished-for silence could be again restored. That, however, obtained, GARRICK delivered his address with his wonted fascination of manner, and retired with applause, such as was never better given or deserved;—but the matter did not rest here,—the moment he came off the stage, he flew like the lightning's flash to the music room, where collaring the astonished

ceived from ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE and Co. of Edinburgh. The publishers of "*Lalla Rookh*," gave three thousand guineas for the copyright of that poem, and it seems they have had no reason to repent of their purchase.



"Nosey," he began to abuse him most vociferously—"Why! why!—you old scoundrel!—you must be the most infernal—" At length poor CERVETTI exclaimed "Oh, Mistera GARRICK!—vat is de matter?—vat I haf do?—Oh! God, vat is it?"—"The matter! why you old, d—d eternal senseless idiot, with no more brains than your cursed bass-viol,—just at the—a—very moment I had played with the audience, tickled them like a trout, and brought them to the most accommodating silence, as pat to my purpose, so perfect, that it was, as one may say, a companion for MILTON's visible darkness,—just at that critical moment, did not you with your d—d jaws stretched wide enough to swallow a peck-loaf, yaw, yawn, and be cursed to you?—Oh! I wish from my soul you had never shut your brown jaws again!"—"Sare, Mistera GARRICK,—sare,—only if you please hear me von vord,—it is always the vay, it is indeed, Mistera GARRICK—always, the vay I go ven I haf the *greatest rapture*, Mistera GARRICK." CERVETTI's flattery subdued GARRICK's anger, and the supposed offence vanished with the instant.

SHERIDAN's "*Critic*," p. 69.] It has been also said, SHERIDAN intended to ridicule the dying words of *Hotspur*, in "*Henry IV.*" Act V. Scene IV.

*Hot.* O Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth,  
I better brook the loss of brittle life,  
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me.  
They wound my thoughts, worse than thy sword my flesh.  
But thought's the slave of life, and lifetime's fool,  
And time, that takes survey of all the world,  
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,  
But that the earthy and cold hand of death  
Lies on my tongue. No, Percy, thou art dust  
And food for— (Dies.)

*P. Henry.* For worms, brave Percy:  
Fare thee well, great heart, &c. &c.

It may be also probable he had in his recollection a scene in FIELDING's "*Eurydice Hissed*," printed at the end of the "*Historical Register*," 1741. *Pillage*, one of the characters, falls intoxicated on the stage, exclaiming:—

“————— now my brain's on fire !

My staggering senses dance, and I am—————”

*Honestus*. “————Drunk !—

That word, he would have said, that ends the verse ;

Farewell a twelve hour's nap, compose thy senses,

May mankind profit by thy sad example,

May men grow wiser, writers grow more scarce,

And no man dare to make a simple farce.”

To this wish I conceive every one will most fervently re-  
join “Amen.”

Another imitation of the foregoing passage, is to be met  
with in RHODES'S amusing trifle of “*Bombastes Furioso*.”

*Artaxominous* is slain by *Bombastes*, and exclaims as he  
falls—

“—————Oh! my *Bom*—————

“————*Bastes* he would have said,” replies the other.

ADDISON'S “*Cato*,” p. 132.] This burlesque was a really  
humourous one, but notwithstanding, the piece was damned  
the second night, and a notice was given to the players  
that their house should be shut up if they attempted a repe-  
tition of such buffoonery.

BARNARD LINTOT, p. 132.] There is a whimsical anec-  
dote related of this bookseller, and TONSON his rival. They  
were both candidates for printing a work of Dr. YOUNG'S.  
The poet answered both letters the same morning, but un-  
fortunately misdirected them. In these epistles, he com-  
plained of the rascally cupidity of each. There he told  
TONSON, that LINTOT was so great a scoundrel, that print-  
ing with him was out of the question, and writing to the  
latter decided that TONSON was an old rascal, but, &c. and  
then makes his election in his favour.

NAT LEE, p. 135. The story of MOHUN and LEE, is re-  
lated by CIBBER. It is singular that this author, whose  
elocution raised such admiration in so capital an actor,  
when he attempted to be an actor himself, should have  
quitted the stage “in an honest despair of ever making any  
profitable figure there.” The part which LEE attempted  
and failed in, was Sir W.D'AVENANT'S alteration of “*Mac-  
beth*,” as related in a curious article by DRAMATICUS, in p.  
227.

*On the merit of Actors*, p. 219.] I cannot pass this article without stating, that many of the assertions which it contains appear to me not only to be extravagant but fallacious. That independence of talent, for which the framer of this essay so originally contends, is to me one of the most monstrous propositions that has ever been broached, because it not only deprives the poet of his brightest attribute, but reduces the comedian to a lower level than any upon which the grossest vilifiers of the stage could attempt to place them.

FOOTE'S "*Nabob*," p. 170 General SMITH, who died suddenly in July, 1803, was the person FOOTE introduced into this comedy under the name of *Sir Matthew Mite*. The General was in early life, a *cheesemonger*, in Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, but abandoned that calling to try his fortune in India, where he acquired considerable wealth. FOOTE, whose talent lay in lampooning and mimicry, (even in his earliest days) had got the knack of imitating the General in the shrug of his shoulder, the lisping of his speech, and some other things for which he was remarkable, until it grew a common topic among his acquaintance, who used to say, "*Come, SAM, let us have the General's company.*" The General sent for FOOTE;—"Sir, (says he) *I hear you have an excellent talent at mimicking characters, and among the rest, I find I have been the subject of your ridicule.*" "*Oh! Lord,*" (says FOOTE, with great pleasantry) "*I take all my acquaintance off at times—and what is more wonderful, I often take myself off.*" "*Gad so,* (says the other) *pray let us have a specimen.*" FOOTE, on this, puts on his hat and gloves, takes hold of his cane, and making a short bow, retreated accordingly out of the house without uttering a syllable.

*All the World's a Stage*, p. 315.] On this subject I have picked up some ancient lines, penned in 1612: who the author was, I cannot at present learn.

What is our *life*? a *play* of passion,  
Our *mirth*, the *music* of division;  
Our mother's wombs the trying houses be,  
Where we are *dress'd* for this short *comedy*;  
While thereon prying the spectator is,  
That sits and mocks still who doth act amiss;

Our *graves* that hide us from the searching sun,  
 Are like *drawn curtains*, when the *play* is done;  
 Thus march we *playing* to our latest rest,  
 Only we die in earnest—that's no jest.

## THEATRICAL INQUISITION.

“ Long has the STAGE determined, to impart  
 Such scenes alone as ineliorate the heart,  
 Barr'd from all avenues, with rigid sway,  
 Plots which corrupt, and maxims that betray;  
 With elevation now, the altered muse  
 That praise rejects, which virtue should refuse:  
 Licentious follies rarely intervene,  
 And *truth*, and *sense*, and *honour*, claim the scene!

## COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

### *Journal of Performances, with Remarks.*

June 14th.—Guy Mannering—Bombastes Furioso—Roland for an Oliver.—[Benefit of Mr. BLANCHARD.]

15.—Beaux Stratagem—Rosina.—17. Two Gentlemen of Verona—Aladdin.—18. Othello—Forty Thieves.—[Benefit of Miss FOOTE.]—19. Cymbeline—Brother and Sister.—[Benefit of Miss M. TREE.]—20. Comedy of Errors—Aladdin.—21. Rivals—Padlock.—22. Rob Roy—Raising the Wind.—24. Cymbeline—Forty Thieves.—25. Guy Mannering—Day after the Wedding—Too late for Dinner.—[Benefit of Mr. J. ISAACS and CLAREMONT.]—26. Iron Chest—Libertine.—[Benefit of Mr. BRANDON.]—27. Montrose—Barber of Seville.—[Benefit of Mr. C. TAYLOR.]—28. Beggar's Opera—Husbands and Wives—John of Paris.—[Benefit of Mr. ABBOTT.]—29th. Antiquary—Forty Thieves.—[Benefit of Mr. WARE.]—This evening the theatre closed upon the whole a rather successful season—although not quite so lucrative a one as to warrant the assertions made by Mr. FAWCETT, when delivering the following address:—

“LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—The period of our closing being arrived, in compliance with long established custom, I present myself to pay the usual tribute of respect on leave-taking; but before I make my obeisance, it may not be ill-timed to remark, that the change which has recently taken place in the direction of this theatre has necessarily created difficulties, which, however perplexing they may have been to the proprietors, they trust have in no degree diminished the stock of amusement, which it was their duty, as well as inclination, to provide for the public. They are conscious that neither exertion nor expense on their part has been spared, and their best reward will be to know, that you their liberal patrons, will give them credit for it.

“During the recess, it will be their unremitting endeavour to procure for the ensuing season novelties of every description; which, chequered by the revival of some of our best considered pieces, supported by the combined talent of the company, will I trust, enable them to maintain Covent Garden Theatre the first in *desert*, as they feel proud to say, it already is the first in *favor* with the British public.

“Through me, their stage-manager, Ladies and Gentlemen, the proprietors thank you for a good season, the performers for your favour and indulgence, and with the grateful acknowledgments of all, until the 1st of October, I most respectfully bid you farewell.”

### HAYMARKET THEATRE.

✓ We promised in our last to present our readers with a full account of this theatre, we hasten to fulfil our promise—and first as to the alterations—the greatest improvement has been effected by the removal of the *tympanum*, or sounding board, and the carrying a cornice round in its place—it really does not look like the same building; it has now become an elegant drawing-room, light, cheerful, and elegant, and something in the French taste, both as to form and decoration. Those who are the advocates for small theatres, have now a fair opportunity of indulging their fancy, or rectifying their judgment; at Covent Garden or



Drury Lane, they might see all the advantages of a large stage, and here is a small stage it all its glory; the question, therefore, may be set at rest by the best of guides—experience. The proscenium has been also re-touched, we understand, by Mr. MARINARI's hand—the seats of the boxes have been more conveniently placed, and certainly, the satisfaction and comfort of the audience have been fully attended to. Secondly, as to the novelties and first appearances, these will be found recorded in our regular diary, as follows:—

June 15.—BILL OF FARE; or, *For Further Particulars Enquire Within*.—This little piece kept the audience in one continued round of laughter. The plot was well seasoned with puns—with equivoques—with compliments of all kinds to the public—to the house—to the actors—and a gentle hit now and then at periodicals, for whom our laughing friend appears to entertain no great affection. The story is this:—*Solomon Strutt*, [TERRY] a provincial manager, a very TATE WILKINSON, has advertized for *performers* under the initials of S. S. and *Samuel Stingo*, [Mr. OXBERRY] a provincial innkeeper, had advertized at the same time under the same initials, for *servants* for his new inn. They put up at the same house, kept by one *Hoaxley*, [JOHNSON] a wag, who sends the out-of-place waiters and chambermaids to the manager, while *Stingo*, who has no relish for theatricals, is worried by a troop of players, who “appear like shadows” before him in all the fantastical shapes which they have assumed, in consequence of *Solomon* having in his advertisement requested the actors to come in the costume of their parts. The consequence of this will easily be seen—innumerable mistakes of words and actions ensue. The country beer-drawer is beset by an actress of all-work, [Mrs. CHATTERLEY] and others, whilst the rural mountebank is bored with a fellow as broad as he is long, who offers himself as a “second Cook [E]” which the poor manager interprets into an equal of the far-famed GEORGE FREDERICK! In the course of these scenes, the eccentricities of the parties engaged in the theatre are whimsically displayed, and the *Bill of Fare* thus disclosed, “*further particulars*” are reserved for a future occasion. The piece was extremely well acted, and introduced Mr. W. WEST, and a Mr. LEE,

(from Dublin)—it is full of humour and right merry conceit, is altogether a sprightly trifle, and well merited the shouts of laughter and approbation which were bestowed on it.

17.—A Miss GRANVILLE, (pupil of Mr. D. CORRI) made her first appearance on any stage, as *Polly*, in the "*Beggar's Opera*." Her reception was highly flattering. She is a sprightly girl, with a very tolerable voice, and gave the airs of the character with great simplicity, and was frequently *encored*. She has since repeated the part with increased success. The *Captain Macheath* of Madame VESTRIS, was in her usual style of talent. But we much regret to see a lady perform this part. There are some male characters which from their romantic and softer colouring, may be represented by a woman: but *Macheath* is not one of them; he is a bold, dashing *highwayman*, the gentleman of *low life*; one who has a spice of gallantry in his ruffianism, and of ruffianism in his gallantry. His love is the coarsest profligacy, only carried off by the gaiety of overflowing spirits. A woman, in undertaking such a part, has to choose one of two evils: she must either play it as it ought to be, in which case she will infallibly be disgusting, or she must soften it down into a sprightly, but romantic lover, which while it renders her interesting, presents a very different portrait from that intended by the author. Now Madame VESTRIS chose, and wisely, the latter alternative; she threw all her natural witchery of voice and manner into the part, and as Madame V. was delightful, but she was as little like *Macheath* as a rose is like a thistle; and we do think that decency is utterly violated by a woman playing the parts of coarse and brutal libertines; not all the sweetness of VESTRIS, her magic grace, her delicious smile, her soft melting tones—no, nor all the witchery of her eyes, will ever persuade us to the contrary.

19.—*The Suicide*.—This comedy is from the pen of the elder COLMAN, and was brought out at the theatre in 1778. The author of the "*Biographica Dramatica*" truly observes, that "the author of this piece might be considered as one of the best judges of stage writing of any dramatist of his time. Although none of the characters can be spoken of as new, yet the business of the drama is conducted with

so much judgment, that we cannot but esteem this very pleasing comedy as little inferior to the best of COLMAN'S productions. The character of *Wingrave*, an undertaker, seems borrowed from *Sable*, in STEEL'S "*Funeral*;" and although he fell short of his ingenious precursor, Mr. COLMAN to a certain degree succeeded in producing mirth from a subject the most serious that can be contemplated. The quarrelling scene between the poet and the player is taken from "*Joseph Andrews*," and the duel from the "*Coxcomb*" of BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

Mr. C. KEMBLE, who personated *Tobine*, gave a most faithful picture of the dissolute tradesman. *Ranter*, the player, by TAYLEURE, was most cleverly done, as was also the poet *Catchpenny*, by WILLIAMS—between them, the quarrel scene was rendered most laughable. Mr. TERRY, as *Tabby*; Mr. WEST, as *Squib*; and Mrs. CHATTERLEY, as *Nancy*, were every thing that could be wished. A curious affair happened in the last act. *Wingrave*, (announced to be performed by OXBERRY) never appeared!—the worthy undertaker was *missing*! At the conclusion, much disapprobation was expressed, until his appearance in the "*Bill of Fare*"—the clamour then increased, when he stepped forward, and thus addressed the house, in a somewhat embarrassed manner:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—I cannot but be conscious of the cause of your disapprobation. I have been fourteen years before the public, and till this present moment never met with your disapprobation. In the play of "*The Suicide*" I had to appear in the last scene—I did not know the piece consisted of only four acts. I was walking in the park studying a part in which I am to seek your approbation on Saturday. I arrived at the theatre—the last scene was on. Ladies and Gentlemen, I must beg pardon—your approbation I have ever felt. I feel—I—I—[Loud applause.—Mr. O. clapping his hand on his breast, &c.]

21.—Mrs. W. CLIFFORD, from the Norwich Theatre, made her first appearance before a London audience, as *Mrs. Haller*, in the "*Stranger*," and was welcomed with the most decided approbation. Her person, which is well formed, is above the middle size; her features are pleasing, and capable of much expression; her voice powerful, well

regulated, and harmonious; and her pronunciation correct and distinct. She appears perfectly acquainted with the business of the stage, which she treads with much grace. Her success was truly flattering.

24.—**LOVE LETTERS**—[1st time.]—This musical farce is a translation from the French, and its chief merit lays in the simplicity of the plot, the natural turn of the incidents, and the smartness of the dialogue. A military officer, *Captain Valcour*, [LEONI LEE] setting out to join his regiment, arranges with his bride, *Emily*, [Mrs. GARRICK] whom he has married against her father's consent, to address his letters for her to her attendant *Lisette*, [Madame VESTRIS.] *Lisette*, it appears, has two lovers, *La fleur*, [JOHNSON] and *Frippont*, [OXBERRY.] The former, though poor, is preferred to the latter, who is a knavish, intriguing, mercenary lover—and who endeavours to ruin his opponent in the lady's affections, by resorting to various tricks of stealing and re-writing letters, which however fail of effect, for *Lisette* marries *La Fleur*. Marriage, however, does not end *La Fleur's* difficulties, for a letter from *Valcour* to his wife, addressed to *Lisette* for concealment, raises his jealousy, which is removed, and the piece terminates in the happiness of all but *Frippont*. Madame VESTRIS played and sung delightfully; in fact, the part appears to have been entirely written for her. The songs are very pleasing; a spirited and amusing duet between her and Mr. JOHNSON, was deservedly *encored*. The other actors added to the general effect, but the little thing has not been very successful.

July 2nd—A Miss HART, from Bristol, made her *début* as *Miss Neville*, in "*She Stoops to Conquer*." There was little for her to do. She was well received.

3.—**JOHN BUZZBY**; or, *A Day's Pleasure*—[1st time.]—This three act comedy is from the pen of Mr. KENNEY, and has been pretty successful. It is full of bustle, amusing situations, and droll incidents, all tending to no very important end. It is not of that species of composition whose chief object is to keep the attention upon the *qui vive* for an astounding denouement, though the plot is intricate enough to puzzle the most ingenious unraveller of a half told story. But it may be considered as a series of comic



anecdotes, well told, slightly dependant upon each other, with a sort of careless concatenation to a final end, when both audience and actors seem surprised that so many ludicrous scenes, but not unnatural circumstances, could be associated with an event of ordinary occurrence. It will be seen by the following sketch, that the story possesses abundant materials; indeed, its chief fault is that the incidents follow each other with such rapidity, that the parties are sometimes involved in an intricacy which renders it difficult to follow them. It is, however, a lively production, and the interest seldom flags.

*John Buzzby*, [TERRY] is a "citizen of credit and renown," whose soul rising occasionally above the envelopes of hosiery and haberdashery of his shop, and wishing to enjoy one day free from the troubles of an overwhelming wife, and an impertinent cockney step-son, *Natty Briggs*, [WEST] pretends a journey to Deptford on business, while in reality, he takes a stage coach trip to Richmond, for the pleasure of *basking* in the rural delights of that spot, which is all of *country* ever seen by many a Londoner. He has scarcely set foot on the Green, before he is accosted by *Julia*, a lady [Mrs. JOHNSTONE] a fellow-traveller in the stage with him from town, who solicits his protection in her search for the house of *Major Aubrey*—to whom, it subsequently appears, she has to make complaints of the injury her reputation has suffered from the conduct of his nephew, *Greville*, [JONES] a Captain in the same regiment, and between whom at a former period, an intimacy had subsisted, which led to the frequent interchange of letters. However, it appears, the young lady at the command of her parents, had dropped the correspondence, and had become the wife of *Captain Anderson*, but *Greville* had not only refused to give back these letters, but even openly boasted, and had improperly shewn them, and which coming to her husband's ears had determined him to challenge *Greville*. The whole business and time of the comedy is embraced within the period of this walk to the Major's house; and the interest of the piece arises from *John Buzzby's* anxiety to know the business in which he is thus engaged—his fears that he is inveigled, by his kind-heartedness, into the office of a go-between, and the suspi-



cions of others that he is prosecuting a guilty amour of his own. These things together involve him in a maze of perplexity, quarrels, and imputations, that the quick sensibilities of the little hosier are almost goaded to distraction; and surely never was an author more fortunate in a representative of the principal and most original character in his play, than the writer of *John Buzzby* is in Mr. TERRY.

But there is an underplot (or, rather, a second plot) which must not be passed unnoticed. *John Buzzby's* wife, [Mrs. PEARCE] son, and ward, *Cecilia*, [Miss BOYCE] thinking Mr. B. safe in Kent, determine also on a joyous expedition, and unluckily to the very same place, viz. Richmond. *Cecilia* has a lover of her own choosing, an officer in the aforesaid regiment, but Mrs. B. determines that she and her fortune shall be bestowed on her own dear boy. In their ramble they obtain a glimpse of honest *John* gallanting the young incognita, and Mrs. B. becomes furious with jealousy. The fair ward meets her chosen lover; the husband of *Julia* comes from London on purpose to meet *Greville*, encounters him and challenges him; *Buzzby*, with the best intentions, gets embroiled with both in defence of *Julia*, he is equally also blamed by *Major Aubrey*, and every effort he makes for the good of others, involves him in some new trouble. However, *Mr. Jingle*, [OXBERRY] a facetious Richmond innkeeper, (who suffers no one to speak but himself) takes the liberty of reading an unfinished letter of *Greville's*, in which he had written for his pistols, and left open on his table, and not wishing to lose any of his customers, whether military or naval, he sets off to the *Major*; a general explanation takes place, and all parties being reconciled, a day of trouble is concluded with an evening of pleasure.

The dialogue of this piece possesses considerable smartness, and a happy vein of humour runs through the whole. TERRY'S *Buzzby*, (a character said to have been suggested by himself) possesses all that dry caustic humour in which he always excels; indeed he is so much at home, that we should consider the character was actually written to suit his powers. He was anxious, irritable, benevolent, eccentric, and amusing, with the greatest facility. To this gentleman and OXBERRY, the author is chiefly indebted for his

success. Mrs. CHATTERLEY performed the innkeeper's daughter with spirit, although a part far below her talents, and WEST's *Natty* displayed much talent and truth to nature. The comedy was successful.

11.—PETER FIN; or, *A New Road to Brighton*.—[1st time.]—The plot of this piece is as follows:—

*Mr. Fin*, [LISTON] is a retired fishmonger, who has been left a large fortune by a humourist, who made war upon mankind for eating animal food; and *Peter* being less “in the commission of evil” in this respect than his brethren, as the “vegetable philosopher” thought, he bequeathed to him his goods and chattels, which, however, he is to forfeit if he sleeps under the same roof, or has the smallest intercourse with a nephew of the defunct, *Frederick Gower*, [JOHNSON] who, he erroneously fancies, had caricatured and turned him into ridicule. *Peter* accordingly settles with his daughter *Harriet*, [Mrs. GARRICK] near one of the squares, but having a strong desire to see the sea, he settles with a friend *Morgan*, [YOUNGER] who has returned from India, to accompany him thither. In the mean time, *Frederick*, (who has become heir to the philosopher) and his young friend *Turtleton*, [BAKER] (son of *Alderman Turtleton*, of Bedford Square) who was, in fact, the caricaturist, are laying a plan for *Frederick's* obtaining *Harriet* by dispossessing her father of the fortune left him. *Turtleton* overhears that *Morgan* will be unable to go to Brighton himself with *Fin* and his daughter, but that *Bounce*, (*Morgan's* agent) shall be ready with a chaise to take them down. On this, *Turtleton* assumes the character of *Bounce*, resolved to bring *Fin* into a situation where he must forfeit the provisions of the will by eating at the same board, and sleeping under the same roof, with *Frederick*, and thus put it in his friend's power to claim *Harriet's* hand. *Turtleton's* plan is something like that in “*She Stoops to Conquer*,”—he drives the fishmonger and his daughter round London, and at night lands him at his father's house in Bedford Square, where *Peter* imagines himself at a marine villa of the *French Marquess*, in Brighton. Here he eats and sleeps where *Frederick* does, who represents the *Marquess*—sniffs, as he imagines, the sea air—listens with delight to the conceived distant roar—

ing of the billows, which he very justly compares to the "noise of fish carts of a morning going to Billingsgate." At length, the whole truth comes out, and he finds himself in Bedford Square instead of Brighton, and his fortune forfeited, which, however *Frederick* exchanges for the hand of his beloved *Harriet*.

A Mr. JONES, of Edinburgh, is said to be the author. The plot is defective and very tedious. To say that LISTON played the fishmonger, is saying every thing—nothing can displease an audience when he is on the stage—he was the chief support of the piece. It was announced for repetition with a mixture of disapprobation and applause, but it has since been several times repeated.

### ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

July 1st.—This house opened its doors for the season this evening ; without having undergone the least embellishment whatever before the curtain. We really think it has never been once renovated since its erection. A parsimony much misplaced, where every thing on the stage appears to be conducted with a most liberal hand. The company is the best the theatre has possessed for a length of time, and consists of the most admired favourites. The performances for the night of commencement were, a new piece called "LOVE AMONG THE ROSES; or, the Master Key"—the "*Miller's Maid*"—and the "*Vampire*!"—the first of which only demands our attention. It is a bustling, light, pleasing, and smart little affair, from the pen of Mr. BEAZLEY. The plot is as follows:—

*Sharpset*, [WRENCH] the manager of a strolling company, and fifty other luckless things besides, takes refuge from bailiffs in a garden, of which he finds the *Master Key*. He there discovers two lovers, *Edmund*, [J. BLAND] nephew of *Captain Gorgon*, [BARTLEY] and *Rose*, [Miss CAREW] daughter of *Alderman Marigold*, [BENNETT.]. *Sharpset* encourages the lovers to pursue their own purposes, and offers to cover their retreat by disguising himself as *Captain Gorgon*, (who had refused his consent to their marriage) impose upon the *Alderman*, give a pretend-

ed agreement to the wedding, and by so doing, remove all obstacles.

At this moment the *Captain* himself arrives, post haster from Plymouth, to confirm his opposition to the match. *Sharpset* then resolves to present himself as the *Alderman*, who is fortunately still absent, and the young lady so wins upon the old sailor, that he at length gives his full consent to the wedding. Before this can be accomplished the *Alderman* returns, and an equivoque, full of bluster and passion ensues; but a subsequent explanation puts all matters to rights in a marriage festival.

The music is very creditable to the taste of Dr. KITCHENER, whose ambition seems to be rising from pots and frying-pans to flutes and piano-fortes, from the cooking kitchen to the music room. Miss CAREW delighted us in the heroine, and Mr. J. BLAND, from the Newcastle theatre, (son of Mrs. BLAND) who made his *debut* in the lover, has a sweet voice, and a better knowledge of acting than generally belongs to vocalists.

2.—Miss CLARA FISHER, that little prodigy of premature talent, appeared in the character of *Crack*, in the "*Turnpike Gate*," and as the representative of six different characters in the "*Actress of all Work*." We shall not enter at present into an extended account on this excellent little actress, as we have a criticism on her performances in preparation for our next, when we shall pay them strict attention.

2.—Mr. POWER, (late of the Olympic) made his appearance as *Robert Maythorn*, and was well received.

10.—ALL IN THE DARK; or, *The Banks of the Elbe*.—This opera is attributed to Mr. PLANCHE, author of the "*Vampire*." It is a trashy affair, and has but little claim to originality, as it is evident the story is taken from MORTON'S "*Henri Quatre*," and the last scene "*All in the Dark*" is a wretched imitation of the discovery in "*The Trip to Dover*," there were however two or three good situations towards the conclusion, which produced some effect—but it will not add one iota to Mr. PLANCHE'S reputation. The plot is as follows:—

Two young officers, *Steinbach* and *Blumenthal*, are respectively engaged to two young ladies, the former to the



sister of the latter, and *vice versa*. *Steinbach* discovering that *Blumenthal* has involved himself in pecuniary embarrassments, arising, as he supposes, from gambling debts, refuses to sanction his marriage. They fight in consequence ; their superior officer is informed of the affray ; and, in the alarm of the moment, both fly from their quarters. In the hurry of departure each happens to take with him the commission, passports, and papers of the other ; and, in order to avoid suspicion, each assumes the name of the other. *Steinbach* arrives at Miessen, attended by his valet. From the communicative disposition of *Madel*, he learns that he is within half a league of the chateau of *Baron Von Brauncshmeig*, who is *Blumenthal's* uncle, and soon after, the baron comes to the inn to breakfast. Among other things he speaks of his nephew, whose arrival is momentarily expected. *Madel* informs him that his nephew is in the house ; at least *Blumenthal* was the name the young officer went by. The fictitious nephew is accordingly introduced, and the uncle, not having previously seen him for several years, receives him with the most cordial feeling, and finds him exceedingly like the family. At the chateau a new danger awaits him, for there he meets *Rosa*, his mistress, and the sister of *Blumenthal*. She, however, by a little adroitness, manages the first interview ; an explanation follows : with the advice and assistance of *Madel*, who is taken into *Rosa's* service, they contrive to conceal the mystery from the baron. The real *Blumenthal* soon arrives. The plot thickens with every art of contrivance to evade discovery, lest the safety of either should be endangered by the intervention of the landwehr. Their precautions, however, do not extend to love engagements, and, as *Sophia* happens to be on a visit to her friend *Rosa*, the two gentlemen being reconciled by proper explanations, they all agree to set off to Dresden to get married. The plan comes to the uncle's ears ; he catches them on the point of elopement ; but the whole of the circumstances having been, in the mean time, communicated to the baron by letters from head-quarters, and pardon having been duly obtained for the culprits, he saves them the trouble of going to Dresden, by agreeing to the double marriage.

The music is by Mr. B. LIVIUS, is pleasing, although not



equal to that of his "*Maid and Wife.*" The overture is tastefully arranged; and the finale happy. The acting throughout was excellent; Miss CAREW's singing was enchanting—and a duet between her and Miss POVEY deserved the encore it obtained. WILKINSON did all that he could do; but he had little opportunity to do any thing. Miss KELLY, whose powers seem to increase every time we behold her, gave astonishing effect to a character originally but feebly imagined. A dance was lugged head and shoulders into the second act, which we merely notice, in order to recommend some strict drilling to the *corps de ballet*—their struggles with the orchestra as to which should fix the time were fierce and frequent. Mr. BARTLEY gave the piece out for repetition with general applause.

12.—A Mr. DOUGLAS made his first appearance before a London audience as *Mingle*, in the "*Bee Hive.*" He appears well calculated for such parts—has bustle—a good idea of farce—and seems fully acquainted with his profession. He looked the character excellently, and from this specimen of his talents, he may be considered as an acquisition to the establishment. His reception was favourable.

17.—"*Love in a Village*" this evening introduced a new candidate for fame in the person of a Miss LANGSHIRE, (or LANKSDEN) her first public appearance, pupil of Mr. J. WELCH. She is a singer of considerable cultivation and much future promise. Her voice in the lower notes is sweet and flexible, with great purity of intonation: and she possesses one of the chief ornaments of stage singing—a free and regular shake. But the attempt to rise above the natural compass of her voice was too often made, and too often unsuccessful. This is a point on which judicious tuition should interfere; and she should be taught that true power is not the result of obvious and painful effort. Her voice without it is sufficiently distinct in all parts of this small theatre, and one harsh and ill tuned note more than once checked the applause which awaited her. Her best song was in "*Love should there meet,*"—and in the duet with PEARMAN, of "*Together let us range the fields,*" she executed her part with considerable effect, and was loudly *encored*. Altogether her *debut* was successful.

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## MINOR DRAMA.

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### SURREY THEATRE.

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June 28.—FORTUNES OF NIGEL; or, *King James the First, and his Times*.—If this Theatre possessed no other claim upon our consideration, the simple fact that it has been the first to do the completest dramatic justice to the productions of the author of "*Waverly*," would alone entitle it to our highest esteem. Certainly no one, who has seen at this house the representation of the "*Heart of Mid Lothian*," and the other inimitable works of the modern SHAKESPEARE, can fail henceforth to associate in his mind the novels of Sir WALTER SCOTT, with the adaption of them at the Surrey Theatre. Doubtless it has been supposed by many, that in consequence of the secession of Mr. DIBDIN, this house was likely to lose entirely, or to have materially lessened, this, its distinguishing characteristic; but the decided ability with which the "*Fortunes of Nigel*" has been dramatized, must at once dissipate this groundless apprehension. We are proud to rank amongst the warmest admirers of the superior talents and industry of Mr. DIBDIN; and we are certain that this avowal will not be the less credited, because anxious to do justice to the merits of another adapter, (for we are now speaking of Mr. D. only in that character) we assure our readers, that on the present occasion, we experienced no want of that true dramatic *tact*, for which the writings of the latter have been so much admired. Since penning the above, we find that the public are indebted to Mr. EDWARD BALL for the present effort; and it certainly will not diminish the fame of the author of the "*Revenge of Tarzan*" and the "*Sybil's Warning*." Though several of our periodical censors in distributing their usual portions of criticism, have dealt rather severely with the "*Fortunes of Nigel*," yet as we have not the least doubt that it has been read as generally, and with as much pleasure as any of its predecessors, we shall spare ourselves the trouble of relating the plot; merely observing that the drama adheres strictly to its

prototype, that the principal events have been preserved, and that the pithy and powerful language of the original, has been most judiciously retained. We shall, therefore, proceed to the actors, and here we must observe, that the piece is well supported throughout, with a degree of powerful talent, seldom found congregated on the stage of a Minor Theatre.

Mr. BURROUGHS, as *Lord Nigel*, afforded still more conclusive evidence of the justice with which we pronounced him, in our last, to be one of the first minor tragedians of the day. The powerfully striking, yet chaste portrait, which he drew of the unfortunate Scots Nobleman, excited the admiration and sympathy of a crowded and respectable audience. In a performance like that of Mr. BURROUGHS, uniformly able as it was, it is a difficult task to point out particular portions, as entitled to peculiar praise. If we were to name any such, it would be the scene in which he combats with his treacherous and contemptible enemy, *Lord Dalgarno*, and the whole of his acting while resident at *Trapbois's*, where he finds refuge from his enemies, in the ancient sanctuary called *Alsatia*, in Whitefriars.(1)

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(1) ALSATIA was a jocular name for a part of the city of London, near Fleet Street, properly called the White Friars, from a convent of Carmelites formerly there situated. In the year 1608, says an account of London, the inhabitants of this district obtained several liberties, privileges, and exemptions, by a charter granted them by King James I.; and this rendered the place an asylum for insolvent debtors, cheats, and gamblers, who gave to this district the name of *Alsatia*: but the inconvenience suffered by the city, from this place of refuge, at length caused it to be suppressed by law. SHADWELL'S comedy of "*The Squire of Alsatia*" alludes to this place; and it is mentioned also by STEELE, where he says, that two of his supposed dogs (i. e. gamblers or sharpers) "are said to be whelped in *Alsatia*, now in ruins; but they," he adds, "with the rest of the pack, are as pernicious as if the old kennel had never been broken down."

The exertions of Mr. BENGOUGH, were spirited and efficient, and we wish that in our criticism of this useful performer, we could do him the perfect justice which he did to the character of *King James*. The pedant king stood before us exhibiting the varied and ludicrous qualities which rendered him so remarkable as a man, and so worthless as a monarch. While contemplating the strange figure, and listening to the uncouth jargon of this "*pink*" of sovereigns, the same delightful illusion which attended us while perusing the novel, again influenced our imagination, and we conceived ourselves transported back into the spirit-stirring scenes of other times. Mr. BENGOUGH's assumption of condescending majesty, when (without knowing the name or quality of his petitioner), he first discovers the "*Glen-warlochides*," on his knees, was finely contrasted with his laughable terrors, the moment the name was mentioned and the arms discovered. In one word, Mr. B's conception of the character was just, and his execution excellent; his carriage of his limbs was appropriate, his management of his voice clever, and all the other little *etceteras* which tend to the formation of a character well developed.

Of the *Trapbois* of Mr. BUCKINGHAM, it is impossible to speak in terms of sufficient panegyric. Every one must have admired the felicitous truth to nature, with which Sir WALTER SCOTT has invested the character, and when we say that in Mr. BUCKINGHAM the miser found a representative fully capable of entering into the spirit of the author, we feel confident that we are awarding to this young and most promising actor only that meed of applause, which is indisputably his due. We have seldom seen a performance so equally excellent in all its parts; the consistency of the character was preserved with extraordinary ability, and Mr. B. never once forgot that he had to personate an aged, avaricious creature, who acknowledged but one God—his Gold; and but one mistress—his daughter. His interview with *Lord Nigel*, in which he never failed to remind him of the necessity of a "*small con-si-de-ra-tion*," and the scene in which he creeps into his lordships apartment, at midnight, and possesses himself of the important paper, were masterly pieces of acting, as was also that in which he is murdered by robbers; here he gave a correct picture of "the ruling



passion strong in death."—Mr. GOMERY's personation of the benevolent goldsmith, was clever; and Mr. NICHOLSON's *Sir Mungo Malgrowther*, and WESTON's *Richie Moniplies*, were amusing. The other male characters were most respectably filled, with the exception of *Lord Dalgarno*, by Mr. COOKE, of whom, as we can say nothing good, will say nothing more. (1)

As it has been our pleasing duty to exhaust the language of encomium in the foregoing parts of this critique, what new terms of applause shall we invent, in which to speak of Miss P. GLOVER? This young lady's representation of *Margaret Ramsay*, was rich in present excellence, and still richer in the promise it displayed of future theatrical perfection. There was a charming *nâivété* about her manner, an expression in her eye, and a pathos in many of her tones, that often deeply affected, and invariably delighted us. We were charmed with the effective manner in which she replied to *Hermione*, [Mrs. EDEN] when dissuading her from encouraging her affection for *Lord Nigel*, on account of the inequality of their ranks:—"I can but smile to think how it should happen, that while rank makes such a difference between the humble and the mighty, that heaven should have fashioned us of one clay." Indeed the whole of the interesting colloquy between *Hermione* and *Margaret*, in the 2nd scene of the second act, was finely supported by the latter. She made all the spirited and eloquent speeches which are put into her mouth, tell powerfully upon her audience. She gave a beautiful and unaffected portrait of an empassioned creature, willing to sacrifice every thing to ensure the safety and the happiness of her lover; and altogether, her exertions warrant us in prophecying that her theatrical harvest of talent, and consequent fame, will—

"Not unbecome the promise of her spring." BYRON.

Mrs. EDEN, as the *Lady Hermione*, shewed some talent, but we cannot help thinking that if she had infused a little more *feeling* into her acting, the effect produced would

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(1) Mr. WAYLETT has since played the character with somewhat better effect.



have been heightened in proportion. The *Martha Trapbois* of Miss BENCE, was well performed, and the sway which her lofty and generous spirit had obtained over the mean and grovelling disposition of her father, was forcibly depicted, and particularly so in her management of the cunning hoarder, after *Nigel* had discovered him in his apartment. Mrs. WESTON contributed some amusement as Mrs. *Suddlechop*, and Miss GLOVER, as Mrs. *Christie*, rendered an unimportant character tolerably interesting.

The scenery excited warm and general approbation, and this was particularly attracted by the *Miser's Chamber and Gallery by Moonlight*, in act 2nd, and *Greenwich Park and a Cavern near Enfield*—but these were far exceeded by the *Sanctuary in Whitefriars*, and *Ramsay's House near St. Dunstan's Church, in 1622*; in these two last, the broad shades of colouring and selection of objects, remind us of some of the best pictures of the Flemish School. In conclusion, we beg to bestow our sincere and hearty commendation, on all those connected in producing the drama—and those who by their portraitures have added to its general and interesting effect. (1)

THE ARMISTICE.—This petite historical burletta, (in one scene) founded on an anecdote related of the CHEVALIER

## (1) IMPROMPTU

### ON THE SUCCESS OF THE ABOVE PIECE.

The “*Fortunes of Nigel's*,” a fortunate piece,

(Dame Fortune's again at the Surrey;)

The parties to see it still nightly increase,

To get in they're all of a hurry.

But this I must say, that success it does owe

To the talents of gentlemen three;

Should any feel anxious, 'tis easy to know—

The initial of each is a B.

But should this prove hard with respect to the same,

(Though the learned I hope will not scoff)

I'll expound;—each cognomen is well known to fame,

'Tis BUCKINGHAM, BURROUGHS, BENGOUGH.

W. R.

BAYARD, possesses for its short duration a considerable degree of dramatic interest and effect. It consists in the love of a Miller's daughter, *Ninnette*, for *Eugène*, a young soldier of *Bayard's*, who had been taken prisoner, and had eventually entered into the German Corps, to favour an escape when practicable. The miller, on the eve when the piece opens, expects an acquisition to his domestic affairs, in the person of a servant man named *Peter Smink*, who is hourly looked for. During this—an old commandant is despatched from the German army, with an *Armistice* to the French general, for a truce of six hours; but on his arrival at the camp, the *Chevalier* is no where to be found, and he returns disappointed of his intended mission. In the mean time, it appears, the *Chevalier* [BENGOUGH,] is travelling through the enemies districts, disguised as a *Miller's Man*, for the purpose of reconnoitering; suspicions are excited as to his real name and character; and he arrives at the *Miller's* door exhausted by fatigue and hunger. *Hantz* receives him as his expected servant, which mistake is favoured by the *Chevalier*, and he is treated accordingly. This transient rest, is, however, broken in upon by the appearance of the real *Peter Smink*, between whom and his counterpart, there is a laughable contest as to their several identity's, and their respective titles to the enviable cognomen. During this altercation, a circular is despatched to the existing authorities, warning the inhabitants against affording shelter to the *Chevalier Bayard*, who is represented in the concealment of a Millers dress. *Hantz* considers the last new comer, as the person named; and touched by his heroic bravery, determines not to deliver him up. The *Chevalier* is, however, discovered by *Eugène*, but he is commanded to silence. The *Commandant* arrives, the treaty is signed clandestinely, and he is disappointed of the intended glory, which would have resulted, in taking so illustrious an enemy prisoner, through his "*intelligence and capacity*." The piece concludes with the union of *Eugene* and *Ninnette*. Mr. BENGOUGH enacted the *Chevalier* with much spirit, and Miss GLOVER was interesting as *Ninnette*. WESTON gave a hearty representation of the *Miller*, and BUCKINGHAM was inimitably ludicrous, as the real *Peter Smink*. Mr. MILDENHALL, as the *Commandant*,

from whose "intelligence and capacity," much might be expected, but no good results—also deserves his share of applause. We cannot conclude, without observing on the excellence of the scene, *A Farm, Distant Country, and Water Mill*, painted by TOMKINS, which is worthy of the theatre, and of the artists acknowledged abilities.

July 8th.—The OGRESS ! or, *The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood*.—This burlesque, (which did not appear to be at all relished by the audience) introduced that prince of odd fellows, WYATT, after a long absence. The piece had so little to recommend it to notice, that even all his ludicrous actions and exertions could not save it from condemnation. It was withdrawn after the third representation.

15.—The THREE FISHERMEN; or, *The Box, the Fish, and the Genii*.—A new harlequinade thus entitled, has been produced at this house, and seems likely to have a tolerably successful run. This "combined, curious, and comic pantomime," as it is comically enough called in the bill, possesses the extraordinary attractions of *three Harlequins, three Clowns, three Pantaloons, and three Columbines* ! The three opening scenes, which consist of the *Abodes of the Fishermen—the Exterior of a mystic Cavern—and an Illuminated Cavern of Enchantment*, are of course, in the usual pantomimic style as to invention, but are by no means deficient in scenic beauty. The tricks, &c. could not boast of much originality, but they were well selected and cleverly executed. Scene 4th—Fish Street Hill and the Monument claimed particular admiration, and the nocturnal disturbances which are here represented elicited frequent and universal roars of laughter and applause. The running off with the Monument naturally delighted an overflowing gallery, by whom this practical illustration of an old joke could not fail to be heartily relished ; and the musical examination and defence which followed, possessed a vivacity and spirit which more than atoned for its paucity of sterling wit, a quality it would be absurd to expect in a piece of this description. The animated figures in the 6th Scene, which are made to dangle in the Newgate fashion from the ceiling for a few moments, and are then (to carry on the simile) *dropped* upon the stage, performed their parts with a deal of *sang froid*, and gave general satis-

faction. Our detailed criticism of the "*Fortunes of Nigel*" compels us to a brief notice of this piece, we cannot therefore enter into any description of the merits of the various scenes, and will only assure our readers, that they are of a nature to amuse and interest every legitimate child of Momus. In Scene 9, a duet between *Pantaloons*, and a singing friend, (i. e. a very imposing and majestic *tea-kettle*) produced some effect—and the satire which the keener-witted portion of the audience found, or fancied they discovered, in this exhibition, doubtless increased that effect, and assisted in exciting the approbation the efforts of both these extraordinary musicians. A magazine of experimental drollery was opened in Scene 10; and the dexterous manner in which the "*Clown* eased the baker's shop," &c. formed by no means the least entertaining portion of the pantomime. In Scene 11th, the most attractive beauty was BRADBURY'S *crutches*; but, (though differing from the majority of the house,) we must confess that we thought the exhibition rather lame. Scene 12, which the eloquent writer of the bill not inappropriately styles "a cutting, bumping, and thumping scene," formed a spirited conclusion—and in the thirteenth, "all the characters made their bow to the audience in the temple of Folly." Though it would be a violation of the truth to say that we have never seen a better pantomime, we can conscientiously aver that we do not recollect any production of the kind, that upon the whole, gave us more pleasure. The performers exerted themselves with indefatigable zeal and astonishing activity, and the audience, which was at once numerous and respectable, seemed eager to repay their exertions by plaudits the loudest and the most sincere. Messrs. KIRBY, PAULO, and BRADBURY, as *Clowns*, increased their fame by their feats on this occasion; Messrs. RIDGWAY, ELLAR, and AULD, performed the three *Harlequins* with their usual ability; and Messrs. BLANCHARD, BARTLETT, and BRUNTON, obtained much applause as *Pantaloons*. The *Columbines* of the Misses COOKE, LEWIS, and VALLANCEY, were distinguished by graceful agility, and their elegant forms were seen to much advantage in several of the dances. We cannot conclude without complimenting the proprietor upon the enterprising spirit which he has evinced in the getting up of this pantomime, and are



happy in congratulating him upon the fair prospects which his nightly extensive audiences hold out of his being fully recompensed for his liberality.

25.—ZENALDI ; or, *St. Mark's Day*.—Mr. BURROUGHS seems determined to outdo all his rivals in the production of novelties, though we think he had no present occasion whatever, for a change while the “*Fortunes of Nigel*” and the *Pantomime* draw such overflows as have attended their performance. For the present piece we can spare but few words. The plot is intricate. The hero of the piece [H. KEMBLE] is imprisoned for some offence done to the secret tribunal of Venice—from this bondage he is released through the medium of *Vincenzio*, [COOKE] once his greatest enemy. He is again re-captured—and on his subsequent confinement, discovery of a long lost son, and release, the whole plot turns. The actors sustained their various characters excellently, particularly Mr. BENGOUGH, as *Roberti*, the gouty old jailor, who portrayed the testy and irascible feelings of a man worn with remorse and disease, with great judgment and effect. H. KEMBLE, as *Zenaldi*, who made his first appearance, played with considerable energy, and indulged himself in but little of that “tearing passion into tatters,” to which he has been lately too much accustomed. Mr. BLANCHARD played *Lorenzo*, his son, and if he would always act with the same feeling, and refrain from seeking the applause of the galleries, he would become a greater favourite with us. Mr. WYATT, as *Urbino*, a Gondolier, seemed to revel in the strong gusts of laughter his comicalities drew from the audience. Mr. COOKE was very respectable as *Vincenzio*, as was also Mr. RIDGWAY. Several combats between the latter gentleman, Mr. BLANCHARD and Signor PAULO were much relished by the house. Some part of the scenery, consisting of Venetian views, by TOMKINS, was as usual, beautiful. The announcement for its repetition was greeted with great applause.

### COBOURG THEATRE.

July 8th.—GILDEROY, *the Bonnie Boy*.—We think this may not be unaptly termed the Scottish era of the English



stage—for since the great Caledonian novelist has enriched our literary cabinets with his delightful effusions, our theatres from highest to lowest have teemed with nothing but “*Rob Roy’s*”—“*Antiquary’s*”—“*Guy Mannering’s*”—“*Hero’s of Scotland*”—*Kelpies*, *Black Dwarfs*, *Highlanders*, *Reivers*, *Pirates*, and *Freebooters* of all sorts, sizes, descriptions, and denominations, until the “*line*” has nearly “*stretched to the crack of doom.*” Indeed, so universal has this fondness for Scotch melo-dramas become, that we are almost astonished at the genius which can have given rise to such an universal favouritism. Previous to the time of Sir WALTER SCOTT, a Caledonian melo-drama was indeed a novelty, but since then, some dozens have made their appearance, and even now, each new northern production is seized with as much avidity for dramatic purposes as ever, and generates as much anxiety, and nightly overflowings, as if an Highland plaid had not made its appearance these hundred years. The chief cause of this fondness, (which does not seem at present very likely to outlive the public approval) may be attributed to the patriotic and generous sentiments which are generally to be found in the mouths of these Scottish heroes and heroines, and the interesting situations these pieces usually afford to both author and actor. The great celebrity also which the pictures of the northern artist have attained, in consequence of the mystery which enfolds the painter, is another of the causes which tend to this general partiality—let but the curtain drop, and we are inclined to think the public appetite will cease its cravings, and the impetus which now urges both old and young, will then cease, or at least receive a considerable check.

The present melo-drama, although not avowedly founded on the works of “the Great Unknown,” may be termed “a thing of shreds and patches,” culled from the whole of them, with some selections from former pieces by the same adapter (Mr. W. BARRYMORE) as the “*Red Reiver*”—“*The Gregarach*,” &c. performed at Astley’s a season or two ago—it is neither the best nor the worst of the class to which it belongs; in fact, in some parts it is tolerably interesting. It portrays some of the most daring adventures and exploits of *Gilderoy*, a notorious freebater, particularly

his release of *Walter Logan*, an old Scottish chieftain, who has been taken prisoner and confined by the Protector's army, and whose daughter *Jeannie* is his intended bride. She consents on condition that her father shall be restored safely to her arms. This he performs by gaining admittance to the prison, and murdering the jailor. However, when safely restored, *Logan* refuses his consent to his daughter's nuptials with an outlaw, and commands her never to mention him again. After this, the old man again falls into the hands of the Southerns and is condemned to death, unless an enormous ransom be paid within a certain time. *Gilderoy*, for whose capture a reward of ten thousand pieces has been offered, undertakes to pay the forfeit by delivering himself up on condition, that the seven thousand marks which is the sum required for *Logan's* release, be taken, and the remaining three thousand given to his daughter. This is accepted, but at the moment of his being led off to death, his trusty followers at a given signal, rise from "brake, bush, and fell," and by their numbers overpower the enemy, and rescue their chief, who receives the hand of *Jeannie* from *Logan*, as a reward for his gallant behaviour.

Miss TAYLOR (*Jeannie*) played her part with considerable judgment,—but her voice grows extremely disagreeable, and the unpleasant hysterical catch of her breath, which we have before earnestly advised her to correct, has, we fear, grown so habitual, that no effort she can now make will totally eradicate it. It spoils her otherwise good acting. Her best scene is that in the snow-storm, where benumbed and nearly frozen with cold, she sees her lover—she endeavours to speak, but cannot, and drags her almost inanimate frame after him through the snow, with an expiring energetic endeavour—he neither hears nor observes her—and her limbs failing her she sinks exhausted, following him with a look of imploring supplication and fearful despair that is indescribable. Of H. KEMBLE's *Gilderoy*, we can only observe, that it was in the old monotonous track. GOMERSAL was spirited in the somewhat repulsive character of the father. HARWOOD, as *Sergeant Skewer'em*, a cowardly soldier; BEVERLEY, as *Baillie M'c Nab'em*, a character like the Vicar of Bray; and SLOMAN, as *Andrew*

*Clout'em*, a drunken carpenter, were laughable to a degree. The others, (with the exception of Mr. SMITH, as the *Jailor*) are beneath notice. The Scenery was pretty good, particularly a snow scene in the Highlands, and an ancient Scotch town, by moonlight. The piece has been very successful.

8.—Mr. GRIMALDI made his appearance on these boards in a pantomime of his own invention, called the “SALMAGUNDI; or, *Clown's dish of All Sorts*,” performed some time since at Sadler's Wells, and appears likely from his reception, to become a *standing dish* at the Cobourg—for since his *debut* nothing but pantomime has been the order of the day. The house has overflowed nightly to that degree in consequence of his performance, that half-price could not be taken! He is said to receive £30. per week.

15.—DISPUTES IN CHINA; or, *Harlequin and the Hong Merchants*.—A new pantomime was produced this evening (introducing Mr. GRIMALDI and his Son, as rival Clowns) in order, we suppose, in some degree, to counterbalance the magnet of attraction produced on the same evening at the Surrey; but it possessed very little novelty to recommend it.

22.—IDA AND CARELIA; or, *The Amazon Sisters*.—This is an old piece, performed some three years since at Astley's, by Mr. BARRYMORE, called “The SISTERS; or, *The Heroines of Switzerland*.” The present piece introduced Mrs. W. BARRYMORE, and Miss BLAKE, (who played *Captain Macheath* with eclat at the Haymarket last season) as the two sisters. The two characters gave great scope to their talents, and they were much applauded by a most crowded house.

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### ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE.

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Here has been no novelty in the dramatic way since our last notice, (with the exception of a truly stupid piece, entitled “*Sir Albert the Bold, and Sir Hildred the Black*.”) The “*Blood Red Knight*”—“*Gil Blas*”—and various other well established pieces, have brought as crowded houses, equally as they would have done, had they been spick and span new productions. To these have been added some as-

tonishing feats on the Slack Rope, by the celebrated JUAN BELIANCK, the American phenomenon, (known on the Continent by the name of *Le Diable Superbe*) and his sable family ; feats by the Voltiguers, and numerous other accessories, which, together with the never failing attractions of the horses, cause such nightly overflows, that we cannot expect much novelty on the stage. Mr. C. DIBDIN is, we understand, stage manager.

### VAUXHALL GARDENS.

The season has hitherto been most auspicious to the interests of this delightful resort of beauty, nobility, and fashion ; in fact, we think that never since this charming retreat was converted into gardens, has it experienced greater success. The Vauxhall Calendar is like the Roman Catholic Calendar—it abounds in *red letter* days, and we are always enjoying a *fête*. It is in one of the *Tales of the Genii*, but which of them we do not now recollect, that the imagination is charmed with the description of an adventurer, who after passing through several gloomy scenes, suddenly finds himself in a garden filled with trees, whose fruit is diamonds, emeralds, sapphires, and every sort of precious stone of radiant and enchanting brightness. What is there presented to the imagination, is here, as it were, realized, and in a most surprizing manner brought before the sight. It appears indeed one of the *Arabian Night's Entertainments*—a dream, more than a real exhibition. No country, by the unanimous consent of all foreigners, has produced any thing of the kind so fascinating as our *Vauxhall*. The fire-works during the past month, have been upon the grandest scale imaginable ; indeed there seems to exist a spirit of rivalry amongst the three celebrated pyrotechnics, SOUTHEY, HENGLER, and MORTAM, which ultimately must lead them to the highest point of excellence in their art. The music of various descriptions in all parts of the gardens, gives a life to the scene which animates and pervades the multitudes which nightly crowd them. Should St. Swithin *smile* on their endeavours, (and which of late he appears much inclined to do) the managers will enjoy a meed equal to their deserts.

A grand gala was given on July 19, in commemoration of his Majesty's Coronation. At five o'clock in the morning, a flag was hoisted from the top of the orchestra, and a royal artillery salute of twenty-one guns was fired at one. By ten in the evening, the gardens were thronged to excess. The illuminations on this occasion were more brilliant than usual—ten thousand additional lamps were arranged into various appropriate devices. The different national flags of Europe waved from the trees; transparencies of his Majesty appeared in several places, and his bust was erected in the orchestra. The fire-works were ingeniously contrived to play around a portrait of the king in the shape of variegated temples and other fanciful forms; discharging at the same time a regular salute of guns—now the horizon was in a conflagration with the bursting of bombs; now the rockets seemed to hang as lamps in the very zenith, and then break down in shivering fragments like showers of stars. There were also a submarine cave, a new theatre of arts, water works, and various other attractions to those usually displayed, which formed a *coup d'œil* never yet surpassed. The various groupings of beauty, fashion, and splendour, were delightful, and baffled description or picture; the sense of enjoyment that beamed upon the countenances of all was enchanting, while ladies eyes

“ Like Winter stars in the blue skies,  
Countless and bright shone forth.”

Morning, envious morning, dawned at last—

“ And ne'er before did morning break,  
And find such brilliant eyes awake,  
As those that sparkled there.”

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## COUNTRY THEATRICALS.

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### CHELTENHAM THEATRE.

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MR. DRAMA,

The want of a good company of performers has long been felt and regretted by that portion of the dramatic world who are either visitors or inhabitants of Cheltenham;



the evil is at length obviated, and with the select company we have at present under the judicious management of Messrs. ABBOTT and FARLEY, we may safely challenge competition\* with any provincial theatre in the kingdom. The house opened on Tuesday, July 2, under the patronage of Captain FLETCHER WELCH, (the High Sheriff) with an occasional Address spoken by Mr. ABBOTT—after which, SHERIDAN's comedy, the "*School for Scandal*." The characters were effectively cast and ably supported; Mr. LOVE-DAY, as *Sir Peter Teazle*; Mr. ABBOTT, as *Charles*: and Mr. CONNOR, as *Joseph Surface*—with FARLEY, as *Sir Benjamin Backbite*, were highly applauded, and delighted the audience in their respective characters; and our old favourite WOULDs, (from the Theatre Royal, Bath) as *Crabtree*, lost none of that reputation he has so deservedly acquired. The minor characters were well supported; of the ladies we say nothing, truth denies praise, and gallantry forbids censure. The play was followed by the laughable farce of the "*Irishman in London*," in which CONNOR, as *Murtoch Delany*, and FARLEY, as *Edward*, kept the house in a continued roar. On Thursday, July 4, the house was crowded to excess to witness the representation of "*Henri Quatre*," by those amateurs who have so frequently graced the boards of our theatre, and with such well-merited approbation. The part of *Henri* was sustained by Colonel BERKELEY, whose full-toned voice, majestic appearance, and splendid dress, independent of his qualifications as an actor, induced the audience to acknowledge with thunders of applause that he looked and acted "*aye every inch a king*." Captain AUGUSTUS BERKELEY performed *Eugene de Biron*, which romantic character could not well have found a better representation. *Jocrisse* was played by Major DAWKINS—those who have seen that gentleman in the prig of a doctor, will ready acknowledge his qualification to stir the mirth of the audience in any part he may assume. *Pinceau* found a representative in Mr. BANKS, whose face is sufficient at any time to set the whole house in a roar. ABBOTT, as *Frederick St. Leon*, and CONNOR, as *O'Donnel*, are doubtless well known to the generality of your London readers; but we now come to FARLEY, as *Moustache*, who really was excellent—the plain and gruff manners of the

old veteran, were ably and strongly portrayed, and the scene where *Eugene* is brought in prisoner—the struggle between affection and duty—the distracted manner in which he rushes from the dungeon when he finds the prisoner has not returned, and joy at his sudden re-appearance—his exclamation of “Oh, I am so happy,” and the apparent agony which rends his frame as he continues “No—I am so miserable!” will long be impressed on the minds of those who had the happiness of witnessing it. Miss FORDE, as *Florence St. Leon*, was highly applauded, and in the duet of “*My pretty Page*,” with Miss GLADSTAINES, tumultuously encored. Miss MELVIN was respectable as *Clotilda de Biron*, and Mrs. WOULDs charming as ever in the gay *Louison*. The play was succeeded by the admired farce of “*Husbands and Wives*,”—*Captain Tickall*, by Colonel BERKELEY, and *Sir Peregrine Percy*, by Mr. BANKS;—the other characters were sustained by the regular company, and though it is wrong to particularise where the merit of all is so apparent, we cannot help noticing the excellent manner in which *Clover* was performed by Mr. LOVEDAY, and the ludicrous way in which WOULDs, as *Humphrey Gubb*, continually reminded us of his pain in the back.—*Lady Peerly*, by Mrs. CONNER—and *Rose Briarly*, by Mrs. WOULDs, were very good, and Mrs. HARLOWE, as *Dame Briarly*, (first appearance) excellent; the performance altogether was delightful, and indeed seldom have the theatrical amusements of an evening passed off with so much *eclat*. When the curtain fell, (which by-the-bye is a most elegant one, painted by GRIEVE) Mr. ABBOTT advanced, and said, that at the particular request of several parties of distinction, who from the crowded state of the theatre had not been able to gain admittance, he had prevailed on the Amateurs to perform another evening, and that on Saturday, July 8, would be again represented the grand historical romance of “*Henri Quatre*,” the disposition of characters as before; the evening’s entertainments to be concluded by the laughable farce of the “*Mayor of Garratt*.” *Jerry Sneak* by the Amateur who performs *Henri*.

P.S. Rumour says, “*Tom and Jerry*” is to be got up during the race week—several young Bloods are already in

training to keep it up after quitting the theatre ; unfortunately the establishment of Charley's broke up in the Spring, but their cubs remain.

Cheltenham, July 12, 1822.

E. M.

### EDINBURGH THEATRE.

MR. DRAMA,

Pursuant to the intimation (in your last number), I wield, with much pleasure, my "*Critic's quill*," not forgetting that,

The little instrument I now employ,  
May prove a mischief, or at best a toy;  
A trifle, if it move but to amuse,  
But if to wrong the judgment, or abuse,  
Worse than a poniard, in the vilest hand,  
It stabs at once the morals of the land.

Without further exordium, Mr. Drama, I shall commence my observations on the Metropolitan Theatre of Scotia. I have already explained how incompetent a Londoner is to form an *unprejudiced* estimate of a Provincial Theatre. For instance, I expected little or nothing from the company at Aberdeen, and the consequence was, I was most agreeably surprised ; but so perverse are the general consequences of comparative estimation, that where I thought I was sure of finding *much*, (in Edinburgh,) I found but *little*, in fact 'tis a horizon, having but few *fix'd stars*, of any brilliancy above it—one indeed there is,—the constellation *Venus*, (Mrs. H. SIDDONS,) that makes amends for the absence of lesser lights, and with the aid of an occasional *star*, for instance a *comet* from London, whose orbit includes their circle, the Edinburgh "play going folks" fancy they enjoy a "*quantum sufficit*" of dramatic light. Mr. TERRY, our old friend, took the lead in some of the principal parts, both of comedy and tragedy ; it does not seem very certain whether nature intended this gentleman for the *Sock or Buskin*, but from his excellence in both, it would appear that in one of her merry moods—she gave him, (added to his own share of talent) the share of some-

body else: this is the more likely, since so many of his contemporaries, seem to have no share at all.

Mr. MURRAY, together with family interest, and a considerable portion of talent, holds a very respectable situation, (that of Manager), which he not only respectably, but very ably fills. Mr. FAULKENER, of the Haymarket Theatre, is a very judicious actor, and I have no doubt the management found him a very useful one; at all events his situation was no sinecure. Mr. MACKAY is in every sense of the word, the LISTON of Edinburgh, and on the stage, is the acknowledged High Priest of Momus, "That laughter loving god." His *Andrew Mucklestane*, [*"Warloch of the Glen,"*] *Laird of Dumbiedikes*, [*"Heart of Mid Lothian,"*] and his *Dominie Sampson*, have no rivals. The operatic department is the weakest in the establishment, a Mr. HUCKLE, is the only singer they have of any thing like respectability, and he would not hold a higher rank, in London, than about 3rd rate. During the several nights of my attendance, I never heard a bass singer at all, though much of what I did hear was *base*. The Ladies always have my good word, or no word at all—of them I say nothing, save and except of Mrs. SIDDONS, who is one of those unimpeachable characters, that strives with virtuous and laudable zeal, to make her private excellence go hand-in-hand with her public character. I have only glanced at a few characters, and that very generally; conceiving to individualize, or to be too minute, would not suit the limited pages of your Magazine.

I am, yours, &c.

PETER PRY.

### YORK THEATRE. (1)

MR. DRAMA,

A very successful campaign has crowned the exertions of MANSEL, our respectable manager, who unlike most of his contemporaries, in catering for the public, produces

(1) This is a very spacious house, something in the style of the old Haymarket. The decorations and box pannels

good actors and sterling plays. The present company, on the whole, is a very good one, and indeed, I may say, a better has never been seen here. Foremost amongst its most efficient members stands MANSEL, the manager, who sustains the principal characters in light comedy, with considerable ability. DOWNE, in MUNDEN's line, is excellent; there is a chasteness in all his performances very rarely to be met with—and the correctness of his costume and bye play cannot be too highly commended. RAYNER also possesses talent, and in such characters as *Tyke*, *Tony Lumpkin*, and *Hawbuck*, is seen to great advantage. The season has had a most brilliant conclusion, and several of the performers made capital benefits. DOWNE gave us the "*Merchant of Venice*," and I must own, surprised me by his correct delineation of the character of *Shylock*, which is completely out of his line. MANSEL treated us with "*Wild Oats*,"—his *Rover* merits great commendation, it is at once gentlemanly and highly amusing. Should you think the few words I have written worthy of insertion in your excellent publication, I shall take an opportunity of troubling you still further.

I am, &c.

York, April 29, 1822.

DICKY GOSSIP.

## TOWN TALK, No. VI.

LIMA THEATRICALS.—The theatre, at Lima, is open twice a week. It is the fashion there for the ladies to stand up in the front boxes, and smoke segars, which they light

are very beautiful; the colours, blue and white, with gilt mouldings. The scenery, (particularly the architectural part of it) is excellent, and reflects credit on the artist, Mr. THOMAS WILLIS, who travels with the company. The band is numerous and highly respectable. The regular season commences at the Spring Assizes; the house is also open at the races, and in the Summer Assize week. It will contain about £160. Prices of admission—Dress Boxes, 4s. Upper Boxes and Pit, 2s. 6d.—First Gallery, 1s. 6d. Upper do. 1s.



by the chandeliers. The brightest beauty is thus often obscured by a cloud of smoke, to the temporary regret of her admirers.

A benefit was given at the Birmingham theatre, (for the relief of the Irish) but the receipts fell short of the night's expenditure! Mr. BUNN, the proprietor, with great liberality, contributed twenty guineas as a private donation.

There has been a very strange story inserted in the police reports respecting a Mrs. B——, and her daughter Miss B——, the sister of a distinguished actress, particularly fond of *wearing the breeches*. We sincerely hope the facts are not correctly stated—a mother who could be base enough to dispose of a daughter's virtue for gain is a being repulsive to human nature.

Mr. KEAN has been playing at Birmingham. Mrs. BUNN, Mr. DANCE, and Mr. COOPER have also been there.

Preparations have been commenced for the erection of a new theatre on the same site of the one destroyed by fire in Philadelphia last year.

Mrs. GLOSSOP, late Miss FEARON, but better known by the appellation of the English CATALANI, it is said has returned to London from Italy, where she has been for some years improving and embellishing her wonderful voice under the first masters there. We have not heard where she intends coming forward and delighting the lovers of native talent.

It gives us great pleasure to be able to announce that Mr. ELLISTON has secured the assistance of Mr. DIBDIN, for his next campaign at Old Drury. The arrangement, we understand, also embraces the two following years. He has laid before the King the plan of the alterations in D. L. T. with which His Majesty is much pleased.

There are only four of the theatrical contemporaries of Mr. GARRICK living, viz. Mrs. HARTLEY, Mrs. MATTOCKS, Mr. WEWITZER, and Mr. QUICK; the youngest of whom has passed the 75th year.

VAUXHALL-GARDENS.—It was amusing, the other evening, to hear the various ways the promenaders pronounced that hard word *Heptaplasiesoptron*. When the time approached for it to be seen, some cried—

“Now for the *Hippee-plaister-on!*”

"Lauk ! let's see the *Hipple-sip-tron* !"

"I'm off for the *Hop-toe-la-see-soap-town* !"

"You'll be vastly struck with the *Hip-tea-see-sue-supp'd-on* !"

"Arrah ! what's *He-up-to-plase-ye-poltroon* ?"

"Poltroon ! Sir"—answered the person addressed—"I don't understand such language !"

"Nor I by the powers !"

"Then, how dare you use it, Sir ? Do you think yourself at Donnybrook Fair ?"

"What ! are you after casting reflections !"

"Hush, hush, Sirs"—cried an old pedantic looking gentleman, with a pair of green spectacles on his nose—"there are no *reflections* in the case, except those of the *Hep-ta-pla-sie-sop-tron* ! and very beautiful reflections they are."

AMERICAN THEATRICALS.—It would appear from the American newspapers, that theatrical talent is well rewarded in that part of the world. A New York paper of May 14, mentions, that a Mr. SIMPSON received from his benefit there "*two thousand six hundred and fifty dollars, and fifty cents*"—that is, about £600 !—and great numbers went away who could not get admission from want of room.

Mr. WALLACK is mentioned as having given an entertainment at the Philadelphi theatre, on May 13, consisting of *Readings, Recitations, Songs, Imitations, &c.* He was attended by a most numerous and fashionable audience, who were delighted by the "versatility, and if we may use the term, the elasticity of his genius." He walks on crutches.

At Louisveile (Kentuckey,) they have got Mr. COOPER "the great actor." It being understood that he was to perform only one night, there was such an anxiety to see him, that "boxes of ten seats brought from sixteen to twenty dollars, and the house was full before sunset !" Mr. C. from this success, was so wise as to repeat his performances for six nights more. He was caressed and feasted by the first citizens; and altogether netted eleven hundred dollars, (about £250) within the week, which sum he invested in *Whiskey*, as the best medium of remittance !





Engraved by J Rogers from a drawing by Wageman.

MR EMERY,

AS

TYKE

IN THE SCHOOL OF REFORM.

# THE DRAMA;

OR,

## THEATRICAL

# POCKET MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1822.

“The play, the play’s the thing.”—HAMLET.

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EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF  
MR. EMERY.

London:

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paid, are to be addressed.

PRICE SIX-PENCE.



In consequence of the numerous novelties which have appeared during the last month, we are under the necessity of postponing a variety of very interesting miscellaneous articles, fully intended for insertion in the present number. Our Correspondents must have patience, and believe us, when we assert that we regret the delay every bit as much as they can possibly do. We certainly shall endeavour in our next to lessen the weight of our obligations to them.

We must be as laconic as OBSERVER; are there any worth taking the trouble about?—W. G.'s *Cross Readings* are not the worst we have read, but we think we have inserted quite enough of them already.—What can A. PEEK be thinking about, let him look in page 26, No. 1.—The pieces sent by TITUS, TAMERLANE, and JACQUIN, we have already received from the Compiler of the *Shakspeariana*.—We do not think W. H. C.'s lines at all improved.—Mr. HEATON must apply to the Publisher, who will favour him, doubtless.—J. D. V.'s plan cannot be complied with—we think it was the utter ruin of the work to which he alludes.—His other pieces may appear hereafter, but at present a multiplicity of local matter will prevent their insertion.—*On the decline in the popularity of our national Theatres*, is a well written article, and if we can find space for its admittance, before its locality evaporates, shall appear.—HORATIO's ideas are good, but are badly expressed in the *Lines on Emery*.—TO WHEN?—We answer, never!—ANTIQUARIUS is filed for insertion.—Y. T. N.'s *Dramatic Scene* won't do; one of his other pieces, perhaps.—The illustration of G. S—e, elicits nothing new; *vide*, the article on *Female Actors*, vol. 1.—J. DOLLOND is not original.—The Letter of R. C. will be comprised in several of the same nature, now waiting for a place. INQUIRER, and JOHN are informed the *Anecdotes of the French Stage* will be resumed the earliest opportunity.—Mr. DE WILDE is thanked for his article—no unnecessary delay shall attend its appearance.—We cannot understand the *Secret Exposure*, contained in SCOUT's note; we have heard a little of the vile party he alludes too—but know too much of B. . . . ., to suffer our minds to be biassed for a moment by such “cursed scandal.” If he will send us his name, he shall be attended to.—ABELARD is a *beautiful* writer—an *elegant* writer—a *fine* writer—aye—a “GRAND writer”—but—but—he can't spell!—P. P. P.; WILLIAM and JONATHAN; a MINOR ACTOR, &c. will not suit our pages.

# THE DRAMA;

OR,

## *THEATRICAL*

# POCKET MAGAZINE.

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No. III.      AUGUST, 1822.      Vol. III.

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THE LATE  
MR. EMERY.

“ I loved his humour mightily, it was plain and honest,  
only a little rough, he wanted a little polishing.”—

CONGREVE. -

“ With steady face, and sober, humourous mien  
He trod the outlines of the comic scene,  
The very man, in look, in voice, in air,  
And tho’ upon the stage appeared no player.”

LLOYD

Of all the actors of the present day none had a higher or  
a more legitimate reputation than Mr. EMERY; and in the  
particular walk of the drama which he had selected he stood  
as unrivalled as COOKE, KEMBLE, or KEAN; indeed we think  
it more than probable that we shall see many persons well

qualified to sustain the highest rank in the tragic drama, before we meet with an individual exhibiting that depth of feeling and that comic humour which were combined in this truly eminent actor, whose death has left a blank in the *dramatis personæ* of the stage.

The lives of Theatrical men of any notoriety, are for the most part, rich in whim, abundant in incident, and replete with those vicissitudes which interest the fire-side peruser of "the hair-breadth 'scapes" through which more adventurous or less fortunate contemporaries have been compelled to pursue their career. But this was not the case with the lamented subject of this memoir. His private conduct was characterized by a mild equability and steady unobtrusiveness, which, while they harmonized with the truly English tone of his external appearance exempted him from the capacity of supplying that picturesque *chiaro oscuro* of adventure, which, however desirable to the biographical portrait painter, is far from enviable as desiderata to the individual, and least of all in that individual's capacity as a son, or father, or husband.

Mr. JOHN EMERY, was entirely the artificer of the respectable rank he attained in private life, and of his reputation as an actor. It has been erroneously surmised that he was a Yorkshireman, but in point of fact he was born at Sunderland, in the County of Durham, December 22, 1777. He received the first rudiments of his education at Ecclesfield, in the West Riding of Yorkshire; to this accidental circumstance he is indebted for much of his present popularity. The country stage dialect had been usually that of Somersetshire; early habits and connection and his engagement with TATE WILKINSON made him a complete master of the phraseology, tone and manners of the *Yorkshire Clown*, and he introduced them on the stage with a *naïvètte* so inimitable and an effect so irresistibly ludicrous, as to establish himself with the public as one of their most distinguished favorites. Very early in life he discovered a predilection for music and drawing, and was such a proficient on the violin that at the age of twelve he was able to take his seat in the band at the Brighton Theatre, and the efforts of his pencil have been considered as evincing more than ordinary talent. However, aspiring to the stage he

abandoned the violin for the notes of dramatic applause, and stepping from the orchestra to the boards threw away the *cremona*, and put on the *sock*. *Crazy*, in "*Peeping Tom*," and *Pendragon*, in "*Which is the man?*" were his first characters, and having been equally successful in other companies with respect to fame, not emolument, he was engaged by the York manager, who spoke of him, as MATHEWS relates, as a "great actor." Here, though only fifteen years of age, he acquired so much reputation in his successful imitations of the debilities of *old age*, and was so much a favorite on this circuit, that, when Mr. QUICK left Covent Garden, in 1797, he was invited by Mr. HARRIS to succeed him; and, although only in his twentieth year, was engaged by him for three years at an eligible salary. He made his first appearance at that theatre on the 1st of September, 1728, as *Frank Oatland*, in "*A Cure for the Heart Ache*," and *Lovegold*, in "*The Miser*." Mr. H. found no cause to regret the contract he had made. EMERY exceeded the expectations raised by his provincial popularity; for he sustained two personifications apparently incompatible, with almost equal nature and effect. He was not the *performer* but the *character*. That plain palpable simplicity of nature which COLLEY CIBBER has so highly panegyrised in NOKES, the Comedian strongly characterized the acting of EMERY. There was an ineffable ease, yet strength of description, that rendered his personification of rustic characters singularly great; the auditor did not see a man labouring to be whimsical in the habiliments of a countryman, but a simple creature, whose looks, manner of speaking, and actions accorded so naturally with each other, that the spectator was led to believe the person on the stage was the very character he represented. It was in the general habits of rustics, personal, moral, and intellectual, that Mr. E. displayed his decided and great originality. His *Frank Oatland* was his chief fame; it was not an imitation, but an enactment; not art, but life. Here he at once displayed his perfect knowledge of country habits, feelings, and manners; and here his vernacular dialect, which sometimes militated against his perfection in other points, gave him a decided superiority over his histrionic contemporaries. To produce all the examples of his ability would be to write a

list of all his rustic characters, for we do not know one in which he was not altogether excellent, and almost perfect. EMERY's class of rustics may be divided into three parts; the *serious*, the *comic*, and the *tragi-comic*: and the three admirable examples which may be produced of this variety, will suffice for a multitude of monotonous ones. Of that expression, which diverts with its manner while it raises a serious impression with its sentiments, and which is therefore so difficult in its complication, EMERY exhibited a powerful instance in the the character of *Farmer Ashfield*, in "*Speed the Plough*."

Inferior actors indulge their want of discrimination in representing every countryman as a lounging, vulgar boor, for, as they catch externals only, they are obliged to exaggerate them, in order to supply their deficiency of a more thorough imitation. Mr. E. understood all the gradations of rusticity; his *Ashfield*, though it occasionally raised our mirth by its familiarity and its want of town manners, was manly, and attractive of respect; like the master of a family, he appeared always attentive to the concerns of those about him, and never broke out of his natural cares and employments to amuse his audience, at the expense of forgetting his character. In an actor who excels chiefly in gross rusticity, this refinement might have well set bounds both to his own expectation of variety, and to that of his audience; but the play called the "*School of Reform*" gave new light to his genius, and in the character of the rustic villain, *Tyke*, he astonished the town by a display of feeling and passion, almost amounting to the most thrilling tragedy. His performance in this play we must call *tragi-comic*, not because he displayed that amalgamation of the humorous and serious which the word might seem now to imply, but because, as its ancient meaning signified, he excelled in alternate scenes of tragedy and comedy. Every tragic effect, however, short as it may be, which is possible to be produced from a vulgar character, he certainly produced from this. *Tyke* is a villanous rustic, who has not sufficient strength of mind to shake off his depraved habits, though he is occasionally agonized by the tortures of conscience. It was in the scene where he described the agony of his old father, as he stood upon the beach to wit-



ness his son's transportation, that he surprised us with this tragic originality. His description of their last adieu, of his parent kneeling to bless him just as the vessel was moving, of his own despair, the blood that seemed to burst from his eyes, and his fall of senselessness to the ground, were given with so unexpected an elevation of manner, so wild an air of wretchedness, and with actions of such pitiable self-aborrence, that, in spite of his country dialect, which he still naturally preserved, and the utter vulgarity of his personal appearance, the audience were electrified for a moment with the truest terror and pity. His haggard demeanour, and the wild outcry of his despair, live before us at the present moment. In this class may also be placed his performance of *Caliban*. The humour of this character (though there are many persons to whom this monster appears too much persecuted and too revengeful to be at all humorous) must rise from his roughness of manners, and his infinite awe at the divinity of the sailor who made him drunk; and this roughness as well as awe Mr. E. most inimitably displayed, particularly in the vehement manner and high voice with which he cursed *Prospero*, and thoughtful lowness of tone softened from its usual hoarse brutality with which he worshipped his new deity. Mr. E. notwithstanding the coarseness of style necessary to the parts he performed, was a truly poetical actor, and in all the varieties of his poet's flight kept by his side with the quickest observation. In this character he again approached to terrific tragedy when he described the various tortures inflicted on him by the magician, and the surrounding snakes that "*stare and hiss him into madness.*" This idea, which is truly the "*fine frenzy*" of the poet, and hovers on that verge of fancy beyond which it is a pain even for poetry to venture, was brought before the spectators with all the loathing and violence of desperate wretchedness; the monster, hugged and shrunk into himself, grew louder and shuddered more and more as he proceeded, and when he pictured the torment that almost turned his brain, glared with his eyes, and gnashed his teeth with an impatient impotence of revenge. His *Giles* in the "*Miller's Maid*" is also entitled to a high rank in this class.

Of his *comic* delineations we can but spare room to men-

tion a few of the names:—these were principally—his *John Lump* in the “*Review* ;” his *Sam* in “*Raising the Wind* ;” his *Dan* in “*John Bull* ;” and *Stephen Harrowby* in the “*Poor Gentleman*.” We might enumerate his other characters in more recent plays, but these did not exhibit him in any new point of view, and were often beneath his talents, with the exception, perhaps, of *Dandie Dinmont*, to the excellence of which the opera of “*Guy Mannering*” owed much of its success.

Mr. EMERY, more than almost any on the stage, displayed a discriminative minuteness and variety of expression, and excelled at once in the *habits* and the *passions* of the country. In proportion as an actor can pierce beyond externals into the human heart, so is he great in his profession. The *actor of habits* is a gardener who raises elegant flowers, and distributes gaudy parterres, but knows nothing beyond the surface of the earth. The *actor of passions* is a miner who digs into the depth and darkness of the creation, and brings to light its most hidden and valuable stores. Such was Mr. EMERY.

To his duty in his profession Mr. E. was ever strictly attentive ; so much so, that when dining in public, or in the society of his friends, and the time drew near which required his attendance at the theatre, his watch was invariably placed upon the table ; and he was never known, during the whole course of his engagement at Covent Garden, to disappoint the public but *once*—and that was from the circumstance of the *accouchement* of his wife. His natural and unsophisticated apology on that occasion to the house cannot fail to be very generally remembered.

This truly excellent performer, who was engaged at the Lyceum, was taken ill at the commencement of the season, and, after an illness of about three weeks, breathed his last on Thursday morning, the 25th of July, leaving a wife, seven children, and an aged father and mother, destitute of every thing but a strong claim on the public benevolence, which, we are truly happy to say, has not been appealed to in vain. His remains were interred on the Thursday following, in the vault of St. Andrew’s, Holborn.

We cannot, perhaps, better close our sketch of this WILKIE of actors, now “*hearsed in death*,” than by the follow-

ing beautiful tribute to his talents, by the author of a work lately published, called "*Theatrical Portraits.*"

"Th' unpolish'd diamond is truly known  
By those who prize not outward show alone;  
Who judge not at a glance, but wisely deem  
That darkest clouds may hide the brightest beam.  
Who gaze thro' nature's rude and rugged dress,  
And view her charms of half-veil'd loveliness:  
To these I speak, who, by research, can find  
*In formis rudibus*, the noble mind;  
And think, with me, that nuts with rough externals,  
Oft-times contain the most delicious kernels.

"But, soft! methinks I'm wandering from my sphere,—  
So, come my hearty, 'York, *you're* wanted here.'  
Who would suspect, when EMERY draws nigh,  
With globe-like visage and a saucer eye,  
That 'neath that coarse exterior could be  
Such humour, join'd to sensibility?  
The first, let COLMAN's martial Ploughboy shew,  
Or SHAKSPEARE's *Toby*, 'Chevalier et Sot';  
Like many a worthy, who has held the rule,  
Whom majesty dubb'd knight, whom nature had dubb'd  
fool.

"The last, let *Tyke*, the felon *Tyke* proclaim,  
Harden'd in crime, and lost to virtuous shame.  
There can we trace frail nature in her course,  
From play to crime, from anguish to remorse;  
Until, at length, Repentance pours her balm  
Upon the wounded heart, and all again is calm.  
Where is the actor, where is one who can  
Enact like thee, the 'ancient gentleman.' (1)  
Who gives up riddles, and who chaunts a stave,  
Who jests with *Hamlet*, and then digs a grave?

"But why recount each individual part,  
In which he moves the fancy or the heart?

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(1) "Your grave-digger is your only ancient gentleman."  
—*Hamlet*.

Why dwell on beauties, clear as daylight's eye,  
 When gazing thro' the greyly-dappled sky?  
 He ne'er o'ersteps the line that nature draws,  
 Nor sinks his judgment to the mob's applause.  
 He strays not thro' buffoon'ry's slipp'ry ways,  
 But holds the nobler surer road to praise.  
 Be ever thus ; and let the public tell  
 How you've ' play'd many parts,' and play'd them well."

### MR. KEAN.

[*Resumed from Page 63.*]

" The Drama's days seem'd almost on the wane,  
 When KEAN burst forth, and made them bright again."

It was at Dorchester where our hero was performing in tragedy, comedy, opera, and pantomime, and was approved in all, particularly the last, (for his *Harlequin* leaps and tricks were most extraordinary) when Mr. ARNOLD, (the present proprietor of the Lyceum) then stage manager of Drury Lane, visited the theatre. Dr. DRURY, who had admired the growing genius of KEAN from a very early period, was not unobservant of the progress it was making to perfection. He had seen him perform at Exeter in 1813, (1) and was then so struck with his talent, that he wrote to PASCOE GRENFELL, the Member of Parliament, one of the Committee, upon the subject, recommending that a trial at Drury Lane should be granted him ; observing, he was the only man able to sustain the declining fortunes of the theatre. That house was at this time in a most deplorable condition. The attraction caused during the first season by the novelty of the building, and some other adventitious circumstances, had ceased ; DOWTON, JOHNSTONE, MUN-

(1) On the opening of Drury Lane theatre, in 1812, he applied to the Committee for an engagement, but was informed that the establishment was already completed. He was therefore compelled for a time to continue his provincial avocations.

DEN, ELLISTON, RAE, LOVEGROVE, BRAHAM, and DICKONS had all played to empty benches ; the whole of the novelties produced (except the spectacle called "*Illusion*") had been unsuccessful ; the management was despised, and the house was deserted. Mr. GRENFELL immediately consulted with Mr. WHITBREAD and the other members, and Mr. ARNOLD was dispatched to report on the correctness of Dr. DRURY's judgment. Mr. A. saw him perform *Octavian*, and afterwards the part of *Kanko*, in the "*Savages*," founded on "*La Perouse*." Mr. ARNOLD, to the credit of his taste, immediately formed a most favourable estimate of his powers ; and was convinced that the assistance of such a man would be likely to redeem Drury Lane theatre from the "dread repose" that prevailed through its aisles, and invited him to breakfast with him the next morning ; and (though not expressly authorised by the Committee to do so) concluded an engagement with him for three years ; for the first of which he was to receive eight guineas per week ; for the second, ten ; and for the third twelve. Pleasure, however, seldom comes without alloy. On the day that he received Mr. ARNOLD's offer his eldest son died, leaving a blank that prosperity itself could never fill. KEAN could not leave Dorchester for three weeks, in consequence of the terms between him and the manager there ; and the remainder of his engagement proved extremely profitable to the theatre : for about this time the London papers began to describe the qualifications of the expected performer, and Dorchester wished to send him to town without putting him to the trouble of making a character there. He was accordingly applauded in every thing he attempted ; and regret, which would never have been felt but for this glowing anticipation of his future fame, was plainly discoverable at his departure. On his arrival in town he waited on Mr. ARNOLD, and was by him introduced to the Committee, who, it is said, were induced, by his appearance, to form so very humble an opinion of his probable powers, that they severely lectured Mr. ARNOLD upon the additional and useless expense with which he had rashly burdened the property of the theatre. Still the agreement was signed, and could not be violated ; of course, therefore, he had a claim upon the treasury, which, indeed, was admitted ; but on the second Saturday,



to his great surprise, his application was rejected. Upon inquiry into the reason of this conduct, he was informed that Mr. ELLISTON had written to the management, claiming him as engaged at the Surrey theatre. Previous to his engagement at Drury Lane, he had been in treaty with Mr. E. for a situation at one of that gentleman's numerous concerns. Mr. E. spoke of the possibility of his giving as much as £2 per week to a man who could do every thing, but wished for a little time to deliberate ere he completed so tremendous an engagement. While he hesitated, Mr. ARNOLD stepped in; and thus ELLISTON saved £2 a week, and lost KEAN. Mr. E.'s letter to the management was "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing:" and upon KEAN's referring to the correspondence that had passed between him and the Surrey manager, it appeared that nothing definitive had been entered into. He accordingly applied to his patron, Dr. DRURY, by whose mediation he was again received into the service of the Committee, and was advertised, by his own desire, for the part of *Shylock*, in which accordingly he made his first appearance before a London audience, on the 26th of January, 1814. His success was immediate and decisive; and at the conclusion of this, his first performance, the audience manifested the strongest marks of approbation, by rising in all parts of the theatre; and—

——“ With caps, hands, and tongues,  
Applauding him to the clouds.”

Of his performance of this character a poetical critic observed thus elegantly:—

“ They who have seen him when with vengeance rife,  
He views *Antonio*, as he whets his knife,  
Must ever feel, when thinking of that part,  
The life-blood stagnate chilly round the heart :  
There was a murderous smile upon his cheek,  
And from his eye some devil seem'd to speak ;  
In triumph there, demoniac like he stood,  
As though his soul could drink his victim's blood.”

It may be fairly said he was not the idol of public favour till his performance of *Richard III.*, which took place on

the 12th of February. On his first announcement for this part it was considered by many as an undertaking bordering upon temerity. On the first night he was much afflicted with a severe hoarseness, for which Mr. WROUGHTON made the following apology:—

“Ladies and Gentlemen:—Mr. KEAN has for some days laboured under a severe cold, which has greatly increased this morning. Unwilling to disappoint the public, he will endeavour to go through the character, and hopes your usual indulgence will be extended to him.”

Notwithstanding this drawback, Mr. KEAN depicted the despot in a way so completely *nouvelle*, and the exhibition was in every respect so brilliant, that it at once fixed him on the vacant throne of GARRICK, from which seat neither the malice of his enemies, nor even his own follies, have been able to displace him for a single moment. (1) Upon

(1) The following beautiful lines on that occasion, by a celebrated author, appeared in a publication of the day, and we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of transcribing them in this place.

## LINES

### ADDRESSED TO MR. KEAN.

*On his performante of Richard III. February 25, 1814.*

'Tis thine to mould the mind which SHAKSPEARE drew,  
'Tis thine to sketch his models out to view;  
'Tis thine to bid the “*crooked trunk*” arise,  
And lift the soul, aspiring, to the skies!  
'Tis thine to teach how vast ambition rose,  
Which, though ensanguin'd, still obtain'd applause.  
'Tis thine to paint those schemes and dark designs  
Which lurk'd in *Richard*—and conceal'd his crimes.—  
'Tis thine to bid aspiring guilt ascend,  
And spurn the slaves who dar'd its deeds defend—  
'Tis thine to sketch that daring, restless mind,  
Which fate ordain'd should “*snarl and bite mankind*.”

Bright star of Genius—hail!—pursue thy way;  
Thy *Glo'ster* shines with true SHAKSPERIAN ray!

his splendid success in *Richard*, the Committee cancelled his original articles, and granted him a new engagement for five years, at £16 per week during the first year, £18 the second, and £20 the last three. He certainly well merited this ; for though Drury Lane theatre was built to hold about £620 only, he generally brought £700 into the treasury nightly. Numerous presents were made to him by private individuals. Mr. COURTS, in particular, presented him with a valuable watch, and his friendship was courted by many of the first men in the country. For such companions, however, he evinced no great predilection ; and has preferred (it is said) passing his hours in the society of more

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Amazing actor !—" *marvellous proper man !*"  
 Some fiend directs thee in thy murderous plan.—  
 So just thy pause—so eloquent thine eye—  
 That e'en Ambition yields a pitying sigh !  
 For who, unmov'd, can view thy rapid flight,  
 Or, unconcern'd, behold thy subtle might,  
 Which, well disguis'd, disarms a woman's hate,  
 And bears thee buoyant—o'er the tide of fate !

Conflicting passions, warring in thy breast,  
 In wild confusion, scare thee from thy rest,—  
 The sleep which seals the "*weary sea-boy's eyes*,"—  
 And drowns his cares,—to thee her balm denies ;—  
 The "*still small voice*"—which conscience yet retains,  
 Now racks thy soul with hell's convulsive pains ;—  
 The tyrant starts !—" *Have mercy, Heaven !*"—he cries,  
 But asks in vain forgiveness from the skies.—  
 A moment's struggle scares the "*babbling dream*,"—  
 "*Its threats are vain ;*" he boldly tempts the stream.

" But hark ! the trumpet sounds to horse ! away !  
 His soul's in arms, and eager for the fray ;"—  
 In proud defiance hurls his crest on high,  
 And crimson banners mock the ethereal sky !  
 Imperious *Richard* flies from side to side,  
 And, as he liv'd, expires in gory pride !  
 Surpassing grandeur marks his falling hour,  
 Where *Genius* triumphs o'er the conqueror's pow'r !

congenial souls; the O.P. and P.S. and the *Coal Hole* appearing to possess greater charms in his eyes than the libraries of the learned, or the drawing-rooms of the fair. His next performance was *Hamlet*, (on March the 12th) which excited the greatest interest, not only in the theatrical world, but also in the minds of those who had so often seen Mr. KEMBLE and Mr. YOUNG in the same character. Some of his contemporaries, particularly those employed in the same theatre, built their hope of his failure in the part upon the diminutiveness of his figure; and the grounds upon which they contended against him were, that he was not

“The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,”

as described by *Ophelia*, in the third act. The character of *Hamlet* comprises so many variations of passion, and the shades of his feeling are so different from any other character drawn by SHAKESPEARE, that it requires the greatest efforts of the most able artist to paint, in a tolerable degree, the feelings by which he is actuated, and the spring from whence they flow. Added to these, a dignified person is almost indispensable, to throw that spirit of grace and elegance necessary for the representation of a Prince, who is called—

“The expectancy and rose of the fair state.”

However, not dismayed by any allusions that were thrown out, Mr. KEAN came forward under all the disadvantages of figure; and, like a dramatic *Atlas*, with the whole range of the drama on his back, in many parts towered far above his long established competitors. *Hamlet* was followed by *Othello* and *Iago*, in both of which he became extremely popular. And on his first benefit night, (May 25) when he played *Luke* in “*Riches*,” he cleared the unprecedented sum of £2000; the usual expenses of the house having been remitted, and his admirers having in general paid handsomely for their places. From this time until the present he has retained his strong hold in the public favour; and a long round of characters (a list of which is given in vol. i. p. 7.) sufficiently evince the astonishing versatility of his talents. It must not, however, be supposed that his success was uniform: *King John* and *Coriolanus* were, perhaps, the worst of his performances; his *Shylock*, *Richard III.*, *Othello*, *Richard II.*, *Bertram*, *Brutus*, *Lear*,

and *Overreach* are certainly the most excellent. The impression made by him in the latter part was so great, (1) that, at the suggestion of Mr. OXBERRY, the members of the Committee of Management, and most of the Drury Lane company, (*except DOWTON*) entered into a subscription to purchase him a golden cup, as a testimonial of their

(1) Mr. SHERIDAN was so much offended at being excluded from any concern in the rebuilding of Drury Lane theatre after the fire, that he made a resolution never to enter it; from which he did not deviate till a few months before his death. When KEAN, however, came out, and his talents became the universal topic of conversation and admiration, Mr. S. was impressed with an eager curiosity to see him; yet, faithful to his resolution, he could not be prevailed on to witness his dramatic exertions; he would see Mr. KEAN, but not *Richard, Shylock, Othello*. One day when Mr. KEAN was to perform, he was invited first to dine with Mr. SHERIDAN and an intimate friend of his, deeply concerned in the theatre, at a neighbouring tavern. They sat for two hours, when Mr. KEAN was obliged to leave the party, and attend to his professional duty; but such was the interest excited in Mr. SHERIDAN's mind by this new dramatic meteor, that during the whole time he stayed his attention was entirely riveted upon him; he studied his every look, his every word, his every gesture, nor did he drink even a single glass of wine. "Mr. KEAN (said Mr. SHERIDAN's friend, in relating the anecdote) may boast of what no other man ever could do, of having even charmed SHERIDAN's attention away from his bottle." When KEAN was gone, SHERIDAN said—"What salary do you give that man?"—"Fifteen pounds a-week" was the reply.—"Tis a shame; (he said) he ought at least to have double that sum; take my word, you have got a treasure, he will be the salvation and support of the theatre." Mr. SHERIDAN at length could no longer resist the attraction of KEAN's talents, but did go to the theatre to see his performance of the above character, (*Overreach*) of which he thought so highly, that he said—"There is mind indeed! those are talents that can never fail, but must be more and more admired the more they are known."



reverence for his talents, and several noblemen solicited to be made partners in the donation. This, indeed, was contrary to the original design, which confined the expense and the honour to his brethren of the theatre; but the names of BYRON and LAMBE added dignity to the present.

[*To be Resumed.*]

## LIVING DRAMATISTS.

### SKETCH II.

#### WILLIAM THOMAS MONCRIEFF.

“Procurer to the extravagancy,  
And crazy ribaldry of fancy.”

BUTLER.

THERE is some sort of value attaching to the stage as a mere vehicle of vulgar amusement, or else the author, upon whose merit we are about to offer an opinion, must sink at once to the lowest depths of dramatic indulgence. The compositions of Mr. MONCRIEFF are fraught with every blemish that ignorance and audacity can afford; but as there are many persons to whose delight he has administered, we feel ourselves bound to make a short explanation of the motives by which we are led to notice his pretensions and deny his importance.

Some years have elapsed since Mr. MONCRIEFF applied his fertilizing genius to the cultivation of those sterile tracts in the minor drama, which, if the amount of their produce is to be taken as a test of their value, have wonderfully improved beneath his system of treatment. The Olympic and Cobourg theatres, above all, were thickly sown with his pieces, and there are occasions upon which his muse has been marked by signal success, and superior celebrity. In admitting this fact, we reserve to ourselves a right of examining the materials of which Mr. M.'s pieces have been composed, and the quarter from which his celebrity pro-

ceeded ; nor do we hesitate to affirm before the experiment takes place, that he will finally appear to be a dull, shallow, indecent, and exaggerated writer.

✓ The Minor theatres are frequented in general by persons upon whose faculties no impression can be made by means of an ordinary nature. They are dead to the workings of fancy in its fairest shapes—and to excite the attention or procure the applause of such an audience, recourse must be had to the most paltry, and sometimes the most profligate expedients. No plot is too improbable, and no language too absurd for these people ; they want powerful provocatives to awaken their gluttoned appetites ; extravagance and obscenity seldom fail of promoting that purpose ; and the most implicit sanction is accordingly bestowed upon these offensive attributes.

The talents and reputation of Mr. M. we presume may be fairly risked upon his noted extravaganza of "*Giovanni in London*," a piece which owed the whole of its success at Drury Lane Theatre to the legs of a pretty woman. Let Mr. M. himself select a single instance of sentiment, wit or humour from this jumble of nonsense and debauchery, and if we do not instantly disprove the example he adduces, his reputation shall be exalted to a higher pitch, in our own estimation at least, than the loftiest upon which it has hitherto rested. There is no definite aim in the construction of this farrago ; no point in its satire, and no ground for its burlesque. It is an insipid outline of events that never happened, characters that never lived, and language that was never spoken ; time and place are prostituted without remorse to the wants of a barren fancy, or a feeble judgment ; and yet upon the strength of this production, the best he has ever produced, we are called upon to treat Mr. MONCRIEFF as a fair claimant to the honours of indisputable genius. Such a cause is too ridiculous to be seriously treated.

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## MIMICRY AND ACTING.

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" Before I enter upon this task permit me however to say a few words in explanation of the epithet '*Imitation* ;' or, as it is sometimes in carelessness, and sometimes in hos-

tility called '*Mimicry*.' I look upon this talent when applied to the body, to be what *satire* is, when applied to the mind. If the *Satirist* drag forth private and innocuous frailties to public view, he sinks into a lampooner; if the *Imitator* outrage private feelings, by holding up incurable and unpresuming personal defects to public ridicule, he degenerates into a buffoon. It is MATHEW's purpose to evince by *general* delineations how easily peculiarities may be acquired by negligence; and how difficult they are to eradicate when strengthened by habit. To show how often vanity and affectation steal upon the deportment of youth; and how sure they are to make their possessor ridiculous in after-life. In short, to exemplify the truth of the old adage, that no man is contemptible for being what he is, but for pretending to be what he is not."—Vide MATHEW's *Prefatory address* to his entertainment of 1820.

It is the fashion of those, who pretend to admire the art of acting, at the same time to depreciate the art of imitation, as if it did not require the very same powers both intellectual and bodily, and the very same discipline of those powers, to succeed in the one as in the other; and as if therefore, the very best imitators were not the very best actors, in short, as if they were not one and the same thing. We have little scruple in following this general proposition, (for we put it as such wherever it may lead;) and in asserting that MATHEWS is the very best *actor* on the English stage, at this day. We shall of course not be suspected of meaning to say, that he ever can reach, or that he ever could have reached, the lofty tragedy of KEMBLE, the nature of DOWTON, or the buffoonery of LISTON; but we do say, that he can embody an infinitely greater variety of characters than either of those actors can; and consequently that his physical powers must be more plastic than theirs, and more under the command of his will, and his intellectual resources more various, and more immediately available to him. In some of MATHEWS's performances, it would be actually impossible to detect *him*, unless it were known before hand, that it *was* him. It is idle and invidious to attempt to distinguish this kind of acting from any other by calling it *mimicry*. Who thinks of calling WILKIE's

pictures *caricatures*? and what are they but just representations of individual character and habit under peculiar circumstances? And what does it require to produce them, but plastic bodily powers, working under the direction of a mind possessed of a fine talent for general observation, and an exquisite tact for discriminating between that which is common and essential to a class, and that which is peculiar to a particular individual of that class. And these are precisely the qualities which MATHEWS possesses in common with all other successful actors, only as it appears in a still more striking and extraordinary degree. We are confirmed in this opinion by what we have heard of MATHEWS in private life. There, when he chooses to exhibit his peculiar powers at all, the effect of them is still more striking. In public, he is necessarily compelled to confine himself to that which is "set down for him;" but, in private, when he throws himself into the manners and habits of other persons, he at the same time absolutely throws himself into the minds as well as the characters of the persons imitated. He feels, he thinks, and says, as well as acts, as those persons would inevitably do under the same circumstances: not as he recollects as they *have done*, but as he knows, as it were intuitively, that they *would do*. If we had not been told this, we should have guessed it, from what we have seen of his performances in public, for they have always struck us as very extraordinary instances of the plasticity of the human mind and frame; and to those who have looked as closely into Mr. MATHEWS's entertainments as we have, we need not scruple to say, that his powers in this respect amount to nothing less than *genius*. In short, it cannot be denied, with any semblance of truth, that his performances combine in a most extraordinary degree the mental and physical qualities of almost all actors and acting.

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## DRAMATIC SCENES.

*RETRIBUTION; OR, SIR ALBERT THE CRU-  
SADER,*

BY J. J. LEATHWICK.

[Resumed from page 16.]

SCENE III.—*Ramparts of Pomfret Castle.—Night.**Enter LADY ELWINA, and ALICE her attendant.*

*Lady E.* How grand the heavenly moon with measur'd  
step,  
O'ertops the distant hills, and gracious 'lumes  
The worthless world with pale and silvery beams.  
Mark ! how the waving forests shadowy trail  
Along the uneven ground, their dark and  
Dense perspectives ; they shrink as if the  
Glancing ray would rive their sullen gloom,  
And perforate their deep and leafy bosoms.  
How sombre, yet how sweet ! It well accords  
With that soft sadness that enchains my soul.  
But Alice, what was that thou would'st unfold  
With quick and breathless haste, and which you say  
Concerns the dearest interests of my life.

*Alice.* My much lov'd lady and adored mistress,  
As I by chance did cross the portal gate,  
I saw dismounting from his foaming steed,  
That scowling 'squire, that once did serve my lord,  
And whom I thought was still in Holy Land  
Attending on his Knight, the brave Sir Albert ;  
My list'ning form he instant saw, and sternly  
Viewing with abhorrent eyes, he strode with  
Noiseless steps into the vast intricacies  
Of the castle.



*Lady E.* 'Tis wond'rous strange.

*Alice.* Nay more ! The radiant sun's declension  
Did faintly tinge the west with mellowing red,  
When from the northern turret, I espied  
Your haughty sire in converse deep with him ;  
Unseen I saw, and as they pac'd the plain,  
They oftimes stopt and glanc'd suspicious  
Round, as if the very air should steal  
Away a portion of their secret councils ;  
At last they reach'd yon tufted clump of trees,  
And shrouded thick by pending foliage  
Were hidden soon from observation.

*Lady E.* And are you sure, that he you saw was that  
Same 'squire, whom, if my troubled memory  
Fail me not, was nam'd Bernardo.

*Alice.* As certain lady, that I have now  
The honour of attending upon you.

*Lady E.* Sweet heav'n forefend that any ill should e'er  
Betide my gallant faithful love. But ah !  
A dreadful light breaks on my troubled mind  
And now displays the foul nefarious plot ;  
This man no doubt has left unmiss'd Sir Albert's  
Brilliant train and fell disclos'd to my  
Revengeful sire, the 'palling tidings of  
His lord's approach. E'en now the biting blade  
May ruthless cleave my knight's impassion'd heart,  
And strew the noblest blood that ever warm'd a  
Minstrel's praise, or gain'd a maiden's love.  
Thou curst and demon-like ambition,  
Insatiate fiend that thus inexorably  
Hath stirless gain'd thy dread command o'er all  
My father's words and works ; oh ! drop thy deadly  
Aim, and fall thy poison'd venoms harmlessly  
To earth ! And thou too omnipresent pow'r,  
That views the deepest caverns of the heart,  
In mercy send thy soul ennobling  
Grace, and cleanse my sire's foul thoughts  
From black and vengeful inspiration.  
'Tis thrilling scenes as these that often work  
Intensive woe, and on the sufferer's mind  
Distil the germs of sorrow for ever

Cureless and indelibly engraven.

But come, my Alice, the thin rob'd dews  
Are spreading wide their shadowy wings  
To veil the bustling world in dense oblivion.

I'll seek my chamber's lov'd seclusion,  
And breathe my heartfelt aspirations  
To gain the courts of heav'n, the footstool  
Of omniscience.

[*Exit, with Alice.*]

SCENE IV.—*A defile, with hanging woods and frightful precipices.*

*Enter SIR ALBERT and HUGO, mounted.*

*Sir Albert.* This dell brings back in energetic lights,  
The retrospect of my boyish days,  
When oft I climb'd those tow'ring shrubs,  
Or vent'rous scal'd the moss grown dingy rocks,  
Heedless of danger or of life. E'en these,  
To such a one as now beholds them,  
Convey a charm that cannot be describ'd;  
They look as if they welcom'd me, and bow  
Their heads as agitated by the fitful breeze  
In token of obeisance. But ah! these signs  
Are natural and delusive, no tongue  
Shall speak, or eye declare, the blissful  
Meed of hospitality, save one who  
Cannot, dare not vent those dear emotions  
That pervade her soul. In stranger climes,  
The heart does not expect the kindred chains,  
The bonds of sweet indissoluble love,  
For that bequest we grateful look at home;  
But when we reach that hallow'd halcyon spot,  
And find no beaming smiles to cheer us there,  
The bitter pang of cruel disappointment  
Redoubly stings the wounded mind, and plants  
Corroding grief to rankle in the very  
Vitals of the form.

*Hugo.* Methinks, my honour'd lord, we rather left  
Our noble minded host uncourteously  
This morn.

*Sir Albert.* I cry you mercy there, my faithful Hugo.—  
"Tis true we sped in haste from lowly cell,  
But sheer necessity propell'd us on.  
When morning gleam'd, I instant left  
My rushy couch, but no where could I find him ;  
I thought perchance he then might keep  
His daily pious orgies, nor would I have  
Disturb'd his holy meditative time  
For all the wealth that ever shone on  
Monarch's throne, or rais'd a nation's fame ;  
Long time we stay'd, nor can we be accus'd—  
'Tis circumstances fault and not ingratitude.

*Hugo.* 'Twas well, Sir Knight, that we espied the  
Glim'ring flame that led us to his cell.  
What think you of our entertainer ? He  
Shows a bold and noble bearing.

*Sir Albert.* He does, and is more fit for bow'r and hall,  
Than to inhabit dreary lonely winds ;  
But yet his sunken eye still shows  
That grief hath dimm'd its bright and fervent ray,  
Except when recollection of the past  
Rushes like a torrent o'er his mind,  
And lights anew with renovated pow'rs  
The heart that ever throbb'd with martial fame.

*Hugo.* 'Tis evident, my lord, for as you sat in  
Converse deep, I watch'd intent the Hermit's  
Form and words. At first your animating  
Praise of our immortal Richard, did  
Fan the themes of valour high and strong ; but  
All that interest fled in the narration  
Of your wrongs and woes. Methought that when you  
Nam'd the ingrate knight, the base Sir Allan,  
His very soul would burst it's earthly tenure  
Evaporating, great with flashing fire.  
But when that sudden gust was gone, his features  
Calm'd, and wore the appearance of placidity.  
But still there seem'd as if he struggled hard  
With some unwrithing thought, and oft a  
Tear would dim the lustre of his brilliant eye,  
And shine with briny, pearly radiance.  
Once the swoll'n drops did inundate the

Feeble barriers of the silky lash,  
And fell conglobing on his manly cheek, as  
The sweet tributes of compassion.

*Sir Albert.* Indeed ! I did not then observe that the  
Recital of my life did claim or have  
Such sympathetic, generous feelings.  
It must have been the coalision of  
Misfortune, that drove so great a mind  
To seek those joys the world could ne'er bestow,  
In solemn friendship with seclusion.  
Perchance the stings of unrequited love  
First strew'd the germs of misanthropic pleasure,  
And sorrow nurs'd them to luxuriance.

*(A horn winds three times.)*

But hark ! 'tis wondrous strange that such a blast  
Should, at a time like this, reverberate  
In echoing intonation round these dells.

*Hugo.* In yonder brake I surely see the glitt'ring  
Brightness of an ambush'd spear. By heav'ns !  
It moves, Sir Knight beware of treachery.

*(An arrow is shot from the thicket which pierces the  
Knight's white steed.)*

*Sir Albert.* Curst be the felon hand that drew the string,  
And wither'd be the recreant strength that  
E'er could thus perform so foul, so false a deed.  
Hugo dismount, we'll make the coward hinds  
Immediately vacate their leafy lurking place.

*(Four men, headed by a knight in black armour, fu-  
riously rush on Sir A. and Hugo.)*

*Sir Albert.* Take that thou foul, false hearted loon.

*(Strikes the foremost down.—They furiously engage,  
the sounds of horses' feet are heard approaching up  
the dell, and a knight and retainer appear galloping  
to the rescue, at the same period of time a villain  
steals behind Hugo, and stabs him in the back.)*

*Hugo.* Oh ! my honor'd lord, my sun is set for ever—  
Jesu preserve thee. *(Falls and dies.)*

*(Sir A. is on the point of being overpowered, when the  
strangers approach.)*

*Stranger.* Knight, have at ye ! thou worthless caitiff.

*(A skirmish, they fly, the sable knight alone maintains  
his ground.)*

*Stranger Knight.* Here turn thine arm thou palsied coward,

For by the blessed cross, I wish that all  
The race of villains did concentrate  
In thee, and I would wipe them off the earth  
As thus. *(Strikes him senseless to the ground.)*

*Sir Albert.* My noble, knightly, generous preserver,  
Accept the warmest thanks a grateful heart  
Can e'er express ; one moment more, and all  
The world, in joy or grief to me, would  
Matter not.—*(Looks down.)*—Farewell, poor Hugo,  
A truer heart than thine ne'er warm'd a  
Human breast ; but thou art gone inglorious,  
Ignobly pierc'd by fell assassin's blade :  
And that in my defence. If in the embattled  
Tented field, stern death had ta'en thee there,  
Thy spirit then would buoyant mount aloof  
With glory on its wings ; and all the admiring  
World would pleasing view the halo of ascension.  
The heart has ceas'd to throb, the pulse will beat  
No more, that ever felt in unison with mine :  
Excuse, Sir Knight, this tribute of affection,  
But he was long the choice, the tried companion  
Of my vent'rous life.

*Stranger Knight.* I honour much the feelings that pervade you.

*Sir Albert.* I've surely heard that deep ton'd voice before.

*Stranger Knight.* You have—behold and recognize.

*(Throws off his casque, and the Hermit stands disclosed to view.)*

*Sir Albert.* My kind, my noble entertainer, whose  
Lowly roof did bounteous guard my aching head  
From the rude pelting of the dreadful storm.

*Stranger Knight.* The cell that shelter'd you contain'd  
thine hapless

Fortune driven sire. Come offspring of my  
Sainted love, let me enfold thee round the  
Tendrils of my heart, in never-ceasing,  
Never-dying union.

*(They embrace.)*

*[To be resumed.]*



## SONNET, TO MATHEWS.

---

Heart of the Comic Muse, shed aye thy beam!  
 Whate'er of sadness dwells around the heart,  
 Thou know'st to lure it thence, and to impart  
 Sweet smiling cheerfulness, a pleasing stream,  
 Within whose waters, 'mid contentment's gleam,  
 Our senses oft-times love to play, and lave  
 Themselves beneath its soft refreshing wave,  
 Indulging ever in delight's pure dream!

What heart shall feel pale sorrow's restless sting,  
 As the gay graces of thy magic fire,  
 Shed their enchanting radiance, and inspire  
 The jocund smiles of mirth?—these ever spring  
 Where'er thy vein of humour flows:—we cling  
 In eager joy to the wild hope, that we  
 Might ever thus be happy;—and for thee—  
 We wish thee every good that life can bring!

Aug. 2, 1822.

S. L. B.

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## “VELUTI IN SPECULUM.”

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MR. DRAMA,

When any thing deserving the knowledge of the public, can be communicated through any channel whatever, it is a base thing to be silent. With this thought I sat down, with the determination of elucidating as clearly as possible, the above motto. The literal translation of the words “*Veluti in Spēculum*,” is “*As into a mirror*.” The following passage from TERENCE, is a good exemplification of the motto:—

“—————Denique,  
 Inspecere, tanquam in speculum in vitas omnium,  
 Jubeo atque ex aliis sumere exemplum sibi.

(i. e. In a word, I tell him to look into the lives of men, *as into a glass*, and thence to take example.”)

We may naturally conclude, therefore, (and indeed there can be no other meaning given to the word “*Veluti in Speculum*”) that the reason of this motto being placed in the theatre is,—that as in a *play*, we see our own vices and follies, shown to us in their most disgusting light, so that we may profit by the example *it* affords us, by correcting our weaknesses, as much as in our power lies.

I am, &c.

J. W.

## THE DRAMATIC SKETCHER.

No. XI.

By J. W. DALBY.

### *AUGUSTUS AND AMELIA; OR, THE VICTIMS OF A PARENT'S AVARICE.*

[*Concluded.*]

#### SCENE II.

AMELIA and AUGUSTUS.

*Amelia.* Augustus, thou art welcome,—for my heart  
Was sore oppress'd by grief and loneliness.

*Augustus.* To sooth thy sorrows I have come ; but how  
Adding my grief to thine may soften either,  
I cannot tell. Yet I would be with thee,  
Would mingle sighs with sighs, and tears with tears,  
Complainings with complainings ; this is all  
My hapless fate allows, yet this is much,  
And more than he who rules my destiny  
Would grant, could his harsh spirit deem how great  
The happiness of suffering with thee !

*Augustus.* Dearest, believe me all the pangs I bear,  
Were light to that of severing from thee !

*Amelia.* To shiver in the cold of poverty,  
To hear the wintry blasts around us roar,—  
That worse than winter of the soul, when all  
We love is lost and all we hold most dear  
Has fled,—has fled for ever ! —Canst thou bear  
To think of this, Amelia ?

*Amelia.* Let it come—

I can bear more than this if shared with thee,  
For thy affection gives my spirit strength.

*Augustus.* These are the words of woman and of love,  
The trial will prove bitter!—God! to see  
The remnant of our last hope buried in  
The waves of disappointment, and the gleam  
Of faithless light which shone upon the wreck,  
Still casting its deceitful rays athwart  
The all-devouring waters!—O, my love,  
If we must perish, let it be together,  
Dying, as we have lived, in unity,  
And borrowing from love a soothing balm  
For all the latest pangs of parting life.

*Amelia.* We love the soft notes of the nightingale,  
Though they are ever sad and melancholy;  
So do I love *thy* voice, though it but tells  
Of blighted hopes, and of a broken heart.  
Affliction makes it sweet, and I have felt  
That in affliction, true hearts love the more.  
The world is false to them,—why, they must be  
More faithful to each other.—Friends forsake,—  
Well, we were never weak enough to rest  
Wholly on friendship's hollow promises;  
And if they go, they leave behind for us  
A lesson of more value than their love.  
Then thou wilt not despair,—it cannot be,  
That he whose harshness caused thee all thy woe,  
Thy mercenary sire,—it cannot be  
But that in time more kindly thoughts will come  
Even to him! Gold may not be for ever  
The idol of his soul's idolatry.  
The sordid dross must not eternally  
Expel the better feelings of his heart,  
Usurp thy station in his memory,  
Contract his views, and so debase his mind  
That he should deem the world has only room  
For him and for his worse than useless self!  
Go to him now; he cannot see that form,  
(Which thus to see makes these eyes stream afresh!)  
Whose strength and manly beauty all admired;

He cannot see thy frame so worn and wasted,  
 And feel no pity; he cannot view thine eye  
 Thus tearful, dim, and sunken,—nor relent;  
 Else must he be what I am loath to deem him,  
 A monster utterly devoid of all  
 Paternal feeling, all humanity!  
 Despond not hastily—but seek——

*Augustus.* Amelia,

Thou dost not know him! hadst thou been like me  
 Time after time laid prostrate at his feet;  
 Imploring not forgiveness, but his pity;  
 Not pardon for my crimes, (for though enough  
 Temptation has been mingled with my lot  
 To urge me into crime, yet I have kept  
 My soul from all pollution) but entreating  
 Compassion for the load of suffering,  
 Harsh and unmerited, that bore me down!  
 O, hadst thou heard him then, unmoved and stern,  
 With eyes of fury, and with lips of scorn,  
 Bid me “*begone and beg for charity,*  
*Of one more willing to bestow his alms,*  
*And abler than himself to part with pence!*”  
 These harsh words fell like thunder on my ear,  
 And even now their echo seems to haunt me!  
 Hadst thou been an unhappy auditor  
 At such a scene, thou would'st not urge me now—  
 Thou would'st not wish me now to pass again  
 Through that most dread ordeal!—but once more—  
 Will I be deaf to indignation's voice;  
 Once more will I awhile forget the wrongs  
 Of his past conduct; once more kneel before him,  
 And beg a boon which justice ought to grant.  
 Farewell—I go; happy, if I succeed,  
 Nor less so if I fail—the die is cast!

### SCENE III.

*Augustus. (Alone.)* Reckless barbarian! thus to mock  
 the pangs

Which thine own crimes have caused—thus to exact  
 Meanest submission from a kneeling wretch,

Whose misery has startled from his soul  
All noble thoughts, and every manly feeling !  
Yet 'tis not selfish sorrow that has wrought  
In my wreck'd mind this lamentable change ;  
My own griefs I could bear, and bravely too ;  
Nor shed a tear, nor heave a single sigh  
To ask the worthless pity of the world ;—  
But when I look on dear ones doomed to bear  
With me the form of unrelenting fate,  
It were not courage, but rank cowardice  
And low deceit, to be or seem unmoved.  
But for these dear dependants, I had not  
Suffered thus long the buffetings of fate ;  
Only for them, I should ere this, have been  
Beyond the reach of tyranny and hate.  
And wherefore should I linger here to see  
What I may not remove—to weep the woe  
I innocently caused, but have no power,  
No soothing art, no means to mitigate ?  
O, for a name for him whose love of gold—  
Whose selfish wickedness has wrought this woe !  
Of him I may not think—I dare not speak—  
And yet cannot be silent.—May the curse—  
The deep, the heart-felt, and indignant curse  
Of his two children lie upon his soul  
Cold, heavy, death-like !—May he never know  
Or rest by day, or slumber in the night,  
Yet be eternal weariness his lot !  
And may a time come, as it surely will,  
When haunted by the terrors of remorse,  
And by the memory of his children's wrongs,  
He shall pray long and deeply to possess  
The power to make atonement for his crimes—  
And to repair the wrongs which he hath heap'd  
Upon the wretches doom'd to call him sire !  
O, may they then be happy far away !  
So shall his prayers be vain—and he be taught  
A portion of the pangs we suffer now !  
May 18th, 1822.



THEATRICAL INQUISITION.  

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“ Bold is his task in this discerning age,  
 When ev’ry witling prates about the stage,  
 And some pert title arrogantly brings  
 To trace up Nature through her noblest springs:  
 Bold, in such times, his task must be allow’d,  
 Who seeks to form a judgment for the crowd ;  
 Presumes the public sentiment to guide,  
 And speaks at once to prejudice and pride.”

*Kelly's Thespis.*

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.  

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August 5th.—The Rivals—Belles without Beaux.—[Benefit of the late Mr. EMERY’S Family.]—

There never was a more splendid demonstration of genuine sympathy—of heartfelt sincerity, the appearance of which is sometimes but vainly assumed by that mawkish kind of sentiment which exhausts itself in words, than that which this theatre exhibited last night. The house was filled to the ceiling. The whole scene was calculated to excite the best feelings of the human heart; there were on the stage actors from almost every theatrical establishment in the metropolis, all united for one sacred purpose, all testifying their respect for him who had once been their “ own familiar friend.” After the comedy several songs were given by Madame VESTRIS, Miss POVEY, and other celebrated vocalists, in their usual style of excellence; and a duet was performed by Mr. BOCHSA and M. PUZZI on the harp and horn with a brilliancy of execution which delighted the audience. The entertainments concluded with the operetta of “ *Belles without Beaux*,” which was exclusively represented by performers from the English Opera-house, headed by Miss KELLY, who had here an opportunity of displaying those tender feelings which she can express so well.

Mr. GEORGE COLMAN, with that willing generosity by which he has so often commanded the applause of the pub-

lic, supplied the following Short Address, for the occasion, which was spoken with great judgment and feeling by Mr. BARTLEY, and at the conclusion, enthusiastically applauded:—

Friends of the Muse ! who in a polish'd age,  
Support the Morals of our British Stage ;  
Who, when a Public Favourite gives birth  
To feelings of respect for Private Worth,  
With generous, and equal ardour, scan  
The merits of the Actor and the Man ;  
Need we to-night, express our grief—or tell  
Sorrows in which you sympathise so well ?  
Poor EMERY is gone ! who play'd his part,  
Each day he breath'd, home to the very heart.  
True to the Drama's, as to Friendship's call,  
He charm'd us—for 'twas honest Nature all.  
How oft, when scarce an effort would appear,  
He drew the Giant's bow of Genius here !  
Seem'd like a random shooter in the dark,  
But never—never fail'd to hit the mark.  
Various his range ;—but, in the peasant vein,  
“ We ne'er may look upon his like again.”  
’Twas his, well studied in the rustic school,  
To shew the arch, the vicious, and the fool ;  
’Twas his, with matchless humour to pourtray  
The *Lumps* and *Dandie Dinmonts* of his day ;  
’Twas his, in *Tyke*, with truth's resistless force,  
To fill the lowly villain with remorse ;  
’Twas his to feel, too, with becoming pride,  
How Talent can support its own fire side :  
’Till—in his prime alas !—of life bereft,  
Life's dearest objects shelterless were left.  
Patrons of Genius ! Guardian of Distress !  
Friends of the Destitute and Fatherless !  
For you, his Widow will her prayer repeat—  
For you, his Children's grateful bosoms beat !  
And may his spirit, now look down and view  
The succour they obtain this night from You !

## ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.

August 6.—GORDON, *the Gipsy*. The plot of this piece is founded, we believe, on one of the tales of HOGG, the "*Ettrick Shepherd*." The following is an outline:—*Gordon*, the laird of Drummond's Keep, taking up arms with his clan in favour of the *Stuarts*, is by his former friend, *Gavin Cameron* [ROBOTHAM], who had been bribed by the English Government party, drowned in the loch on the borders of which his own tower stood ; and is rewarded for the deed with the gift of the tower and lands of Drummond's Keep. The young *Gordon* [T. P. COOKE], on the discomfiture and dispersion of the rebel troops, becomes a wandering outlaw, and connects himself with a gang of Gipsies, who make him their Chief. Fired with the double desire of avenging upon *Cameron* the death of his father, and the downfall of his clan, and of possessing himself of the person of *Alice* [Miss CARR], the niece of *Cameron* ; he lurks about the shores of the loch, until by closely watching *Cameron*, he discovers his secret method of entering the tower, and gaining admission under the assumed appearance of *Allan Cameron*, the son of *Gavin*, who had also been outlawed for joining the rebel forces 16 years before, is received and sheltered by old *Cameron*, as his long lost son, though disowned by *Alice*, as her cousin and lover, and declared by *Marian Moome* [Mrs. BRYAN], an aged Highland woman, (who had nursed both *Allan* and *Gordon*, and knows him by his disjointed wrist) to be no *Cameron*, but a *Gordon*, and a dire enemy. A reward of 100*l.* having been offered for the head of *Gordon the Gipsy*, old *Marian* having failed in an attempt to assassinate him, introduces into the tower a party of King's troops to apprehend him ; but *Cameron* declaring that he is his own son, *Allan*, the officer arrests him as a proclaimed rebel under that name, and is about to march him off under an escort when *Cameron*, raising the trap-door of the secret entrance, enables him to escape by the loch. *Cameron* and *Alice* are presently afterwards surprised and carried off by the Gipsies to their haunt, where *Gordon* dragging him into a boat, sows with him to the spot in the middle of the lake where he

had drowned his father, and is about to plunge him in when a party of troops, guided by the peasantry to the Gypsies' haunt, set fire to their cabins, and with a volley put an end to *Gordon*, at the moment of his heaving *Cameron* out of the boat, and the curtain falls amidst the rejoicings of the peasantry and soldiers. The piece abounds with incidents and situations of considerable interest; and the characters are appropriate to the scenes. The main action is much enlivened by several songs to well-known Scottish airs, sung with much sweetness by BROADHURST, in the character of *Dunbar*, a young suitor of *Alice*; and by the eccentricities of *Gillispie Farantosh*, landlord of the Blue Sheep's Head public-house, which are given by WILKINSON with that quaintness and drollery peculiarly his own—one of the most laughable things about him is a long fowling-piece, with which he informs us he can "*shoot into the middle of next week*." The enterprising boldness, and wily cunning, which blend in the character of the *Gipsy*, were forcibly marked in the animated and imposing style of Mr. COOKE's acting who, in the personation of characters of the vindictive and terrific cast, is certainly unrivalled — The conscience-stricken, care-worn *Cameron*, was effectively played by ROBOTHAM, who really displayed more feeling and nature than we thought he possessed. Miss CARR infused into the trifling part of *Alice*, all the interest of which it was susceptible; and Mrs. BRYAN succeeded to admiration in grafting upon the feebleness of age the infuriated frenzy of the excited passions of a crazy old Highland woman. A variety of beautiful scenery was exhibited in the course of the piece, among which the view of a *Scotch Village at evening*; the *Tower of Drummond's Keep*; the *Loch by Moon-light*; and the *Gypsies' Haunt*, were particularly noticed; and "*The Gypsies Glee*," of the late Mr. REEVES, was introduced and well executed in the first act. The piece was well received, and has been performed since, nightly.

15th.—GIL BLAS.—This long promised novelty was this evening produced with all the "pomp and circumstance" which might have been expected from the extraordinary note of preparation. It was a bold experiment to embody the whole history of *Gil Blas* in a single Opera, and appeared at first likely to fail, but it has since become a

very great public favourite. Most of our readers are well acquainted with the entertaining novel of that name, and a reference to it will enable them to trace the hero of the Drama through every particular of the greater part of his career. *Gil Blas* [Miss KELLY], having set out in quest of his fortune, falls in with the banditti, who take him to their subterranean cavern, where he finds a fellow prisoner *Donna Mencia* [Miss CAREW], with whom he succeeds in making his escape to Valladolid. Here the part of the hero is assumed by Mr. PEARMAN, who finally succeeds in obtaining the fair hand of his beloved *Donna Mencia*. This concludes the third act, and an interval of no less than twenty-seven years is supposed to have elapsed between that and the fourth, when *Gil Blas de Santillane*, high in office, is presented to us in the goodly person of Mr. BARTLEY. Miss KELLY again makes her appearance in the scene as his fair and youthful daughter *Antonia*, who is beloved by the Sovereign *Philip IV.* His Majesty assumes several disguises, and proves the integrity of *Gil Blas*, upon whom temptation only serves to shed a brighter lustre ; and after lamenting that it is not his fate to possess *Antonia's* innocent heart, joins her hands with those of her lover *Don Gaston* (Mr. BROADHURST), and so concludes the Piece.

✓ The great fault of the Piece is its extreme length—it commenced at 7 and was not concluded till 12 o'clock ; however, it did not disappoint the expectations of the public which were highly excited. It has put in requisition all the talent and strength of the company, which are aided by the minor attractions of gorgeous dresses and beautiful scenery. The hero is accompanied through every stage of his eventful history by two personages who, as the times change, also vary their occupations, which, indeed, are not of a very honest character. These are *Picaro* [WRENCH] and *Ambrose de Lamela* [WILKINSON] to whom the author has given the utmost scope for the display of their peculiar talents. We have all the rich and whimsical quaintness of WILKINSON and the inimitable *nonchalance* and bustling vivacity of WRENCH. Miss KELLY acted with great sprightliness as the hero, but she was much more delightful as the simple and tender-hearted *Antonia*. Miss CAREW and BROADHURST warbled with delicious sweetness, and BART-



LEY, in the concluding Act, exhibited a fine picture of sterling integrity, uncorrupted by the smiles of fortune or the allurements of power. The music possesses considerable merit, particularly the overture. The scenery is uncommonly good, particularly the subterranean cavern, and the escape from thence was managed with a fine Melo-Dramatic effect. The Piece met with considerable disapprobation, but when Mr. BARTLEY came forward to announce that "after the obviously necessary curtailments were made the Piece would be repeated"—the ayes were evidently in his favour. We subjoin one of the many songs in the Piece which are generally distinguished by a smooth versification and tenderness of expression:—

SONG—GIL BLAS.

Oh ! pleasant eyes of an azure light  
 Were never made for the lonely cell,  
 And the gentle forehead, all snowy bright !  
 Becomes not the hood's grey shadow well.  
 Sweet lips ! sweet rose leaves, dew besprent,  
 Are not to read what sorrow reads ;  
 Nor are warm and pearly fingers meant  
 To count but rosary beads !

There's a tender glance for the azure eye,  
 That dyes it of a tenderer blue,  
 And the rich and careless curls that lie  
 On the glowing forehead adorns its hue ;  
 A kiss to the rosy lips is best—  
 Oh ! better than all the midnight lore ;  
 And the warm and pearly fingers prest,  
 Drop rosaries on the floor.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

At the present season of the year, when every thing wears a gay and smiling appearance, the mind is most readily disposed to receive impressions of a congenial description, and its efforts for the expulsion of melancholy thoughts are commonly successful, and they are generally assisted by external objects. Those who are fond of theatrical entertainments therefore are eager for those performances which will act as "feelers" upon their sensitiveness of enjoyment

and draw forth “ nothing loath ” that good humour which is delighted to find itself ushered into a scene of gaiety and animation. The visitors of this house have, during the past month, had all their mirthful anticipations realized in as full a degree as even the associations of the Haymarket were calculated to excite. “ *She Stoops to Conquer* ”—“ *The Marriage of Figaro* .”—“ *John Buzzby* .”—“ *Peeping Tom* .”—“ *Heir at Law* .”—“ *Killing no Murder* .”—“ *Hypocrite* ,” and other laughter creating pieces performed in the finest style imaginable, have drawn nightly crowds, and which have rendered the production of novelty perfectly needless. Our task, therefore, this month, with respect to this Theatre becomes comparatively easy.

August 3. This evening introduced a new and great source of attraction in the person of a most elegant and accomplished singer, a Miss PATON, who made her appearance as *Susanna* in the “ *Marriage of Figaro* .” The qualifications of this young lady are of the highest order and the most varied excellence. Her acting is full of animation, and her voice has a rich and silvery sweetness which, with judgment and experience, must ever make it pleasing and attractive. She was received with the highest favour, and has since repeated several characters with increased effect.

24th. FAMILY JARS !—A new Farce was produced under this title. It was extremely well received ; but, from the press of matter, we must defer the Plot, &c. till our next.

### SURREY THEATRE.

August 5.—THE MURDERER ! or, *The Devoted Son* .

“ Our stage precariously exists too long,  
On *French translation* and *Italian song* .”—

This has been an *old* adage, but whether it be a *true* one or otherwise we leave to wiser heads than ours to determine. For ourselves, if we feel entertainment from the production, we care but little whether it be from an English, a German, or a French pen, although our frequent seizures on the Dramas of the German and French certainly intimates a decay in our own talent for Dramatic writing. But we must, in justice, speak well of those pieces which have been transplanted from the Parisian capital to

our own; they certainly have had incident, and ingenious contrivances, to ensure a recommendation, and are generally worked up to a pitch of intense interest that makes them in the long run great favourites with the public. A considerable difference, however, may be marked between the German, and the French Melo-Drama—the phlegm of the German requires something a little stronger than nature to arouse it, their Drama, therefore, seizes the imagination with more force, contains, perhaps, more of character, and its incidents are more striking, wonder and horror are its principal objects; but the French is more gentle and delicate; it rather fascinates and insinuates, its character is wild, and its incidents please rather from a delicate and fanciful construction, the surprise it excites is mingled with mild and pleasing sensations, and it generally addresses the milder feelings. Imminent danger, desperate villany, situations of horror, escapes and catastrophes which confound the senses by their boldness and unexpectedness, are the features of the one; pathetic situations, tender shades of character, subtly artificial incidents, a *finesse* too fine to be traced, of the other. Perhaps the German has the greater merit as partaking more of mind and energy than the other—but, the French being of a lighter description will, we think, always be the most acceptable. The present Piece translated by Mr. AMHERST is of this nature: composed of mysterious and pathetic events all springing from natural causes, with a climax which rivets the attention even to a painful degree. The following is a sketch of the plot:—*Stephano*, [H. KEMBLE] a Sicilian of tolerable repute, but secretly connected with a formidable gang of robbers, having lost his infant son, whose god father had left him an annuity determinable on the death of the boy, carries off the child of *Count Ferrara* [BENGOUGH] a Spanish Nobleman exiled from his country through the intrigues of his political enemies, on a charge of high treason, (whose house in the vicinity of Messina is racked and destroyed by the banditti with whom *Stephano* is leagued,) and brings him up as his own. The Drama opens with the preparations for the nuptials of *Julio* this suppositious son [BURROUGHS] grown up to man's estate, with *Maria* [Miss HUDDART] the daughter of *Madame Laurenti* [Mrs. WESTON]. The ex-

pected union, however, is broken off by the mother of the Lady, in consequence of the discovery from the death bed confession of an old domestic, of *Stephano* having been concerned in a robbery, some years previous, of *Madame Laurenti's* house, and also in the destruction of that of *Count Ferrara*, who is, at the time, living in a secluded retreat among the ruins of an old Abbey, under the name of *Marcello*. Fearful of the power which this discovery gives *Madame Laurenti* over his life, and dreading the disappointment of those hopes which depended upon the union of *Julio* with *Maria*, *Stephano* determines by the murder of that Lady to remove at once the object of his fears and the obstacle of his designs; and effects his purpose by entering her chamber at day break on the morning fixed for the marriage, and stabbing her in her sleep. *Julio* approaching the villa in hopes of a parting interview with *Maria* encounters his supposed father, rushing from it with blood-stained hands and reeking dagger, and, gathering from him the horrid reality, is plunged into those agonizing horrors of mind, which may be supposed naturally to overwhelm a virtuous and ingenious young man in such a situation. He gives vent to the expression of his detestation of the foul deed, and of his loathing for the perpetrator; but the strength of filial affection determines him, at all hazards, to conceal his knowledge of the assassin. The news of the murder quickly spreads abroad, and *Julio's* hands being stained with blood from contact with those of *Stephano*, and the dagger of the latter, which *Julio* had picked up from the ground where it had fallen, and hidden in his bosom lest it should lead to detection, being found upon him, he is arrested on suspicion of the murder. The unconcern of his supposed father at the awful situation of his son, combined with other circumstances, lead to his being closely watched and questioned, and the seizure of *Uberti* [COOKE] the accomplice of *Stephano*, and the discoveries which he makes at length bring conviction home to the murderer and restore *Julio* to the arms of his real father and of his bride, and the Piece concludes with *Stephano* shooting *Uberti* when in the act of making his confessions, and then stabbing himself to escape the torture.

From this delineation it will be seen this piece abounds in situations of the most powerful nature, and the interest was well sustained by the acting of the several performers. Mr. BENGOUGH did ample justice to the calm, dignified, and scrutinizing perseverance of *Count Feraria*, and KEMBLE gave considerable effect to the petrifying steadfastness in villany of *Stephano*. Mr. BURROUGHS distinguished himself by his pourtrayal of the struggles of an ingenious youthful mind in the conflict of love with filial affection, and of both with the dread of infamy. His acting in the murder scene when secreting the dagger from the eyes of *Maria* was most forcible and truly creditable to his judgment—it drew forth peals of approbation. Miss HUDDART was rather interesting in *Maria*. The introduction of *Pedro*, a foolish servant, to *Madame Laurenti* aiming always to speak correctly but never in the right, played by WYATT, enlivened the more pathetic scenes. Mrs. WESTON's *Madame Laurenti* was highly respectable. The scenes consisting of beautiful Sicilian mountains, stupendous waterfalls, and delightful gardens, it is only necessary to observe, were painted by TOMKINS, WILSON, and PITT. They were *chef d'ouvres*. The Piece was received throughout by marked approbation and has since been nightly performed to overflowing houses.

### ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE.

August 12.—ALEXANDER *the Great*, and THALESTRIS *the Amazon*.—The career of “AMMON's god-like son” is a theme well known, and well calculated for a display of Eastern grandeur—and in fact is more adapted for the peculiar performances of this theatre than any we are acquainted with. The present piece embodies several of that hero's most celebrated actions, as his triumphal entry into Babylon—his victory over the Indian king *Porus*—his quarrel with, and murder of the brave *Clytus*—and his various rencontres with the celebrated *Thalestris*. Each point capable of affording a splendid display has been seized, and the great extent of complicated scenery which the immense stage of this theatre presents at times during the piece is truly wonderful. The long round of characters which appear in the



course of the drama were tolerably well sustained, although, taken in the aggregate, the *corps dramatique* of this house is, we must own, somewhat defective. HERRING was particularly excellent—and gave the bluff old *Clytus* with a degree of truth and spirit well deserving of commendation. His parody on “*We’re a’ Noddin*,” which was sung with great humour, was rewarded with a loud *encore*. Of MAKEEN’S *Alexander* we can say nothing whatever in praise. He appeared totally unmindful of the business of the scene, and marred in almost every place the interest otherwise attendant on it, with the most perfect *nonchalance*. We think he was rather overheated “with the luscious grape divine.” Mrs. MAKEEN’S lofty stature and commanding mien assimilated with our ideas of the masculine female *Thalestris* very well. She acted and fought with spirit and agility. She should, however, be careful of elevating her voice too high, as the loftier notes have an unbending harshness in them that is grating to the ear. Miss PRICE, as *Statira*, shone like a bright star in a clouded hemisphere; she was graceful and interesting, and her performance altogether of a delicate and touching nature. SLADER had a short part and a decent parody on “*Charlie is my darling*,” to both of which he gave as much effect as they admitted. Miss HEALEY as *Rheta*, (an attendant on *Statira*) sung and danced bewitchingly, and gave the highest satisfaction. The actors, however which most delighted the audience, were the quadrupeds, whose *unaffected zeal* and *natural acting* called forth shouts of approbation. These sensible animals appeared in many instances to have a far better idea of *stage effect* than many of their two-legged brother actors, and were often so adroit that they “quite shamed the rogues.”

“Where’er with *four* legs native talent is blest,  
The manager’s patronage doubly is due;  
It goes twice as far, and has twice as much zest,  
As where the dull rascals have only got *two*.”

The equestrian evolutions into which their services were pressed were executed with admirable precision. They waded through rivers, mounted perpendicular platforms, and immense waterfalls, opened gates, and were shot dead in an instant. But we have not space to recount their astonishing manœuvres; they must be seen to be admired. The

processions with which the piece abounds are magnificent in the extreme, particularly *Alexander's Entry* into Babylon, attended by immense war chariots, &c. The whole of the Scenery, by SCRUTON, without an exception was beautiful—those scenes particularly so, were the stupendous *Waterfalls* in the 2d act; *Alexander's Banquet*; the *Camp of Porus*; *Statira's Bower*; *Triumphal Arch*; and *fortified Palace of the Indian King*.

### SADLER'S WELL'S THEATRE.

August 12th.—JOAN OF ARC; or, the *Maid of Orleans*.

Of all dramatic productions, those founded on historical facts are undoubtedly the most interesting and instructive. The actual “*deeds of days of old*” and feats of other years, rise before the vision, and enwrapping the mind, as in a dream, spell-bind us with their witchery, and present us with scenes of historic truth, and pictures which leave upon the senses—an impression of never-fading brilliancy. What else is it that gives such a lasting vitality to the exhibitions of the heroic and glorious achievements of a *Hotspur*, a *Wallace*, a *Henry*, or a *Brutus*? What, but the delight which pervades the mind—at beholding represented in “*very life*” those delicious remembrances which we have derived from the perusal of their great and good deeds recorded on the historic page. It is a vitality which not all the wondrous adventures of the hero's and heroines of of romance, the *Blue Beards*, *Aladdins*, *Undines*, and *Gnome Kings* of the day combined together can ever possess; they leave no impression on the mind, we feel they are unworthy of notice and they are forgotten “*o'th' instant*.” On the contrary we view *fact not fiction*—we find ourselves warmed with the glow of enthusiasm while contemplating the chivalric ardour of the hero of Agincourt or the fiery *Percy*—we shed the tear of fraternal affection with the stern unbending dignity of the Roman *Brutus*, and weep o'er the tender woes of the virtuous *Lucretia*; we mark the odious career of unchecked vice terminate with despair and a wretched end in the adventures of a *Shore*, a *Richard*, or *Macbeth*, and we feel an inexpressible sensa-

tion of pleasure and delight at the reward of virtue in the persons of a *Cordelia*, a *Damon*, and a *Pythias*.—These are feelings worthy of ourselves and the admirable subjects on which we lavish them, they are feelings which scarcely any fictitious tale is able to call forth and they ultimately lead to the best results.

Among the most singular, and astonishing facts related in history, the mission and deeds of the heroic JOAN D'ARC form a most conspicuous figure. Indeed the whole appears to partake more of the wondrous relations usually found in romances, than of a grave historic truth. The facts, however, are too well authenticated to permit the shadow of a doubt for a moment to be indulged. JOAN D'ARC, called "*The Maid of Orleans*," was born in 1407, in the village of Domremi, near Vaucoleurs, on the borders of Lorraine. She had lived for some time servant at an inn, where she had been accustomed to ride the horses of her master's guests to water; and though only twenty-one years of age, her employment and conversation with the company had given her a degree of boldness above her sex and she listened with pleasure to the tales of martial achievements, those constant topics in a warlike age.—The calamities of her country, and the distress of her sovereign, CHARLES VIIth became the objects of her waking thoughts and nightly dreams. She was inflamed with the desire of avenging on the English the miseries they had inflicted upon France; and an ignorant mind might possibly mistake the impulse of her passions for heavenly inspirations. She procured admission to BAUDRECOURT, governor of Vaucoleurs; she declared that she had been exhorted by frequent visions and distinct voices to achieve the delivery of her country; and the governor equally credulous himself, or sufficiently penetrating to foresee the effect such an enthusiast might have on the minds of the vulgar granted her an escort to the French court, which at that time was held at Chinon, in Touraine. On her arrival she is said to have distinguished CHARLES from his courtiers though divested of every ensign of royalty; to have revealed a secret to him unknown to all the world beside himself; and to have demanded and described by particular marks a sword she had never seen and which she required as the instrument of her future victo-

ries; she asserted she was commissioned to raise the siege of Orleans, and to conduct her lawful prince to Rheims, to be there crowned and anointed king of the French.—CHARLES and his ministers pretended to examine her pretensions with scrupulous exactness; they affected to be convinced of her supernatural powers; she was publicly countenanced by an assembly of doctors and theologians, and by the parliament, then residing at Poitiers. Her mission was pronounced to be divine, and the spirits of the despairing people were elevated by the hope that heaven had declared itself in favour of suffering France. The English were at that time besieging Orleans, the last resource of CHARLES, and every thing indicated a speedy surrender.—JOAN undertook to raise the siege, and to render herself still more remarkable, girded herself with the miraculous sword, of which she before had such extraordinary notices, she displayed in her hand a consecrated banner, and ordering the soldiers to confess themselves, with an astonishing assurance confidently promised them success. The spirits of the French were raised, and in proportion those of the English (who pretended to despise her efforts) were depressed; in the event they were compelled to raise the siege, JOAN leading on the besieged with her own hand and encouraging with her words and actions, brought them to the trenches and overpowered the enemy in their own redoubts. In the attack of one of the forts she was wounded in the neck with an arrow; but instantly pulling out the weapon with her own hands, and getting the wound quickly dressed she hastened back to head the troops and planted the victorious banner on the ramparts of the enemy. These successes continuing, the EARL OF SUFFOLK retired to Jergeau; he was there invested by the French, again animated by the presence of JOAN, and in ten days the town was taken by assault and SUFFOLK himself made prisoner. JOAN entered the town in triumph at the head of her army. The constable RICHEMONTE pressed the remnant of English who endeavoured to retreat; they were overtaken at the village of Patay; oppressed by their fears, they scarcely awaited the charge; 2000 were slaughtered, and among the numerous captives were TALBOT and SCALES. Thus the *Maid of Arc* had early fulfilled great part of her mission; but the most ardu-

ous enterprize, that of conducting the king to Rheims yet remained to be executed. The city itself lay far distant from any place possessed by CHARLES; it was in the hands of the English and the whole road leading to it lay through their garrisons. Yet JOAN insisted on the execution of her design; the king himself shook off his general indolence, and resolved to follow the exhortations of his youthful prophetess—the nobility crowded to his standard; he began his march with 12,000 men, passed through the enemy's country without interruption, received in his progress the submission of Troyes; was instantly admitted into Rheims, the inhabitants of which drove out the English, and in that city he was solemnly inaugurated; the *Maid of Orleans* standing by his side in complete armour and displaying during the ceremony her holy banner. The claim of CHARLES immediately received a new lustre, all the towns in the neighbourhood instantly revolting from the English. With the coronation at Rheims, JOAN declared her mission had expired, and that it was her wish, having fulfilled her promises, to return to her former humble condition. Overcome by the importunities of the Court of DUNOIS to persevere till the English were totally expelled, she threw herself into Compeigne, then besieged by the DUKE of BURGUNDY. In a sally on the quarters of the DUKE of LUXEMBOURG she was deserted by her friends, surrounded by her enemies, and after a gallant resistance made prisoner. She is supposed to have been betrayed by the envy of the French, who began to repine at every success being attributed to her influence, and the neglect of CHARLES, who made not the slightest effort to procure her release, proves that he no longer expected to derive any benefit from the instrument he had adopted. The DUKE of BEDFORD purchased from JOHN of LUXEMBOURG this important captive, and prevailing on the BISHOP of BEAUVAIS to prostitute the sacred name of religion to the prosecution that was meditated, they had her tried by an ecclesiastical court for sorcery, impiety, idolatry, and magic. JOAN defended herself with becoming firmness, but she was already prejudged; her revelations were declared to be the inventions of the devil to delude the people, and she was sentenced to be delivered over to the secular arm. It is with indignation and disgust



the reader must peruse her fate; she was found guilty of heresy and witchcraft, and sentenced to be burnt alive in the market place, at Rouen; which infamous decision was executed with brutal severity in A. D. 1432.

Such are the principal events of the career of this most extraordinary female, and it will be seen they furnish admirable scope for the imagination of a dexterous dramatist. Mr. BALL, who we believe is the author of the present piece has seized upon some of the most striking incidents of her life and has wrought them into a rather interesting drama, but he has in many places (and we think without occasion) departed too much from the truth of history. We are really somewhat surprised that Mr. B. who appears to possess great talent for dramatic composition, should have allowed so glorious a subject as the present to "waste its sweetness in the desert air" of such a paltry theatre as Sadler's Wells. It is a theme well worthy of his abilities, and on which he might have extensively dilated. A better foundation for the superstructure of a tragedy we are scarcely acquainted with, and we think from Mr. BALL's acknowledged abilities an emanation might have sprung which would have added a permanent laurel to his fame. We certainly advise him to desert from the regiment in which he seems to have enlisted himself, and leaving the composition of pitiful melo-drama's to those celebrated adepts in the art, MILNER, BARRYMORE, AMHERST, and KERR, aspire to an elevation, he appears so capable of attaining.

In the present piece Mrs. EGERTON enacted the enthusiastic heroine, and her personation was an animated and powerful performance. She embodied the gallant and impetuous spirit of *Joan* with great justness;—the burst of sorrow with which she hung over the body of her father, and her address to her judges on her trial were beautifully displayed, together with her bold yet resigned demeanour at the place of execution. Her costume was also highly appropriate and elegant. The *Charles* of Mr. LEWIS was decently performed. KEELEY played *Valianto*, a cowardly peasant, more fond of the "girls of the valley" than a field of battle, with a considerable portion of rich humour.—STRICKLAND as *De Cameral*, the father of *Joan*, was much and deservedly applauded. CAMPBELL, who played the

treacherous *General Beauvais*, is a very effective actor, but he always speaks as if he had his mouth filled with plumbs. Miss JOHNSTONE gave satisfaction as *Lucille*, the sister of *Joan*, and VALE as *Florino*, *Lucille's* lover, was respectable. The piece has been got up with much splendour. The public entry of *Joan* into Orleans, herself in splendid armour, mounted on a rich caparisoned steed,—the inauguration of the *King* at Rheims, and the solemn procession of *Joan* to the fatal pile, were extremely grand, the dresses and decorations are superb, and the scenery by GREENWOOD, surpasses any thing latterly produced at this theatre. *The Market-place at Rouen*, *Inn*, *Distant Lake and Mountains by sun-set and moonlight*, and the *Entrance of Orleans*, are entitled to particular approbation.—The piece was announced for repetition with tumultuous applause, and has been continued every evening with encreased *eclat*.

The following neat

### OCCASIONAL ADDRESS,

*Was Spoken by MRS. EGERTON, in the Character of  
Joan of Arc.*

What an escape ! I'm almost out of breath,  
Those monsters would have put poor Joan to death ;  
Fire and the sword's their glory and their trade,  
Ecod they'd soon make tinder of a maid.  
Burnt for a witch !—her foes made judge and jury !  
Enough to cool her military fury.  
And then her crime—'twas sure a monstrous thing  
To kill a maid because she lov'd her King !  
Thank heav'n we live in more enlightened times,  
Nor change a heroine's virtues into crimes.

*Joan* is an ancient name for centuries known,  
Our grand-dams lov'd to hear of Bobbing *Joan*.  
I cannot tell you by what happy chance,  
She first became an English country dance ;  
Tho' waltzing and quadrilling have of late  
Put good old English dancing out of date.  
Then you've all heard of Darby and his *Joan*,  
A pattern that all married folks should own ;

They nothing knew of matrimonial strife—  
An honest, loving, jog-trot man and wife.  
Pope *Joan* had lovers too ; in days of yore,  
Ere fashion turn'd the good dame out of door,  
When strong old stingo made our fathers merry,  
Long, long before the birth of Tom and Jerry,  
Such high Corinthians were not thought of then,  
We boasted quite another race of men,  
When *Joan of Arc* appear'd, the Orlean's maid,  
By heav'n inspir'd to give her country aid.  
How would our modern belles now stare to see,  
A female warrior arm'd thus *cap-a-pee* ;  
And 'stead of petticoats, which now prevail,  
Accoutred in a coat of shining mail !  
O ! for an army such, all then must yield,  
When conquering woman dares to take the field ;  
No longer Dandies should infest the land,  
But fly before the Amazonian band ;  
Nor trot along to learn the new's at *Peele's*,  
With brazen faces and with *iron heels*.  
Would not our ancestors, pray, think it odd,  
To see our youths, like Whitbread's horses, shod ?  
Their boots becreas'd, to keep them in their place,  
Wrinkled ere worn—to give the calves a grace.  
In short, all things are now turn'd upside down,  
We scarcely know men, manners, or the town.  
Yet what a charm does novelty possess,  
'Tis quite delightful—women all confess ;  
We fly to seek it in a neighb'ring nation,  
Bring fashions home, and dramas for translation ;  
And then to France the passage is made shorter,  
For now we've men who travel on the water.  
Ladies beware, and leave not off your flannel,  
When you propose to *walk* across the Channel.  
Nor could our forefathers of old e'er dream  
Of all the wonders now perform'd by steam ;  
'Tis brought to such perfection, that with ease,  
We go from Greenwich to the Thuilleries ;  
Indeed, 'tis whisper'd authors mean to try it,  
And make their comedies and farces by it.

Such are the changes time has brought to view,  
But may we meet, dear friends, *no change* in you ;

Still judge with candour—fan the gen'rous spark,  
 And patronise your suitor—*Joan of Arc*.  
 So shall she feel your favour with delight,  
 And glory in her conquest of to-night.

### COBOURG THEATRE.

August 19th.—EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE ! or *the Glories of England in 1356*.—Previous to our saying a sentence on this *astonishing* effort of “*native genius*,” we think we cannot do better than to insert the *Proclamation* with which its announcement is headed, and thereby suffer the author to speak to our readers himself :—

“The management of this Theatre *have* (1) much pleasure in announcing the completion of *their* extensive arrangements and the production of the long promised (2) historical Melo-Drama, by the author of the *Horatii and Curatii, Winning a Husband*,” &c. (3) which has occupied every department of this establishment for upwards of two months ; (4) they have observed (it is trusted with a proper

(1) This is breaking poor Priscian's head with a vengeance.

“Come JACKY KETCH, and tickle knaves like these,  
 Who murder *sense* and *syntax* as they please.”

(2) A fib !—The piece was only “promised” a week previous to its representation.

(3) We think this same gentleman was author of a *petite* piece, deservedly damned last season for its *delicate impurities*, called “*If the Cap fits ye, wear it*.” The present production “smells strongly,” in some of its scenes of bearing the same origin.

(4) Another fib :—A month ago, “*Auld Robin Gray*,” was in “active preparation.”—Three weeks since, “ALEXANDRA ; or the *Siege of Dantzic*,” was announced as being in rehearsal. Now, we cannot believe it possible, three pieces could have been in rehearsal at the same moment. We have been told that it is a custom with the Stage Manager of this house, whenever an attractive or pompous title strikes him, to immediately advertize it for representation, although not a line of it be written. We recollect “*The Knights of the Lion*,” and many other astounding

national feeling) a growing distaste (5) for the tumefactions (6) productions of the German and French schools, and they confidently submit the present performance as a specimen of *native talent* (7) both in regard to its poetry, (8) music, scenery, decorations and arrangement, and setting aside all *gasconading competition*, presume to hope their endeavours may not fall short of their patron's expectations.

"The object aimed at in the production of this Drama is to elucidate an unrivalled epoch in the history of our country, and to revive and cherish a patriotic veneration for one of the brightest names that adorn our annals; (9) to this end the piece has been constructed with the utmost attention to historical truth in its leading features, allowing, of course, a small degree of *Poetical license* (10) in the arrangement of them for Dramatic effect. The scenery is

titles being announced during his former management at this house and ASTLEY's, which never made their appearance.—This is rather a vile taste.

(5) If this be the fact—

"They must have eyes, where other folks are blind,  
As pigs are said to see the wind."

(6) "An elegant word that '*tumefactions*' truly," as our old friend TIM BOBBIN has it. Some of our readers may not, perhaps, be so deeply read as the "learned Theban and profound scholar" who penned this "unique" specimen of native genius. We, therefore, present them with an explanation from an "*Entick*" now before us.—"*TUMEFAC-TION*—The act of swelling—a swelling."

(7) Genius of SHAKSPEARE! Defend us from such specimens of native talent!

(8) If doggrell rhyme of the worst sort constitute poetry, this Poet has been poetizing to some purpose.—But "a *Bedlamite* would rhyme so for a year together." We have no doubt this literary organ of the Cobourg Theatre thinks he deserves to be placed "cheek by jowl" with the "Sweet Swan of Avon."

(9) Kind disinterested souls! Did they consider such a production as the present necessary for that purpose?

(10) Poetical license!—Has the author of this flummery "eaten of the insane root that takes the reason prisoner?"



painted, partly from actual observation, and the rest from the most accurate documents that exist at this time. The armour is copied from the identical suits worn by the various personages represented. The dresses and properties from faithful specimens handed down to us in the most celebrated authorities, and no expense nor labour has been spared by searching of ancient records in the public libraries of France as well as England, and by the employment of the most superior artists, in every department of the Theatre, to render this piece, *unique* in its kind, a suitable homage to the glorious deeds it presumes to pourtray, and a worthy offering to the discerning and generous public of the 19th century !”

It is now our turn to speak—although the writer of the above has taken the prerogative of criticism out of our hands, and rendered either praise or blame abortive and nugatory.—However, to our duty.—As a vehicle for gorgeous scenery, splendid dresses, and magnificent processions, the piece has, perhaps, no equal ; but, as for *poetry*, *plot*, incident, situation, or interest, we positively declare we could not discover the slightest share of either. The dialogue is below mediocrity, being composed of nothing but the vilest common-place and turgid bombast, interlarded with stale jests and still staler puns. The actors did as much for the “*Author*” as it was possible they could do—this we think extremely civil on their parts, as the “*Author*” had done so little for them. In fact this “*native*” bard was under immense obligations to Mr. HUNTLEY who played the *Black Prince*, Mr. SMITH who personated *Sir James Audley*, to Mr. GOMERSAL (as *Sir James Howard*,) and Mrs. BARKYMORE (as the *Princess Joan*,) who now and then kindly interposed to chase the *ennui* from the audience, which the frequent interruptions caused by long processions, combats, &c. tended to inspire. Connection between one scene and the other was entirely disregarded—the aim of the “*Author*” appearing to be merely the introduction of battles, combats, installations, marches and their attendant paraphernalias.

The understanding traced the plot in vain,  
Lost and bewildered in a fruitless search ;  
Nor saw with how much art the *windings* ran,  
Nor where the *regular confusion* ended !”

As the whole of this amphibious Drama was sedulously contrived for show, it will naturally be concluded, the scenery, decorations, &c. were magnificent in the extreme; "the broad beam of glare and glitter, neighing steeds and fighting men," were as showy as they could possibly be made by the most lavish profusion of theatrical pomp; light and lustre, all that could glitter and look gaudy was lavished on the scene; and to those who are chiefly amused by stage splendour, the piece ought to be highly attractive. The Battle of *Poitiers* was well represented, as was also the field, by moonlight, strewed with the dead and dying. The *Pavilion and Banquet*, at which *Edward* serves at the French King's table, with the admirable perspective of the English army, were truly excellent. The triumphal entry of the Prince and his captive into London, through Ludgate, attended by the civic, ecclesiastical, military and heraldic bodies, and the English Court, is also deserving of lavish commendation. The Installation of the Knights of the Garter, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, was not behind in magnificence. The following pictures, although somewhat too highly coloured, reflect the highest credit on the painters, STANFIELD, WILKINS and MORRIS.—*Bankside and Old London Bridge*, in 1356, *English Camp at Sunrise*, *Black Prince's Tent*, *French Seaport*, *Windsor Castle*, and many others. Indeed the thing is worth seeing, were it only for these beautiful specimens of the pencil.

HUNTLEY's performance of *Edward* was highly creditable to him throughout, but his voice, which at one time was the finest imaginable, appears to have left him considerably—it is but the "wreck of what it erst has been." His moralizing over the dead bodies on the field of *Poitiers* was extremely good, and was certainly the best written scrap in the whole gallimaufry. SMITH played gallantly. His dress was elegant in the extreme, and displayed his commanding figure to much advantage. He put us in mind of MILTON's *Satan*, who—

"Far above the rest in form and gesture,  
Proudly eminent, stood like a tower."

S. H. CHAPMAN was but so so. We advise him to change his dress for one more becoming. His whole appearance reminded us of an hog in armour, or a chimney-sweep on a May-day. GOMERSAL played *Howard* in a very superior

manner. Mrs. BARRYMORE delighted us by the ease and elegance with which she sustained the double character of *Page* to the *Prince*, and the *Fair Maid of Kent*. The comic parts, performed by SLOMAN, BEVERLEY, DAVIDGE, and HARWOOD, were in the usual style of those gentlemen's performances. See them in one part, and they are seen in all. No variety, no light, no shadow—but “soup for breakfast, soup for dinner, and soup for supper” constitutes their excellence in every character. There was no other character worthy of any notice excepting BRADLEY, who, as a French nobleman, fought bravely—and ANDERTON, as *King John*, who, instead of looking “every inch a king,” endeavoured to render himself as stupid as it may be supposed that monarch must have done, who was coward or madman enough, at the head of 100,000 men, to humiliate himself to a foe of only 9000. In this respect ANDERTON faithfully represented the character. We shall now conclude our remarks, some of which may appear rather severe, but we can assure our readers we have said nothing but what is founded on fact. We should not have bestowed so much labour on this composition of show, noise, and nonsense, had not we been desirous of disproving the “gasconading” assertions contained in the above most egregious puff, the writer of which, when he talks about “*Poetry*,” “*Music*,” “*Native Talent*,” &c. &c. certainly dilates upon subjects of which he has no more knowledge (to use a common phrase) “than the Man in the Moon.”

“*PHILIP QUARL, or the English Hermit*,” which was the afterpiece, was exceedingly well got up. SMITH's performance of *Quarl* was expressive, and the various shades of the character well delineated; his choice of costume was highly characteristic. CHAPMAN as the *Pirate*, and HOWELL as the *Captain*, sustained their characters excellently. But the little gentleman who exhibited his antics as the monkey *Beaufidelle*, delighted the galleries by his nimble exertions and frolics. The scenery was quite new and beautiful, and the piece altogether interesting.

Accounts of Cheltenham and Edinburgh Theatricals are unavoidably deferred till next month.

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Drawn by T. Wagenaar, Engraved by L. Rogers.

MISS CLARA FISHER,  
AS MADAME JOSEPHINE,  
IN THE ACTRESS OF ALL WORK.

*London, Published Aug<sup>t</sup> 1, 1822, by T & I. Evey, 30, Castle St. Holborn.*



# THE DRAMA;

OR,

## THEATRICAL

# POCKET MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1822.

“The play, the play’s the thing.”—HAMLET.

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EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF  
MISS CLARA FISHER.

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## TOWN TALK, No. VII.

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**EXTRAORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCE.**—An extraordinary circumstance occurred in the forenoon of Thursday se'n-night, at Messrs. RUSSELL and Co.'s waggon-office, in Exeter, which excited considerable alarm in the neighbourhood. Some chests belonging to the manager of the Exeter theatre were left there to be forwarded to Weymouth, preparatory to which their weight was about to be ascertained, according to the usual practice. The warehouseman who was superintending the weighing of one of the chests suddenly observed a smoke issue from it, and had scarcely time to inform his employers of the circumstance, when an explosion, accompanied with a hissing noise, like that of a wheel-rocket, took place within, which forced open one side of the chest. This occasioned considerable alarm, and to guard against any latent danger, the chest was removed into the street; but so much was the rumour spread, and so magnified by repetition, that two fire-engines were promptly brought to the premises. The chest, on being opened, was found to contain theatrical dresses, and a preparation for making what is termed "*Greek fire*," which by friction, or some other cause, had taken fire, and entirely destroyed the other contents of the chest, which were of considerable value. This was the extent of the accident; but it is extremely fortunate that it occurred in the daytime, when persons were on the spot; had it happened at night, or on the road to its destination, the event might have been very serious.

SINCLAIR, the celebrated vocalist, is now at Florence, completing an engagement as first tenor. He has received some very flattering honours in Italy. At the Opera at Pisa, during the Carnival, he sung before the GRAND DUKE, who was pleased to compliment him highly; and the Cassino, or Academy of Music at Bologna, the first in Italy, have elected Mr. S. an honorary Member of their Society.

Miss STEPHENS, it is said, will not appear at Covent Garden Theatre; next season. The story goes that she requires an addition to her salary, which the Manager thinks proper to refuse. Mr. ELLISTON, it is also said, has engaged her.

# THE DRAMA;

OR,

*THEATRICAL*

POCKET MAGAZINE.

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No. IV. SEPTEMBER, 1822. VOL. III.

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MISS CLARA FISHER.

“ I never knew so young a body with so old a head.”

SHAKSPEARE.

“ O 'tis a parlous girl,  
I spare my praises towards her—  
Knowing her 'tis enough.”

IBID.

IF this brilliant little creature is to be considered with reference only to her years, she is most assuredly beyond all competition—and such, indeed, is the general way of looking at the question. But whether it be right or wrong, a vice or a virtue, in us, we cannot bring ourselves to consider things after this fashion : we must criticise every work of art precisely as we find it, without at all adverting to the circumstances of its production. Nor does it in any way augment our pleasure in reading a poem, to be told that it

was composed by a shepherd, as in the case of HOGG, or a rustic as in that of CLARE, or by a shoemaker in that of BLOOMFIELD. What is it to us who *writes*, or who *acts*, so that the writing, and the acting itself be *good*?—And if it is not, how is the matter mended to us, by being told that the author or the artist could not do any better? The quality of the production is all that concerns the spectator, who if he be not a child indeed, will scarcely call a picture excellent because it has been executed by the feet instead of the hands. It is quite intolerable to be called on to make allowance for want of time, or want of years, or for any circumstance of the artist, whatever may be his occupation. We wish to see things done *well*, and not *wonderfully*; and it is because Miss C. F. most exactly fulfils this condition, that we hold it a part of our duty to bring her before our readers. The professed object also of our work, is to catch dramatic manners, “living as they rise;” and as the extraordinary performances of this “little body with a mighty heart” have, for a considerable time past, engrossed a considerable share of public attention, we think no apology necessary for giving her a place among the portraits of those, who, though older in years, may be deemed by many as not having half the idea of what is necessary towards stage effect as this infantine ROSCIUS. Miss FISHER is really a clever actress, without reference to her years: indeed we are somewhat inclined to think, (from some private information we have received upon the subject) that she is considerably older in reality than appearance, and hold it no sign of good taste in her friends to keep up this *false seeming* by the artifices of dress. By giving her an older appearance the *wonder* of the business would doubtless be considerably lessened; but then she would be infinitely more assimilated to all her characters—even to such as *Priscilla Tomboy*, not to speak of *Crack*, in the “*Turnpike Gate*.” It is this vast difference of age between herself and the parts assumed, that frequently destroys the illusions of her talent. The distinction between childhood and youth is much more strongly defined than that between youth and age; KEMBLE, at fifty-five, might personate *Hamlet*, and pass for that which he personated—but a child of ten can, by no stretch of the imagination be accepted for a man of

thirty—the voice, the form, the features, are all too powerfully opposed to such an occasion. The very perfection of Miss F.'s acting has often made us feel this truth; the more correctly she plays such characters as *Crack*, the more we are struck by the violent discord of the assumed part with the tones and figure of the child—there is a want of harmony between the two, that will at times jar most painfully on the imagination. We beg to observe, however, that this remark does not at all apply to several of her characters: in *Little Pickle*, her age is more corresponding, and she is perfect; in *Priscilla Tomboy*, the inconsistency begins to be slightly felt, and she is not so good, although still excellent; and in the *Actress of All Work*, we hardly know what to say of her; all our feelings of the incongruity are lost and empowered in astonishment at the vivid correctness of her portraits. It was, indeed, a performance that made us wonder in despite of our reasoning against wonders, and would have been clever in any actress at any time of life. At the same time it has taught us, the origin of many of the objections advanced against Miss F. She does not want talent, but age to give a *vrai-semblance* to the conception and execution of that talent; for though the custom of the stage has reconciled the public to many great absurdities, it has not yet taught them to lose sight of the child in the actress. Among her many admirable personations, we must not forget the inimitable *Flimnap*, the very life and soul of the laughable farce of *Lilliput*, in which character she made her first appearance on the stage. The affected gravity, and jealous whims of the diminutive lord, were hit off with astonishing cleverness, and the subsequent miniature of *Richard III.*, was the finest specimen of burlesque the stage ever produced. So perfectly easy and true to nature was the performance throughout, that we shall never be persuaded to look upon her as a mere parrot, repeating by rote a lesson of which she comprehends not one syllable; but really are inclined to fancy her gifted with some intuitive faculty of comprehending the nature and effect of passions, which, from her tender age, it is morally impossible she can ever have experienced in reality. She certainly possesses a thorough idea of the humour and nature of whatever part she assumes—her by-



play is expressive—her actions—her tones, and the expression of her countenance, are always corresponding and appropriate.

Of her performance of the “cunning little *Isaac*,” in the “*Duenna*,” a daily critic thus excellently observes:—“This is a performance that can be only referred to as a *curiosity*. It is not to be expected that *Isaac* could be represented to the life, for stature and voice were insuperable bars to that, but we had the *soul* of *Isaac* put forth as distinctly as our little heroine’s physical powers would permit. The sagacity and humour—the excellent acting of the young prodigy were fully exhibited in this character ; and we laughed heartily at the comic interview between the little *Isaac* and the *Duenna* ; and we can safely say, that in Miss F.’s performance in this scene, there was hardly a point displayed by the late ‘little SIMMONS’ as he was called, (who was eminent in this character) but what Miss F. gave with wonderful truth and considerable effect. She has the great merit of always appearing *abstracted in her character* whatever it may be, which is the *grand art* that establishes a high histrionic reputation. There are too many performers on the stage, *who recognize the audience* in their acting by an eternal address of voice and eye to it. This totally destroys the illusion of the scene, and makes us only behold the *actor*, not the character.”

Miss FISHER is the fourth and youngest daughter of Mr. FISHER, some years since proprietor of the Steyne library, at Brighton, and was born on the 14th of July, 1811. From the moment that infantine perception commenced, she exhibited a considerable degree of observation and feeling. In the nurse’s arms she shewed a passionate fondness for music, which was her first characteristic ; and shewed by every sign of extreme delight her partiality for some tunes, whilst others that were not agreeable to her ear, were opposed by every indication of aversion. Music to the infant is *language*, and the child decided on its expressions by the same powers that an adult would of appeals of eloquence addressed to his feelings. She discoursed with *sounds*, and evidently received and communicated ideas under the influence of harmony. Dr. WILLIAMS, known under the appellation of ANTHONY PASQUIN, who was acquainted with Miss FISHER’S

family, alludes in his "*Dramatic Censor*" to her, (then not many months old,) as an instance of wonderfully premature endowment. Miss O'NEILL's appearance in London induced Mr. FISHER, (then resident there) to take his family to see her performance, and amongst them CLARA, then four years old. The play was "*Jane Shore*," and from the impression made on her mind by that admirable actress, may be dated the ardent bias for the stage which has ever since imbued her mind, and which nothing has been able to conquer. On her return home, it is said she went through in *dumb show* a great part of the performances she had witnessed; and soon after being taken to the Olympic, where a clown danced a grotesque dance, on her return home, she went through *every step* with all the humour, grimace, and distortion she had recently seen. It was in 1817, that event happened which led her at once into public notice. Mr. D. CORRI, composer of the music in the "*Travellers*," &c. had made an arrangement with the manager of D. L. T. for a performance there of GARRICK's burletta of "*Lilliput*," (1) by young persons between the ages of six and ten, and who were mostly his pupils. Miss CLARA was invited to the rehearsal with which she was highly pleased, and being prompted, no doubt, by the consciousness of her own powers, as well by a desire to gratify her prevailing taste, she requested permission to join the juvenile *corps dramatique*.

Her parents having consented, a tangible taste of her quality became requisite. Accordingly, Mr. FISHER caused his eldest daughter to read to her the speech in *Jane Shore*, that begins, "O thou most righteous Judge!" which she acquired perfectly in a few minutes. This she spoke at the ensuing rehearsal of Mr. CORRI's pupils, with such correctness, beauty of articulation, and just emphasis, that a large party of theatrical amateurs who were present expressed

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(1) This burlesque was originally produced for Woodward's benefit, in 1756, and is said to have been planned, written, and got up in a month. It was then principally performed by boys—on the present occasion, (with the exception of *Gulliver*) it was wholly played by females. The success attending its revival, was truly extraordinary.

the utmost astonishment and delight. Her praises now resounding on all sides, the manager of Drury-lane Theatre was induced to include her among the performers of "*Lilliput*," which was altered for the occasion, with the addition of songs, and a Masque written by Mr. FISHER, in which was introduced the last act of "*Richard III.*" for the purpose of bringing forward the little CLARA, (then just six years and a half old) in the character of the crook-backed usurper. On the 10th of December, 1817, she appeared on the Drury-lane stage, and, by her success in that arduous part, so little calculated for a juvenile performer, she laid the ground-work of her subsequent fame. Every one who had seen her, spoke in raptures of the talent she displayed ; and the consequence was, that the Lilliputian drama was repeated for seventeen nights, to crowded houses ; and Mr. HARRIS immediately afterward engaged her to perform at Covent-garden, which she did with equal *eclat*.

After concluding the part of *Richard*, on the first evening, at Drury-lane, she appeared in her own proper little person, and, with an easy and engaging air, a sweet and lively tone, and astonishing correctness of pronunciation, delivered the following Epilogue, written for the occasion by her father :—

Well, Sirs! what say you to our little play?  
 Must it expire, or live another day?  
 Will you permit, once more, our group to try  
 To raise your laughter, or to make you cry?  
 My spangled robes laid by, and waving plume,  
 In muslin frock, my sex I re-assume;  
 And though in simple dress I'm now arrayed,  
 I hope you'll not reject a little maid  
 Who sues for favour, for herself and those  
 Who, like herself, are now in common clothes.  
 And I assure you, Ladies, from my heart,  
 I like my robes much better than my part:  
 The shining spangles are to me so dear,  
 I'm come to ask—may I again appear?  
 O pray indulge me in this one request,  
 And I will strive to please you—and be drest!

On quitting Covent-garden Theatre, she was engaged by

Mr. ELLISTON to perform at Birmingham for a few nights, where she was equally well received as in London. Thence she proceeded to Bath and Bristol, where she performed on a stage erected in the Assembly Rooms, Princes-street, in June, 1818, and has since paid frequent visits to almost every considerable town in England and Scotland. She has performed the part of *Richard III.* above two hundred and fifty times, besides numerous other characters, both tragic and comic. It is now nearly five years since her first appearance at Drury-lane, and her improvement in every quality for the stage has been progressively marked. Her late engagement at the English Opera House, has proved a source of great emolument to the proprietor, crowds having nightly attended to witness the performances of *Crack*, *Mendoza*, &c. with which they have been nightly gratified. Her performances at this house concluded on Tuesday, July 31, with the following address—and it is reported she is engaged by Mr. ELLISTON for Drury Lane Theatre:—

Kind friends my hardest task's arrived at last,  
I'm come to thank you for all favors past;  
In faltering accents teach my tongue to tell,  
What pain I feel in bidding you farewell;  
My little heart will ever bear in mind,  
The gen'rous friends that I shall leave behind;  
Whose warm applause, so grateful to my heart,  
Embitters the sad thought that we must part;  
For something tells me that whene'er I roam  
From hence, I leave my best of friends! my home!  
For your bright smiles, and praise so sweetly kind,  
Have been re-echoed by my friends behind;  
Both managers and actors vie with you,  
To pay *much* kindness where so *little's* due.  
I hope you'll pardon me if I should say,  
You'll sometimes think of me when far away;  
Should time hang heavy, 'twill, perhaps, be said,  
"I wish that I could see the little maid;  
Who play'd as *Crack*, the *Actress*, and *Spoil'd Child*,"  
By your indulgence, if *indeed*, I'm spoiled.  
And for this night so honored by your aid,  
The benefit of me, your little maid:

I thank you *all*—grief fills my tearful eye,  
I can no more—Heaven bless you all!—Good bye !

One or two particulars we must not omit to mention, as proof of Miss CLARA FISHER's genuine talent for the arduous profession on which she has entered. Previous to her present visit to Bristol (where she was last week a spectator of "*Kenilworth*" and "*Life in London*") she had not seen above a dozen plays in the whole course of her life, and, excepting *Richard III.*, which she saw performed by Mr. KEAN, she has not seen one of those characters acted in which she is most celebrated ! Report has said that she was a pupil of Mr. KEAN ; but the fact is that her family are not personally acquainted with that gentleman, and Miss CLARA never saw him except on the stage. Her only instructor in the histrionic art is her own understanding and genius ; she fully comprehends her author, and enters freely into the spirit of the character she undertakes.

Neither Mr. FISHER nor any of his family was connected with the stage when little CLARA first displayed her bias for it. Her father is, (excepting as to music) her only instructor in the usual branches of education ; and to be the tutor of a child of such quick comprehension, and of a memory so astonishingly retentive, must be a delightful task. Mr. D. CORRI teaches her music and singing, in which she has already made great progress. The quality of her tone, both in speaking and singing, is remarkably fine, though not beyond what might be excepted from her tender age ; and her intonation is perfect.—[We would not, however, for sufficient reasons, unnecessary to be stated here, recommend any greater discipline in the cultivation of her voice as a singer than may be perfectly pleasant to herself, until after she has passed the age of fifteen or sixteen.]—In the society of her family and friends she is natural and unaffected, and seldom alludes to stage-performances, appreciating the merits of a doll and the fashion of its costume no less anxiously than any other little girl of her years.

Miss C. F., although so young, often reminds us of a late lamented and distinguished actress—indeed there appears, every probability, when time has increased her stature, and strengthened the powers of her voice, that she will from



her innate comic talent, become the JORDAN of her day. We hope to live to that period when we may recal the memory of her admirable juvenile efforts, and compare them with her matured representations. Yet, then, even, we are convinced, we shall only have to say that her genius is the *same*, although the means of conveying its brilliancy are extended over a greater space by her increased years. But whilst we look forward to her reaching, if not exceeding the histrionic fame of Mrs. JORDAN, we sincerely hope a far better and a happier fate will, under the direction of *prudence*, be the recompense of her excellent talents, and most commendable exertions.

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### MR. KEAN.

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[*Resumed from Page 119.*]

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“Master of thy great art.” MASSINGER.

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On the 25th of June, 1816, the cup was presented to our hero by Mr. PALMER, *then* father of the stage, who opened the ceremony by reading over the names of the donors (1), (with which and a quotation from MASSINGER, the cup was inscribed) and then addressed him as follows:—

“To make any individual comment after what has been unanimously expressed by the donation, would be superfluous; but believe this, *you* cannot feel more satisfaction in receiving the cup than *I* have pleasure in presenting it, by desire of the Ladies and Gentlemen whose names are here subscribed. Permit me to give you this cup, wishing you health, happiness, and long life to enjoy it.”

---

(1) The Right Hon. Lord BYRON, Hon. DOUGLAS KINNAIRD, Hon. G. LAMBE, S. DAVIES, Esq. CHANDOS LEIGH, Esq. Messrs. POPE, OXBERRY, PALMER, DIBDIN, RAE, WEWITZER, HARLEY, KNIGHT, POWELL, BRAHAM, PYNE, HUGHES, WYATT, G. SMITH, PEAKE, Madame STORACE, Mrs. BILLINGTON, Miss KELLY, Mrs. BLAND, Mrs. SPARKS, Mrs. MARDYN, Mrs. ORGER, and others of the Drury-lane corps, amounting to upwards of fifty persons.

Mr. KEAN then returned his thanks for the honour done him in the following manner :—

“Gentlemen, if I ever lamented the want of eloquence, I must do so on the present occasion, when I find myself incapable of expressing what I feel, or to reply to my friends in the glowing language which they have used. I cannot but lament my deficiency, and trust they will accept the honest dictate of my heart in the declaration, that I consider this as the proudest moment of my existence. In public favour there has been, there will be those that hold a superior rank to myself; I truly value the public approbation, but the favour I have gained in the opinion and attachment of my professional colleagues is most flattering to the best feelings of my heart, and the recollection of it shall never be effaced from my memory. It has ever been my study to obtain their good opinion, and this token of their regard I proudly conceive to be a testimony of the success of my endeavours.

“I shall study to be brief, but I must be insensible if I did not truly appreciate the honour conferred upon me in the present tribute, and the past attentions of the father of the stage. A just and commendable prejudice exists in favour of early impressions, and a compliment is increased when it comes from a veteran, (who remembers and venerates the old school) by whom the talents of GARRICK and BARRY are held in reverence, and who trod the stage along with them. The approbation of Mr. PALMER therefore comes to me with peculiar gratefulness.

“Permit me to conclude by saying, that however honourable to my feelings, I should receive this valuable mark of your commendation with diffidence, did not my heart whisper me that my professional success gratifies me the most by its affording me the means of serving those who may not be so fortunate as myself—for I trust that no one, however hostile, can say of me that I am changed by fortune. I offer you individually my sincere thanks, assuring you that it shall always be my study to preserve your good wishes, and that the memory of this hour shall be engraven on my heart to its latest pulsation.”

Honors of this public nature, even when meekly borne, are still followed by envy; nor is this a matter of astonish-

ment; whatever reputation is thrown into the scale of one actor, is so much subtracted from his colleagues, and it may be supposed that many of equal talent, though in a different and less showy walk, were not very patient spectators of this success; if his admirers were totally blind to his defects, his enemies were no less so to his merits, and the truth, as usual, lay between the two extremes of popular opinion.

KEAN, however, driving headlong in the career of pleasure, paid very little attention to his detractors, besides that he was surrounded by a host of flatterers in whose company he delighted, and who were ever at hand to balm the wounds inflicted on his vanity.

It was about this time that he thought fit to establish a club, the ostensible motives of which were humanity, but the real principles, pleasure. This was called the Wolf Club, and consisted of an indefinite number of members: KEAN, as the grand master, opened their sessions with the following speech, in which nothing is said well, because nothing is said naturally, but which no doubt appeared beautiful, when spoken by him, whose voice was magic, and capable of calling forth every feeling of the heart at will, as easily as the hand calls forth music from the harp.

“GENTLEMEN AND BROTHERS,

“If we look to tradition, our arts and sciences, our laws and governments in embryo were uncertain, disputable, and vague;—to accomplish perfection in any degree, has been, and will remain, the work of years, and constant perseverance; I am therefore aware of the difficulties we have to encounter in bringing our little society from its formation to an extensive circle of adherents:—but in spite of all opposition that may occur, my vain mind brings a figure to my imagination, ‘that it is the morning gleam from a chaotic mass,’ that will hereafter glow in full splendour on good fellowship and harmony. Gentlemen, there is one precept, I am sorry to say, too much neglected in this world, of more false pride than talent, which I cannot express better than in the language of *TERENCE*.

‘*Homo Sum, Nihil humani a me alienum puto.*’

“When men consider they were created for each other, not only for themselves, the interest of mankind must be

blended with individual speculation, and in every one that bears the human form each man must see a *brother* ; and it is my wish to instil these sentiments into the minds of our little community—that no insignificant distinctions shall have weight, when we can, (with personal convenience) serve a fellow creature ; or worldly exaltation prevent us from mixing with worthy men, whom I must conceive the great author of all being intended for equality ; no one, I hope will enter this circle of *good fellows* without a pride that ranks him with the courtier, or philosophy that levels him with the peasant.

“ These sentiments preserved, the convivial board will be enjoyed with feelings of philanthropy, and retrospective delight follow the feast of reason. Courage, the only distinction our ancestors were acquainted with, must be one of the first principles of our body, and to what better end can we employ that magnificent ingredient than in defence of our friends, against the foes of the general cause ?

“ It is my hope that every Wolf oppressed with worldly grievance, unmerited contumely, or unjust persecutions, with a heart, glowing with defiance may exclaim, ‘ I’ll to my brothers, there I shall find ears attentive to my tale of sorrows, hands open to relieve, and closed for my defence.’

“ I have now the honour of presenting the chief symbol of our order—the seal, without which it is necessary no commission can be executed ; therefore, not to fatigue my hearers longer with prolix rhetoric, I conclude with my sincere hope and prayer for the successful increase of honourable members to this, (as yet) imperfect society ; and that every brother may feel health, prosperity, and happiness, will ever be the wish of its Founder, and study to promote, as far as his duty in this society extends.”

[*To be resumed.*]



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 THE FOUR B's.
 

---

MR. DRAMA,

Your correspondent W. R., (1)  
 Did not prolong the sounds too far  
 Of mighty fame and praise ;  
 But yet I am surpris'd that he,  
 Did not consolidate with *three*,  
 A *fourth* t'adorn his lays.

To BUCKINGHAM, BURROUGHS, BENGOUGH,  
 Great praise, (their due) is giv'n,  
 I will not at their laurels scoff,  
 Nor laud them up to heav'n.  
 But he whose cause I strenuous sing,  
 His *mind* directs them all,  
 Come sounding lyre with sweetest string,  
 And breathe a strain for BALL.

Good acting I must needs allow,  
 Hath wreath'd with laurel many a brow,  
 Hath calm'd and still'd the public mind,  
 And cajol'd them to be more kind ;  
 When music, dancing, all the rest  
 Have fail'd to sooth the rising breast.  
 But in a halcyon case like this,  
 When all is good, and nought's amiss,  
 The actors are like members meant  
 To aid the head ; with that intent  
 With wond'rous powers they tread the stage ;  
 And charm the enrapt' red list'ning age.  
 But there must be a master soul,  
 To guide and harmonize the whole,  
 Without, perchance the actors then  
 Would *act* and *speak* like common men,  
 Or each, tho' buoy'd with innate ease  
 Would find that *silence* would not please.  
 That scenery would lose it's sway,  
 That mimicry would have it's day,

---

 (1) Vide page 88.



Unless as in the present case,  
 To each was 'sign'd a proper place,  
 Where he as wont could play his part  
 And charm once more the empassion'd heart.

May the orb of good fortune now shine  
 On the "*Fortunes of Nigel*" afar,  
 And the bead roll of talent combine  
 To render it beauty's bright star.  
 That grac'd with the gentlemen *four*,  
 Whose cognomens begin with a B,—  
 May to Fame's highest pinnacle soar,  
 Well worthy the plaudits of *thee*.

J. J. LEATHWICK.

Edmonton.

## DRAMATIC FRAGMENTA.

"I give to airy nothings,  
 A local habitation and a name."

*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

### 104.—THEATRICAL FRACAS.

"Last night between the play and the farce at Drury Lane Theatre, a disturbance arose which continued for a full hour. Mr. WESTON, it appeared, was in debt to the managers, on which account they had impounded all the cash received on his benefit night; this, the comedian did not like, and therefore sent word yesterday that he could not play, as he was arrested, and detained in a spunging-house, but desired that no apology should be made of his being *suddenly taken ill*, (the usual stage plea) as it would be an egregious falsehood. After the play, Mr VERNON came forward, and announced that Mr. WESTON was "*suddenly taken ill*," and could not perform. WESTON immediately started up in front of the gallery, and informed the house that he was not ill, but in the custody of an officer, and if the audience would have patience, he would acquaint them with the whole affair. A long altercation ensued;

the managers sent on Mr. VERNON repeatedly, and after much *pro and con* matter, WESTON went down, and played his part of *Jerry Sneak*. The managers *promised* the town a publication of the whole affair."

Vide London Papers, April 24, 1772.

#### 105.—LEGAL CRITICISM.

Not long ago an eminent special pleader was at the theatre, seeing the play of "*Macbeth*." In the scene where *Macbeth* questioning the *Witches* in the cavern, says, "*What is't you do?*" they answer—"a deed without a name." This phrase struck the ears of the special pleader much more forcibly than the most energetic passage of the play, and he immediately remarked to a friend who accompanied him "A deed without a name? why, 'tis void."

#### 106.—OLD JOKE.

Most of the jest books contain a story of a fellow in the gallery of one of the theatres, who being unable to contain his admiration of Mrs. BILLINGTON's singing, bawled out "Heaven-bless you! you surely have got a nest of nightingales in your belly." A similar thought occurs in MIDDLETON'S "*Women beware Women*," Act IV. Scene 2.

"Her father praised her breast; she'd the voice, forsooth! I marvelled she sang so small, being indeed no maid; Now I perceive there's a young chorister in her belly."

#### 107.—THE SPECTATOR, TATLER, AND GUARDIAN.

The first time that HENDERSON rehearsed a part at Drury Lane, G. GARRICK entered the boxes, saying at the same time, "I come only as a "*Spectator*." Shortly after, he made some objection to HENDERSON's performance, and HENDERSON retorted—"Sir, I thought you were to be only a *Spectator*, you are turning *Tatler*." "Never mind him, sir," said D. GARRICK, "never mind him, let him be what he will, I will be the *Guardian*."

#### 108.—RICHARD III.

Though SHERIDAN, MOSSOP, QUIN, KEMBLE, and COOKE

had each their admirers in this character, GARRICK was reckoned the *first Richard*; HENDERSON, who exceeded him in some parts, was acknowledged the *second*; and if the merits of KEAN are duly weighed, he certainly must be allowed to be the *third*.

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109.—GEORGE GARRICK; OR, THE DEAD IN WANT OF THE LIVING!

GEORGE, the brother of the celebrated DAVID GARRICK, was particularly attentive to him; and on coming behind the scenes usually inquired, “Has DAVID *wanted* me?” On its being asked, how GEORGE came to die so soon after the demise of his distinguished relative, it was answered, “DAVID *wanted* him.”

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110.—CRESSWICK.

The above mentioned gentlemen, though a teacher of elocution, was a most miserable orator himself, as he was incapable of pronouncing the letter *R*, which rendered some of his speeches truly laughable, particularly in “*Venice Preserved*”—“*Yats die in holes and coyneys—dogs yun mad—man has a nobly yemedy than death, yevenge.*”

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111.—THE ORIGINAL OF “BOBADIL.”

It is not generally known that the original of BEN JONSON’S *Bobadil* was an officer of high rank in the army of the DUKE of ALVA, whom the haughty PHILIP II. sent to subdue the Netherlands. After the battle of Giesen, near Mons, in 1570, STRADA informs us, in his *Historia de Bello Belgico*, that to fill Spain with the news, the DUKE of ALVA as haughty in ostentation as in action, sent Capt. BOBADILLA to the king, to congratulate his Majesty upon the victory won by his arms and influence. The ostentation of the message, and still more of the person who bore it, was the origin of the name being applied to any vain glorious boaster.

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112.—THE GHOST!

“At the time that GARRICK performed in Goodman’s Fields, the stage rose so rapidly from the pit, that it was

very difficult to walk on. Unfortunately it was the practice of all ghosts, to appear in a suit of real armour. The dress for this august personage, had one night (in honor of Mr. GARRICK'S *Hamlet*) been borrowed from the tower, and was somewhat stiff; the moment, therefore, the ghost of the king of Denmark was put up from the trap-door, unable to keep his balance, he rolled down to the lamps, where he lay "*confined in lasting fires,*" till a wag in the pit drew the attention of the other performers, by crying out, "the ghost will be burned!"

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113.—QUIN.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, Act II. Scene 7.

ENOBARBUS and MENAS.

*Eno.* There's a strong fellow, Menas.—(*Pointing to the attendant who carries off Lepidus drunk.*)

*Men.* Why?

*Eno.* He bears the third part of the world, man! seest not?

*Men.* The third part then is drunk.

As Lord CHESTERFIELD was going from the rooms at Bath, to his apartments, he saw somebody carried home drunk in a chair. He asked who it was? "QUIN, my lord, going home from the *Three Tuns*."—"That's a mistake, sir," replied his lordship; "for he has carried *one* of the *Three Tuns* home in his belly."

GLANVILLE.

Lambeth, May 27, 1822.

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STANZAS TO MISS M. TREE.

*On her performance of Julia in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona."*

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"I pray thee gentle mortal, sing again,  
 Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,  
 So is mine eye enthralled by thy shape,  
 And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,  
 On the first view to say to swear I love thee."

SHAKSPEARE.

Sing on, sing on, enchanting maid,  
 For surely thou to man wert giv'n ;  
 That some idea might be display'd,  
 How angels sing the notes of heav'n.

Sing on, sing on, for oh ! that voice,  
 Entwines a spell around the heart—  
 Must fix thy wav'ring lover's choice,  
 And bind him to thee ne'er to part.

I sought on pleasure's fairy ground,  
 Balm for the heart-struck wound of care ;  
 Thy voice bestow'd it—but I found,  
 It left a deeper rankling there.

Sweet girl, farewell—oh ! may'st thou ne'er  
 Be singled out for slander's prey ;  
 But all thy days glide free from care,  
 Till thou from earth art call'd away.

G. J. DE WILDE

## MANAGERS DEFENDED.

MR. DRAMA,

IN the dramatic, as well as in the political world, it is to be expected opposition will exist. Indeed, this innate propensity is so ingrafted in the nature of man, that we cannot say with any kind of truth, that he exists without it. An administration in a government, however pure, is sure to find some who can see faults, and the least possible defect is magnified into the blackest injustice. It is thus with the Drama ; there are many to find fault, who always will find fault, and it must be allowed on the contrary, there are others to commend ; and there are but few who steer a middle course, avoiding either extreme, and alone consulting their own judgment. These observations, I presume, are indisputable ; but I have been led to make them on reading a paper, called the “ Dramatic Inspector,” purporting to be written by F. F. COOPER, in pages 341, 344, of the Second Volume of the “ *Drama*,” the principles of which, I think, deserve to be investigated and laid bare.

That authors are to be pitied, in many instances, who



have to wait some time before judgment is passed upon their works, must certainly be acknowledged; but that it is so badly and maliciously managed, as is represented by Mr. COOPER, I must certainly say is not the case. He ought to recollect, there are many difficulties to encounter before a piece can be represented to an audience; there is required much discrimination, and an extremely nice taste to decide before an answer can be given to an author. It would be losing work indeed, if after a price has been paid for a piece, the expenses of fitting it up, &c. combined, and then to be damned. No doubt the managers consult their own interest, (and who can blame them?) knowing they have many to please, and if they fail in doing so, there is no retribution. But what puzzles me more than all, is the resentment—or in fact, the malice Mr. COOPER appears to bear towards Mr. ELLISTON. I should be glad to know why all his caustic observations on *Coronations*, *Melo-drames*, &c. are centered in the manager of Drury Lane Theatre. At the time the "*Coronation*" was exhibited, the "*Exile*," an equally gorgeous show, was representing at the sister theatre: but Mr. ELLISTON appears obliged to bear all the malevolent attacks of Mr. C. who has certainly forgot, that the "great lessee" in so doing, consulted the taste of the public, for the "*Coronation*" was hailed with success for above a hundred nights, and as a melancholy proof that a taste for the legitimate drama is departed, we have only to call to remembrance the empty houses of the last season, when Tragedy and Comedy were in all their glory, at least so far as acting went. It is not for want of good actors that this torpitude is so evident; the names of KEAN, COOPER, BRAHAM, MUNDEN, KNIGHT, GATTIE, and FITZWILLIAM, will rescue Tragedy and Comedy from oblivion, to which, it must be allowed, they were fast approaching, and to excite a noble feeling in our breasts for those which can strictly be called works of genius; but the multitude, the vulgar must be fed, and they loathe this species of food. Is it then fair—is it honourable—is it just—that Mr. ELLISTON, or any other manager, should be censured for what benefits himself, and without doing which must be ruination? I leave this to be answered by the candid observer, most certainly not to such as Mr. COOPER. Again, he brings forth an array of plays, which,

he says, after the "run" of a few nights, are not again brought before the public—but I must tell Mr. C. that all of these have not been acted at Drury Lane, therefore *it* cannot be reponsible to this observation. No doubt the managers have private motives for keeping even successful pieces in the shade, which we should inquire into before we reprobate them. But the best of the joke is to come. Mr. C. is so enthusiastic in his defence of authors, that he would fain have us look up to him as an authority, for he gravely asserts "we (I!) have read the "*Italians*," and can, with every sentiment of truth, declare that it equals any of our modern tragedies," and this is offered as some consolation" to Mr. BUCKE, the author of that piece! Mr. COOPER should be acquainted before offering consolation to so celebrated an author, that the "*Italians*" has passed a more rigid and scrutinizing ordeal than a theatrical audience, and consequently Mr. BUCKE has had no cause to lament the appearance of his work before the public. Now, I should presume Mr. COOPER has been himself one of the unsuccessful candidates for fame at Drury Lane, and he is now venting his spleen with all the malice of failure against that theatre; and if so, I will give him *credit* for having done it with acrimony and illiberality enough. One word of advice to Mr. C. and I have done. The next time he writes, let him be careful he does not write nonsense. I will merely ask him what he means, when he says, "we do not intend to speak *personally* of the illiberality of any of the managers," and afterwards pours forth a host of invective against Mr. ELLISTON? Or the sense, of speaking "*in plain terms* of the *incomprehensible* Cook of melo-drames, Coronations," &c.

I am, yours, &c.

June 17, 1822.

JUSTICIÆ DEFENSOR,

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## MR. KEAN AND RICHARD III.

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MR. DRAMA,

I was much struck the other day with the following singular fact:—In a gentleman's house near Bradford I met with an edition of SPEED'S "*Prospects of the most famous*

*parts of the world,"* published in 1631. It contains a map of Lancashire, embellished with marginal portraits of kings, &c., among which is that of *Richard III.* and I shall surprise you by saying that this portrait both in countenance and manner bears a strong resemblance to Mr. KEAN in the part. I have already published this circumstance in the "*Theatrical Inquisitor*," but I am induced to give it still further publicity through the medium of the "*Drama*."

I am, Sir, &c.

Liverpool, May 26, 1822.

R.

## FRAGMENTS, NOVELS, AND ANECDOTES,

*Which have been the original sources & foundations of*  
**DRAMATIC PIECES.**

Mr. DRAMA,

Observing in former Numbers of your work, the original facts and anecdotes on which several dramatic pieces appear to have been founded, (as OTWAY'S "*Orphan*;"—BYRON'S "*Marino Faliero*;"—FOOTE'S "*Nabob*;"—LILLO'S "*Fatal Curiosity*;"—O'KEEFE'S "*Patrick in Prussia*;"—YOUNG'S "*Revenge*"—"Honest Thieves"—and *Inkle and Yarico*") and having in my possession a considerable collection of similar *notanda*, I have therefore incorporated the whole under the above general title, and now forward them to you, with a solicitation for insertion if you should consider them as worth preservation.

London, June 1, 1822.

I am, &c. G. CREED.

### 1.—OTWAY'S "ORPHAN."

ALTHOUGH the historical fact inserted in the 1st Vol. of the "*Drama*" may be considered as the true original of this excellent tragedy, yet there is reason to believe, that an idea or two was gathered by the author from the following ballad, entitled "*Glasgerion*;" I here insert it in the hope that independent of this conjecture, it has sufficient interest to render it acceptable to the general reader.

*Glasgerion* was a king's owne soone,  
 And a harper he was goode:

He harped in the king's chambere,  
Where cuppe and caudle stoode.

And so he did in the queen's chambere,  
Till ladies waxed clad ;  
And then bespake the king's daughter,  
And these words thus she sayd :

“ Strike on, strike on, *Glasgerion*,  
Of thy striking do not blinne ;  
There's never a stroke comes o'er thy harpe,  
But it glads my heart withinne.”

“ Faire might he falle, ladye,” quoth he,  
“ Who taught you now to speake ;  
I have loved you ladye, seven long yeare,  
My mind I ne'ere durst breake.”

“ But come to my bower, my *Glasgerion*,”  
A glad man, lord ! was he,  
“ And come thee hither, *Jacke*, my boy,  
Come hither unto me.

For the king's daughter of Normandye,  
Hath granted me my boone,  
And at her chambere must I be,  
Beffore the cocke have crowen.”

“ O master, master, then quoth he,  
Lay your heade down on this stone ;  
For I will waken you master dere,  
Afore it be time to gone.”

But up then rose that lither ladde,  
And hoose and shoone did on,  
A collar he cast upon his neck,  
He seemed a gentleman.

And when he came to the ladies chambere,  
He thirled upon the pinne,  
The ladie was true of her promise,  
Rose up and let him in.

He did not take the ladie gaye,  
To boulster or to bed,  
Nor though he had his wicked will,  
A single word he sayd.

He did not kiss that ladye's mouthe,  
Nor when he came nor youd,  
And sore mistrusted that ladye gaye,  
He was of some churle's bloud.

But home then came that lither ladde,  
And did off his hose and shoone,  
And cast the coller from off his necke,  
He was but a churle's sonne.

"Awake, awake, my dere master,  
The cocke hath well nigh crowen,  
Awake, awake my master dere,  
I hold it time to be gone.

"For I have saddled your horse, master,  
Well bridled I have your steede;  
And I have served you a good breakfast;  
For thereof ye have need."

Uprose then, good *Glasgerion*,  
And did on hose and shoon;  
And caste a coller about his necke,  
For he was a kinge his sonne.

And when he came to the ladyes chambere,  
He thirled upon the pinne;  
The lady was more than true of promise,  
And rose and let him in.

Sayes—"Whether have you left with me,  
Your bracelet, or your glove;  
Or are you returned back againe,  
To know more of my love?"

*Glasgerion* swore a full great oathe,  
By oake, and ash, and thorne;



“ Ladye, I was never in your chambere,  
Sith, the time that I was borne.”

O then it was your lither foot page,  
Hee hath beguiled mee ;  
Then she pulled forthe a little penknife,  
That hanged by her knee.

Sayes—“ There never shall noe churle’s bloud,  
Withinne my bodye springe ;  
No churle’s bloud shall ever defile  
The daughter of a kinge.”

Home then went *Glasgerion*,  
And wae good lord ! washe,  
Sayes—“ Come thou hitherto, *Jacke*, my boy,  
Come hither unto me.

If I had killed a man to night,  
*Jacke* I would tell it thee ;  
But if I have not killed a man to night,  
*Jacke*, thou hast killed three.”

And he pulled out his bright browne sword,  
And he dried it on his sleeve ;  
And he smote off that lither ladde’s head,  
Who did his lady grieve.

He set the swords poynt till his breste,  
The pummel until a stone ;  
Through the falsenesse of that lither ladde,  
These three lives were all gone.

## 2.—GOLDSMITH’S “ SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.”

It is said that GOLDSMITH took the hint of *Marlow* mistaking the house of *Mr. Hardcastle* for an inn, from a hospitable joke practised by Mr. LEWIS GRUMMITT, formerly an eminent grazier in Lincolnshire, who lately died in that county at an advanced age ; the circumstance was as follows :—Mr. GRUMMITT late one night met a commercial traveller who had mistaken his road, and inquired the way to the nearest inn or public house. Mr. G. replied, that as

he was a stranger, he would show him the way to a quiet respectable house of public entertainment for man and horse, and took him to his own residence. The traveller, by the ease and confidence of his manner, shewed the success of his hosts stratagem, and every thing that he called for was instantly provided for himself and horse. In the morning, he called in an authoritative tone for his bill, and the hospitable landlord had all the recompense he desired in the surprise and altered manners of his guest. Many other whimsical acts of kindness are related of him.

When this comedy was to be brought out on the stage, on the 15th of March 1771, he was at a loss what name to give it, till the very last moment, and then in great haste called it "*She Stoops to Conquer; or, the Mistakes of a Night.*" Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, who disliked this name for a play, offered a much better to him, saying, "You ought to call it the *Belle's Stratagem*," and if you do not, I will damn it." However, GOLDSMITH chose to name it himself as above; and Mrs. COWLEY has since given that name to one of her comedies. GOLDSMITH was in great anxiety about its success, he was much distressed in his finances at the time, and all his hopes hung on the event: and at the dinner preceding the representation of it, his mouth became so parched and dry, from the agitation of his mind, that he was unable to swallow a single mouthful. The actors themselves had great doubts of its success; but, contrary to their expectations, the play was received with great applause: Sir JOSHUA and a large party of friends going for the purpose of supporting it if necessary. The dinner party which took place at the Shakspeare, is humourously described by CUMBERLAND. Dr. JOHNSON took the head of the table, and there were present the BURKE'S, CALEB WHITEFORD, Major MILLS, &c. &c. "I remember," (says Mr. NORTHCOTE, in his memoirs of Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS) that soon after this, Dr. GOLDSMITH gave me an order, with which I went to see the comedy; and the next time I saw him, he inquired of me what my opinion was of it. I told him that I would not presume to be a judge of its merits; he then said, "Did it make you laugh?" I answered, "Exceedingly"—"Then (said the Doctor) that is all I require." [To be occasionally continued.]

## FLORES HISTRONICI.

## III.—CAIUS MUCIUS.

SCENE—*A plain near Rome.*

PORSENNA *on a temporary platform, surrounded by his officers, &c. paying his troops.*

*Por.* Thus far the potent gods approve our cause,  
And all around proclaims our bloody triumph.  
Where is the Roman pride—their idle boasts?  
Lost—lost.—What is Rome now? a pow'rless state  
Without a head, a king—a senseless mob  
Of self made patriots and senators—  
An easy conquest—when—

*(A voice from the soldiery below.)*

Base slave, 'tis false;  
This, this shall prove true Roman hearts still beat,  
That Roman courage—Roman fortitude  
Still lives—that Romans can remember still,  
Nay more, can execute those godlike deeds,  
Which raised their ancestors as far above  
Thy coward race, as does imperial Jove  
Exceed Olympus—as Olympus' mount  
Exceeds a molehill.

*(Caius Mucius rushes on the platform, but by mistake  
stabs Porsenna's secretary, who falls dead at his  
feet—while he is secured and disarmed.)*

*Por.* Rash, unguarded youth,  
Learn thy base aim has fail'd—you sought my life,  
The king's—in me behold him—think on that,  
And tremble.

*Caius Mucius.* What! Caius Mucius tremble?  
Porsenna, think you your threats appal me? No!  
When desp'rate resolution prompts to deeds  
Daring and resolute like mine, thou'st yet to learn,  
When unsuccessful, that a Roman spirit,  
(A spirit held by you as lost it seems)

Taught me to banish fear of your revenge,  
And bear my fate with fortitude—Behold—

*(Thrusts his hand into a fire burning on an altar on the platform.)*

*Por.* Caius, I cannot but admire thee—speak—  
What wrongs have made thee rise against thy king,  
And spite all laws divine or human, break  
Thy sworn allegiance?

*Caius Mucius.* Liberty!—that God,  
Before whose sacred fane all just men bow.  
’Twas liberty inspir’d the glorious deed;  
Injustice and oppression nerv’d each arm.  
We had a king, obeyed him—honoured him,  
While worthy of our love.—But when that king  
Trampled on all our rights—gave countenance  
To murder, tyranny, and lust—the people,  
Fir’d by the chaste Lucretia’s wrongs, rebell’d—  
Rose to a man to strike their tyrant down.  
All join’d our holy cause—all hearts were with us—  
Grey hair once more betook them to their swords—  
The very streets bore witness to our wrongs—  
Yes, they—

*Por.* Enough.—But what have you to plead  
For aiming at my life—what would you urge,  
That thus forgetful of the laws of honour,  
You stole upon me—why, in open field,  
Did you not meet me as became—

*Caius Mucius.* I answer—  
Why did you ravage our peaceful homes? Why  
Stand forth the champion in a traitor’s cause?  
Why come in arms to wrest our freedom from us,  
And make us slaves again? Freedom was all  
That Tarquin’s greedy avarice had left;  
We murmured not that rank and wealth were lost,  
We sought not gold—Rome’s poor, but gen’rous sons,  
Asked but for liberty—they fought for it,  
Obtained it—bled for it.—’Twas then you came,  
Surrounded by your treacherous legions came,  
To set a bloody Tarquin on the throne—  
Say, was this noble! was this great? No, no—  
I have address’d you as a *king*—’tis now

I bid thee answer as becomes a *man*.  
 Is it not far, far better live in peace,  
 More great, more noble to befriend a people,  
 Who sought for liberty alone, obtain'd,  
 And will defend it with their heart's best blood.—  
 If true to nature and humanity,  
 If, I repeat, responsive to their calls,  
 Your heart should answer, "yes," then give us peace—  
 If not, why torture this vile body as thou likest.  
 And when perchance your legions shall retreat,  
 Defeated and disgraced, then may you boast,  
 Though forced to fly from Rome's still daring bands,  
 (A host of spirits burning for revenge ;)  
 Thou'st slain a man far braver than thyself.

*Por.* Caius—well, well indeed you plead your cause,  
 You speak fearless of punishment.

*Caius Mucius.* I speak  
 But as becomes a Roman.

*Por.* And Porscenna  
 Will act and answer as becomes a man.  
 This dagger, Caius, would have searched my heart,  
 (A heart, as true perhaps to honor as thine own)  
 Take it, thus freely I restore it thee,  
 Nor ever use it for a baser purpose.  
 Let there be peace—go to your countrymen,  
 And say, your gallant conduct forc'd it from me.  
 Heralds, proclaim our troops retire—anon  
 We'll send ambassadors—a state composed  
 Of men like this, were better friend than foe.

*(Troops shout, and prepare to leave the Roman territory.)*

N.A.

Kennington, 1822.

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#### IV—VINCENTIO.

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SCENE—*A splendid apartment.*

FLORESCO and ROSABELLE are discovered anxiously bending  
 over a couch, upon which is reclining the apparently life-  
 less form of a stranger.



*Ros.* (*After a pause.*) Yet he revives not: yet his dim dark eye  
Is fix'd in distant space; and yet he breathes,  
But not as 'twere the breath of human life:  
'Tis cold!

*Flo.* Alas! how baseless were our hopes:  
No sound will ever issue from those lips  
That seem for ever seal'd!

*Ros.* What manly grace  
Bedecks this brow where terror sits supreme;  
These tresses black, and flowing unconfin'd  
In loveliest negligence; and a form—  
No common soul did e'er inhabit this,  
So fair and bright a casket!—ah, forgive  
These wild effusions of a heedless heart,  
That knows not yet to check its thoughts whilst pure,  
The feeling that sustains 'em!—but see now—  
Floresco, mark:—his fearful gaze relaxes;—  
His eye has less of terror, and his cheek  
Doth newly bear the life-blood's fervid glow;  
And now his senses are awak'ning, and  
Returning thought doth speak of that within,  
His feeble breath refuses to pronounce!

*Flo.* Say, stranger, if thy heart retains its feeling—  
Know'st thou of aught that human aid can yield,  
May snatch thee from the toils of misery,  
And give thy soul its energy and peace?

*Stranger.* There is a silver form before my eyes,  
That might deceive—

*Ros.* What import have his words?

*Stranger.* A voice!—why then 'tis human—'tis not  
strange!

Yet have I sought thro' agonizing climes,  
And hopeless fled them all—and here—but now—  
My weakness is dissolved!

*Flo.* I pray, you, sir,  
Indulge not in these strains:—be calm, and fear  
The fatal issue of this phrenzied grief!

*Stranger.* 'Tis mine to grieve;—yet grief it is not!—  
that  
Will pine itself away in sighs and tears,

And these I know not :—but 'tis a pang,  
That may not e'er be told, or e'er endur'd  
By human heart, save that it now consumes !

*Flo.* These sounds have mystery !

*Stranger.* Aye, sir, fraught  
With horrid meaning :—how I hither came,  
I am not mov'd to ask, nor why, nor whence :—  
Yet I did dream that, from a pathless cliff,  
O'erlooking the huge sea in sullen pride,  
Where never foot had trodden, but to seek  
The dæmon cave of death,—I sank from thence,  
And the white spray that bay'd its craggy base,  
Became to me the Universe !

*Ros.* Alas !

A portion of this vision chanc'd but now ;  
A peasant youth had climb'd the rocky mount,  
That stands almost encircled by the waters,  
To catch the last rays of the golden sun :—  
Reckless of toil and danger, he attain'd  
The highest point, where then thy senseless form  
Lay jutting o'er the cliff !

*Stranger.* At length then fate  
Its final declaration hath reveal'd ;  
But the glad feeling that your bosoms cherish,  
May never live in mine :—it joys not me !  
Ah, who shall still the tremblings of a soul  
Where all is guilt and terror, and despair ?  
And aught of goodness dwells not ;—as it grows  
It withers ;—gratitude, and joy, and love,  
These I speak not of, and I feel 'em not !  
My brain—oh, heart, be firm !—my ebbing breath  
Must linger on a theme of agony !  
Yet ere my scorch'd bosom be thus bar'd  
To horror, hate, and pity—tho', perchance,  
This last shall never shed her beams for me,  
I'd speak, fair daughter of a hapless sire,  
How vainly, yet how ardently I sought,  
O'er earths fair flow'ry meads, and desert's wild,  
For that—no matter—I have gain'd it now,  
Unsought and strangely—and my eye doth see,  
And own its potent force !—'twill bring me—change ;

But change—and that may be endurable !

*Ros.* What darksome picture doth my fancy draw ?  
A feeling, deep and undefin'd, assails  
This woman's heart !

*Flo.* Ah, dearest Rosabelle,  
Thy sympathy hath caused thee much of pain :  
No more then, sweet :—believe me, 'tis ill-timed !

*Stranger.* You cannot, sir, divine its source, or you  
Would marvel less at this external show  
Of inward agitation :—the still air  
That fans the soft light flowers, and but wafts  
Their gentle sweets around in pleasing force,  
Wars never with the rude and angry blast  
That bids the waters foam ;—nor can thy breath,  
Tho' charm'd, e'er quell the stern and troubled source,  
From whence the tempest issues, that doth play  
Within yon fair one's bosom !

*Flo.* Rosabelle,  
Methinks this sounds not rightly ;—and these tears  
Superfluous may be deemed ;—a stranger's woes  
A sympathetic sorrow ever claim ;  
Unseemly grief is erring weakness, and  
Incurs a kind reproof where 'tis display'd.

*Ros.* Forgive me, sir—I cannot now express  
These strange and seemingly offensive tears :  
An impulse full of hope, yet more of fear,  
A glowing impulse, natural and free,  
Still leads me to the thought I cannot curb,  
And still excites these quick forbidden throbs,  
That will not be conceal'd !

*Flo.* Oh, stranger, say  
If aught you may disclose can sooth—

*Stranger.* Ah, no :  
A tale must be reveal'd, or ere this heart  
Shall burst the iron bonds that hold it now,  
And barter all its fierce and fitful moods,  
For an infinitude of suffering ;  
If haply suffering exists, and sense  
Is left to feel,—and this will soon be known :  
'Tis brief, yet perilous ;—the pale tint of fear,  
Or e'en the guilty blush of trembling shame

Prate not of deeds like mine !—fair Rosabelle,  
 Thou dost surmise right truly ;—'tis e'en so !  
 I am, indeed, that same Vincentio,  
 Whose blood and thine have issued from one spring ;  
 A kindred tie unites us, yet thy lip  
 Must never meet the fond fraternal kiss,  
 That kind affection gives !

*Ros.* Vincentio !

Yes, my heart recognizes the fond tie,  
 That dwells between us ;—be my brother still,  
 Still the kind partner of my infant sports ;—  
 My bosom gladdens at th' endearing sounds !

*Stranger.* This may not be !—yet touch me not ;—thou'rt  
 pure ;

I would not have thee stain'd ;—now list to this :—  
 Kind destiny hath led me here—to die !

*Ros.* Oh, be not thus !

*Stranger.* Our honors and our name  
 Are crush'd and kill'd ! they never more will flourish ;  
 A black ambition baned my cheerful cup,  
 And revell'd in the ruin it has cans'd ;  
 I fled my native shore, and fled—disgrac'd ;  
 A father's wrath was kindled, and it stung !  
 His voice re-echoed the infernal shout  
 Of hate and execration ;—madd'ned then,  
 No human feeling beam'd upon my brow,  
 This brain conceiv'd a project—yet, I'm firm ;—  
 My father—died—

*Ros.* Oh, heaven !

*Stranger.* Oh, then the earth,  
 Clad in her raven color'd robe of night,  
 Grew cold and void—and yet I have surviv'd !—  
 Now my soul feels not its captivity ;—  
 The wide expanse of death, yet wider grows !  
 Farewell.—

*Flo.* Ah, lost Vincentio, raise to heaven  
 Your last fading breath ;—oh, sue its mercy !

*Stranger.* Hope long since wither'd ! you, Rosabelle,  
 alone

Of that ennobled house whose fame I blighted,  
 Art left within the sphere of human kind !

*Flo.* Speak not of this;—if your last mortal moment  
Is indeed so nigh——

*Stranger.* Farewell ! 'tis here already—  
Now, now—my sight is dizzy—I perceive  
No trace of earth, or aught of earthly mould !  
Darkness and silence only live—no star  
Emits its light; yet fearless, my firm soul  
Advances now to seek its dwelling-place !  
Wild, wild—and gloomy !

(Dies.)  
S. L. B.

## THEATRICAL INQUISITION.

Would men but *act* from nature's secret call,  
Or only where that *fails*, not *act* at all ;  
If not their *skill*, they'd shew at least *good sense*,  
They'd get *no fame*, nor would they give *offence*."

ROLLE.

## HAY MARKET THEATRE.

August 26th.—FAMILY JARS—[1st time.]—The plot of this mirthful little piece, which we were last month compelled to postpone, is as follows :—

*Mr. Peter Porcelain*, [Mr. TERRY] a respectable china-man, being about to retire from business, forms the project of marrying his son *Benedict*, [Mr. LEONI LEE] to the daughter of his partner, and *Delph*, [Mr. LISTON] his foreman, has also an intention of marrying his son, *Diggory*, [Mr. OXBERRY] to a relation. Both the sons, however, being clandestinely married, find it requisite to make their fathers acquainted with the circumstance, for which purpose *Benedict* secures the intercession of *Delph* with *Porcelain*, and *Diggory* solicits *Porcelain* to advocate his cause with *Delph*, which gives rise to a double *equivoque*; for *Liddy*, [Mrs. PEARCE] (the wife of *Diggory*) being concealed in an upper apartment of the warehouse, encounters *Porcelain*, whom she mistakes for the father of her husband, and who is exceedingly disgusted with his son's



supposed choice ; and *Emily*, [Mrs. GARRICK] the wife of *Benedict*, coming to the house to entreat forgiveness for her husband, meets with *Delph*, whom she mistakes for *Porcelain*—while he, conceiving her to be the wife of *Diggory*, is delighted with his imagined daughter-in-law. Meantime, the disappointed partner insisting on a partition of stock, the parties are brought together in the warehouse, where an *eclaircissement* takes place, and the respective fathers become satisfied with the selection of their sons.

This farce possesses the great merit of brevity. The author has not allowed himself time to grow dull ; and though the dialogue does not sparkle with the brilliancy of wit and humour, yet from the exertions of the performers, it afforded a good deal of merriment. There are two very good situations—where *Liddy*, a poor Irishwoman, introduces herself to *Porcelain* as his daughter-in-law ; and the scene of *Delph's* interview with *Emily*, whom he supposes to be as nearly connected with him. Mr. TERRY, as *Porcelain*, gave the utmost possible effect to the character, which is not prominent. His foreman, *Delph*, (Mr. LISTON) is a very important personage ; at least that gentleman contrived to make him appear so. The authoritative parental air which he assumed towards his son *Diggory*, was supported with the most ludicrous gravity. His admiration of his supposed daughter-in-law, was also expressed with that whimsical peculiarity which never fails to produce a hearty and good-humoured laugh. Mr. OXBERRY's *Diggory* was as unpolished a clown as could be desired ; and, if it be a compliment, we may congratulate Mrs. PEARCE on her perfect acquirement of the Irish brogue, in which she has succeeded to admiration. There is nothing striking in the music : a duet by Mrs. GARRICK and Mr. LEONI LEE was honoured with an *encore*. It was announced for repetition amidst shouts of applause.

Sep. 9th.—MORNING, NOON, AND NIGHT ; or, *The Romance of a Day*—[1st time.]—Another addition has been made to the list of novelties which have proved so attractive during the present season. Mr. DIBDIN is the author.

The *Earl of Avadavat*, [Mr. TAYLEURE] on going out early in life to India, agrees with his friend, *Sir Simon Saveall*, [Mr. WILLIAMS] (who has been his benefactor) that

should he return fortunate, his son, *Lord Scribbleton*, [Mr. LISTON] shall be united to *Lydia*, [Miss PATON] *Sir Simon's* daughter, and the opera commences at the period when the young people are to be introduced to each other for the first time. *Lord Scribbleton*, who has written two Romances under the title of "*The Deluded Wife*" and "*Deserted Children*," and is a great traveller in search of incidents to furnish his future productions, determines to visit the mansion of his intended father-in-law, *Sir Simon*, who is famed for his hospitality, in order that he may unobserved discover with what sort of young lady he is to be united. His father, the *Earl*, however, disapproving concealment, informs *Sir Simon* of the intended deception, and the Baronet, after imparting the secret to his daughter, determines on giving *Lord S.* a most brilliant reception, and lights up his mansion for that purpose. His Lordship, in the mean time, through some of his romantic arrangements, is detained on the road, and mistaken for a highwayman, and a *Captain Sanguine*, [Mr. JOHNSON] who is journeying to a sea-port to meet his wife and children, loses his way, and knocks at *Sir Simon's* gate, where he is received with all the honours intended for *Lord S.* on a supposition that he is that nobleman in disguise; and when he speaks of his absent wife and children, is supposed to mean merely the titles of the favourite Romances written by *Lord S.* and on his Lordship being brought in custody to *Sir Simon's*, he is locked in a cellar till the arrival of his father, the *Earl*, elucidates the mistakes which led to his confinement. *Amelia*, [Mrs. JOHNSON] the wife of the Captain, is with her two boys shipwrecked on the coast, and preserved through the brave humanity of *Shark*, [Mr. TERRY] a reputed ruffian of former bad habits, who tries by present good conduct to redeem past guilt, and after rescuing the lady from the ferocious avarice of the villains who infest the coast, to make property of the vessels wrecked on it, and afterwards from robbers in a wood near *Sir Simon's*, brings her safely to the Baronet's house, where she unexpectedly meets her husband, and joins in the merriment of the adjustment of *Lord S.'s* self-occasioned contretemps.

The first act opens at twilight with the arrangements of the coast robbers to plunder a wreck. Sunrise introduces

us *Sir Simon's* mansion, whence he is departing on his journey to the Earl, whom he meets ; and at noon, we have *Lord Scribbleton's* adventures at an inn on the road, where he purposely breaks the linch-pin of his cabriolet, in hopes to produce incident, and while planning the atrocities of his future hero (a second *Don Juan*,) he is overheard by the people of the inn, and taken up as a dangerous inmate, who intends robbing the inn, murdering the landlord, and setting the house on fire. The shipwreck, and preservation of the lady, is supposed to occupy the hour of noon ; and in the third act the night adventures of the forest and mansion finishes the opera. The other incidents, &c., arise from the characters of "a villanous landlord, *Grampus* ; an Irish servant, *Patrick* ; and *Baptiste*, French valet to *Lord Scribbleton*, who with two county bailiffs, the wreckers, and servants, form the remainder of the *Dramatis Personæ*.

Our readers will perceive from the above that there is no dearth of adventure in this piece, and as it bears upon its "head and front" the name of romance, the occurrences with which they are presented are not to be viewed with cold and critical severity. *Lord Scribbleton*, the Quixotic hero, is exactly the character which serves to display Mr. LISTON'S abilities to the best advantage. The absurd predisposition to convert matters of ordinary importance into, circumstances fraught with the most eventful consequences, and the easy assumption of magnanimous assurance to meet the threatened calamity, were hit off with his usual success. He seemed to be possessed with the true mania of authorship, and quite sensible of the additional lustre which a title should confer upon his literary productions. Miss PATON appeared with great *eclat* as *Lydia Saveall*. She was loudly encored in an air of Italian composition, and also in a Scotch ballad, which the bills announce to have been arranged by herself. The latter, indeed, was sung with such a delightful blending of simplicity and scientific power, that a violent contest arose from a demand for its repetition, which was at length carried by the majority, who were by no means temperate in expressing their satisfaction. The recitative beginning with "*Genius of Freedom, bid thy sons advance !*" was also given with great ani-

mation; and where the author allowed her scope, she displayed comic powers of a superior order. Mr. TERRY's *Shark* was characterised by that bold and manly feeling to which he is able to give such vivid expression. The other performers exerted themselves with favourable effect. Mrs. JONES, as *Lucy*, and the French valet, *Baptiste* (Mr. W. WEST,) were very amusing. The piece was received with deserved approbation.

### ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.

Sep. 5.—The FAIR GABRIELLE—[1st time ]

This little piece is from the pen of Mr. PLANCHE, and is founded on an interesting anecdote of HENRI QUATRE—it is as follows:—

*Henri Quatre*, [T. P. COOKE] attended only by *Eloi*, a young soldier, [PEARMAN] has arrived in the vicinity of the castle of the *Count d'Estrées*, [ROBOTHAM] in the hope of obtaining an interview with his *fair Gabrielle*, [Miss CAREW.] To facilitate his purpose, he changes clothes with his attendant in a cottage close to the castle. The *Duke of Mayenne*, General of the League, being in the neighbourhood, some of his soldiers have traced the king to his rendezvous; but not being acquainted with the royal person, and deceived by the richness of *Eloi's* dress, they take him prisoner, and congratulate each other upon having obtained the prize which will secure to them the most ample reward. The king having gained the castle, finds himself in the company of his lovely mistress; but being alarmed, he conceals himself in a secret passage which leads to a different part of the castle, whither *Eloi* is now conveyed. The soldiers being joined by another comrade, he discovers their mistake, and, vexed at their disappointment, they thrust the young soldier into the same place where the king has already taken refuge. The Count now makes his appearance, and demands to see the person whom the soldiers have arrested. To their surprise the king himself comes forth, and expresses his full reliance upon the Count's courtesy and honour. While all are diverted by this mysterious circumstance from inquiring after *Eloi*, he makes his escape,



and informs the king's friends of his situation: They hasten to him with the brave *Crillon* [BENNET] at their head. Some anxiety is now excited by the sudden disappearance of *d'Estrées*, who has left the Castle on the receipt of a letter from the *Duke de Mayenne*, as it is known he is friendly to the Duke, having been indebted to him on some occasion for his life. *Henri*, however, gives orders to prepare for battle, and takes leave of the lovely *Gabrielle*, to whom he presents, as a proof of the sincerity of his attachment, a written promise of marriage. But she magnanimously refuses to take advantage of the impassioned feelings of one "who loves not wisely, but too well," and destroys the document. The arrival of the *Count d'Estrées*, who kneeling at his sovereign's feet, delivers to him the treaty signed by the *Duke de Mayenne*, averts the scene of blood; and *Henri* having given expression to the beneficent sentiments which pervade his bosom, and the satisfaction which he feels at this peaceful termination of his labours, the curtain falls.

The instances are very few, indeed, in which equal ability has been shown to more advantage in compressing a large portion of entertaining matter into a one-act piece, than that displayed by the author on the present occasion. The actors and actresses too, seemed to be inspired with that *gaite de cœur* which is proverbially ascribed to the people, from whom their characters were taken. The music, by Mr. LIVIUS, is extremely pleasing, and we need scarcely say that ample justice was done to the songs, when such voices as Miss CAREW's, Miss POVEY's, and Mr. PEARMAN's, were exerted in giving them all possible effect. Miss CAREW never looked to greater advantage, and all her charms were heightened by the utmost splendour of dress; though, to use an hackneyed quotation, "beauty needs not the foreign aid of ornament." She was loudly applauded in all her songs; but one of them, "*The trump of war is sounding*," was given with peculiar sweetness. Miss POVEY, as *Estelle*, (a lively girl betrothed to *Eloi*) sustained the character with a very charming *naïveté*. The gay and martial bearing of Mr. T. P. COOKE would not have disgraced the Great HENRI himself. With all these combined attractions, this dazzling show of "fair women and brave



men," it was impossible the piece could fail to please. Its announcement for repetition was hailed by a numerous audience with the loudest approbation.

Aug. 31.—GREYNA GREEN—[1st time.]

In our description of this piece, our readers will be prepared for the adventures of some youthful lovers, who have eluded the vigilance of their more worldly-minded friends or relatives, and flow with impatience to that "Land of promise," which is now more likely than ever to be visited by the votaries of *Hymen*. The scene opens with the arrival of *Mr. Jenkins*, [WRENCH] and *Betty Finnikin*, [Miss KELLY] at the Hand-in-Hand Inn, at Greyna Green. They are both in reality servants out of place, but have imposed themselves upon each other as persons of quality. They give a very amusing, though rather too protracted a detail of the arts and attractions by which they had been mutually captivated. Unfortunately, however, for their aristocratic pretensions, the landlord of the inn, [Mr. POWER] had formerly when in a menial capacity, been acquainted with both the "gay deceivers," who being stripped of their borrowed plumage, retire somewhat mortified, and give place to a true scion of nobility, *Lord Lovewell*, [Mr. PEARMAN] and his beloved *Emily*, the ward of *Mr. Tomkins*, [Mr. W. BENNETT] who being apprised of their flight, had set out in pursuit, and from taking a different route, had anticipated their arrival. This untoward circumstance throws the lovers into great embarrassment, and *Betty*, who is endowed with those quick perceptions for which chambermaids have always been so celebrated, discovers to them that *Tomkins* and the landlord, whom he has bribed with a bill for £50. are concerting measures for preventing their desired union. This climax of misfortune is averted by the ingenuity of *Jenkins*, who proposes that he and *Betty* shall change clothes with *Lovewell* and *Emily*, who, thus disguised, are coolly turned out of the house by *Tomkins* and the landlord, and avail themselves of the opportunity to have the matrimonial rivet indissolubly fastened.

The farce is the production of Mr. BEASELEY, who has reason to be pleased by its reception.—The action is carried on with a great deal of spirit.—Some pretty music was introduced, and the songs were sweetly given by Miss CAREW

and Mr. PEARMAN. Miss KELLY and Mr. WRENCH were eminently successful in their respective parts. The latter abounded with sallies of wit, which told to advantage. The farce was heard throughout, and announced for repetition with loud applause.

## MINOR DRAMA.

### COBOURG THEATRE.

September 23.—GUY FAWKES ; or, *The Gunpowder Treason* !—

The subject of this piece is founded, (as HUME expresses it)—“ On a fact as certain as it appears incredible, being one of the most memorable that history has conveyed to posterity, and containing, at once, a singular proof both of the strength and weakness of the human mind ; its widest departure from morals, and most steady attachment to erroneous prejudices.”—The celebrated Gunpowder Treason was contrived at the very beginning of the reign of JAMES I., for the re-establishment of Popery ; and were it not a fact, well known to all, to the world, would scarcely be credited by posterity. A more horrid and terrible scheme never entered into the human heart, to conceive, and which shows at once that the most determined courage may be united with the most execrable intentions. The Roman Catholics, on the accession of JAMES, expected a renewal of the Papal Supremacy, inasmuch, as he was the only descendant from the “ bloody Queen,” MARY ; and had shewn great partiality for that religion in his youth. But they soon discovered their mistake, and were so enraged and disappointed, that, with the genuine spirit of malicious bigotry they formed a resolution of destroying the King, and both houses of Parliament at once. The scheme was laid by ROBERT CATESBY, a gentleman of good family, who conceived that gunpowder might be so placed under the Parliament-house, as to blow up the King, and all the Members at their first meeting. He opened his intention to THOMAS PERCY, of the illustrious house of Northumberland, who readily came into it. THOMAS WINTER was next let into the secret, and he went over to Flanders, in quest of GUIDO FAWKES, an engineer in the Spanish service, with whose zeal and courage the con-

spirators were thoroughly acquainted. Every thing being concerted, and the whole having taken a dreadful oath of secrecy, (which they confirmed by taking the sacrament together) a house was hired in the name of PERCY, adjoining that in which the Parliament assembled, and finding that a cellar was to be let under the house of Lords, they seized the opportunity of renting it; and forming a communication between PERCY's house and it, deposited there 36 barrels of powder; and having covered them with faggots and billet-wood, boldly threw the doors of the vault open to prevent any appearance of suspicion, and nothing remained but to watch the opportunity of rendering the horrible catastrophe complete.

The King, the Queen, and Prince HENRY were all expected to be present at the opening of Parliament; but Prince CHARLES, owing to his tender age, would necessarily be absent, and him it was intended to assassinate. The Princess ELIZABETH alone remained of the royal family, whom papistical vengeance had not devoted, and it was their intention to place her on the throne. Twenty conspirators had sacredly kept this dreadful secret nearly a year and-a-half; but the same bigotry which had given rise to the plot was directed by the will of Providence to reveal it. A few days before the meeting of Parliament, Lord MONTEAGLE, who was a catholic, received the following letter from an unknown hand:—

“MY LORD—*Out of the love I bear to some of your friends, I have a care for your preservation. Therefore, I would advise you, as you tender your life, to devise some excuse to shift off your attendance in this Parliament. For God and man have concurred to punish the wickedness of this time: and think not slightly of this advertisement, but retire yourself into your country, where you may expect the event in safety—for, though there be no appearance of stir, yet, I say, they will receive a terrible blow this Parliament, and yet they shall not see who hurts them. This Council is not to be contemned because it may do you good, and can do you no harm: for the danger is past as soon as you have burnt the letter. And I hope God will give you the grace to make good use of it, into whose holy protection I recommend you.*”

This mysterious letter very little disconcerted the Nobleman to whom it was addressed; but though he was inclined to think it a ridiculous attempt to frighten him, yet he judged it right to carry it to Lord SALISBURY, Secretary of State. This Nobleman gave little attention to it, yet produced it before the King, in Council. None of the Council thought much of it, though it appeared serious and alarming. In this mixture of agitation and doubt, the King was the first who penetrated the secret. He concluded, that some signal mischief was preparing by gunpowder; and it was thought advisable to inspect all the vaults below the houses of Parliament. This care belonged to the Earl of SUFFOLK, Lord Chamberlain, who judiciously postponed the search till the day before the meeting of Parliament, which was fixed for the memorable 5th of November. 1605. He then suspected the great piles of faggots which lay in the vault, under the House of Peers, and he cast his eye upon FAWKES, who stood in a dark corner, and who passed himself for PERCY's servant. These appearances determined SUFFOLK to scrutinize more exactly. About midnight, therefore, Sir THOMAS KNYVETT, a justice of the peace, was sent with proper attendants; and just at the entrance of the vault, he seized GUIDO FAWKES, who had disposed every part of the train of gunpowder, for taking fire the next morning, the matches and other combustibles being found upon him. The whole of this horrible plot was now discovered; but the atrocity of the perpetrator was such, that he told the officers of justice, with an undaunted air, that had he blown them and himself up together, he should have been happy; and before the Council he manifested the same savage disposition, refusing to discover his associates, and expressing no concern but for the failure of his enterprize. Being committed to the Tower, his courage at last failed him, and he made a full discovery of his accomplices. CATESBY, PERCY, and the conspirators who were in London, hearing that FAUX was arrested, fled into Warwickshire, where Sir EVERARD DIGBY was already in arms, in order to seize the Princess ELIZABETH. But the country took the alarm, and wherever they turned superior forces were ready to oppose them. In this exigency they made a stand at a house in Warwickshire, resolved to sell their lives as dearly as pos-



sible. CATESBY, PERCY, and WINTER, standing back to back, fought long and desperately. At last the two first fell, covered with wounds; and WINTER was taken alive. Those that survived the slaughter fell by the hands of the executioner. Such was the end of a conspiracy that brought ruin on its contrivers, and utterly supplanted that religion it was intended to establish.

On this, the present Drama is founded; and we think we may safely say, that it is, without exception, the best written and best acted piece we have seen on a minor stage for a length of time. Every striking and interesting situation has been introduced, and the interest is kept up to the conclusion. The incidents are judiciously developed; the adherence to historic truth is carefully preserved; the language is well written, and well adapted to the distinguishing peculiarities of the various characters; and the talents of every performer are brought into excellent play. This is as it should be, and we are truly happy in awarding both author, manager, and actors, our unbiassed commendations. The dark, designing, unbending ferocity of the demon-like GUIDO FAWKES—the traitorous machinations of CATESBY—the heart-rending, agonizing miseries of TRESHAM, (the unwilling aider and abettor of treason) were well depicted by the dramatizer, and as faithfully coloured by the powers of the actors.

SMITH's *Fawkes*, was a powerful personation. He displayed the merciless, revengeful, and saturnine disposition of the blood thirsty miscreant, with a fearful mixture of daring despair, dauntless courage, and murderous malice; and gave the whole such an effect of truth, as must be seen, to be duly appreciated. His introduction to the Conspirators; his unmoved indifference in preparing the fatal instruments of destruction in the vaults; and his soliloquy on his being led to the scaffold, on the failure of his mighty plan, will place him in a higher rank than he has ever yet attained among the heroes of Melo Dramatic Romances. CHAPMAN gave the part of *Catesby*, with such decisive proofs of true histrionic ability, as fully proves him possessed with qualifications of a very superior order, and sanctions in us the prophecy, that when age shall have matured his powers, he will occupy a situation of no little importance at one of the



National theatres. He may look up to it, for he has that within him worthy of it. He infused into the character a high and noble bearing, becoming the gentleman he had to personate; and a mixture of malignity, vindictiveness and hatred, well according with his disaffection and treasonable practices. His scene and combat with *Tresham*, on finding him the betrayer of the fatal secret, was given with that rage of goaded desperation—that fire of vengeance, well worthy of a better cause than the one he had engaged in. In short, his performance was truly energetic, and equably excellent. HUNTLEY, as *Tresham*, we never recollect seeing to greater advantage, to particularize every scene in which he blazed with histrionic fire, would be impossible. His whole performance was, indeed, a high treat to us. BEVERLEY, as *James*; and SLOMAN, as *Sir Tristram Collywobble*, kept down their natural bias to foolery, paid more regard to their characters than the audience, and therefore we award them a due share of approbation. Mrs. FEARMAN, as *Alice*, an orphan ward of *King James*, was pleasing and interesting; and Mrs. STANLEY, (allowing for some natural defects) depicted the sorrows of the wretched wife of *Tresham*, in a very impressive style. STANLEY, as *Monteagle*; and HOWELL, as *Thomas Percy*, must not be passed over. They both added to the general effect, particularly the former. The Scenery was delightful, although we may be allowed to say, we consider the colouring too warm—the tints want chastening in several of them considerably. *King James's Study*, from the description of Sir WALTER SCOTT.—*Mansion of Percy*, with Lambeth Palace, and Church; the *Gate of Montague House*, with London-bridge and Thames, by Moonlight; *Vault under the House of Lords*; and the *Old Parliament House*, were beautiful and highly interesting. The piece has been acted every evening to crowded audiences.

## COUNTRY THEATRICALS.

### EDINBURGH THEATRE.

MR. DRAMA,

As a subscriber to, and constant reader of your Magazine

since its first appearance, and as it has always been characterized by firmness and impartiality, I trust that the following remarks (having for their object the correction of a few errors into which "PETER PRY" has fallen, in his critique upon the Edinburgh Theatre) will be honored with a place. The Edinburgh Company deserve a much better name than he has generally given them. His remarks on Mrs. H. SIDDONS are true and just; as an Actress she has no equal, which gives the Edinburgh Theatre at least *one* advantage over the London Houses. The rest of the Ladies PETER PRY appears to think beneath his notice. This tends to convince me that he is *unjustly prejudicial, or has never seen the Edinburgh Company at all*, for, at the time his letter was written, Miss ROCK was in the Theatre, who is a young Lady of the first abilities as a Singer, and excellent in the youthful characters of Comedy, which not only the audience, but every Theatrical writer in Edinburgh have frequently confirmed. There is also Mrs. RENAUD, late Mrs. POWELL, in the Tragic department, whose talents are too well known in London to need any comment. Let me ask you, Mr. DRAMA, ought this lady, who for a long time proved a powerful rival of Mrs. SIDDONS, to be passed over as unworthy of notice by a writer, assuming to give an account of the Edinburgh Theatre? Mr. MURRAY he only speaks of as a Manager, without taking the least notice of his excellent acting. He (and not Mr. MACKAY) is the LISTON of Edinburgh, to whom, in many characters, he is scarcely inferior. Mr. MACKAY seldom or never plays any of Mr. LISTON's characters, with the exception of one or two Scotch parts, enumerated by PETER PRY, and in which he is equalled by none. But what gives me still more astonishment is, that he makes no mention at all of two principal performers Mr. JONES and Mr. CALCRAFT, who respectively take the lead in Tragedy and Comedy, and both stand deservedly high in the estimation of the public. Mr. JONES, in the entire line of light Comedy and Dandies, is excelled by no performer now in London, and is a universal and deserved favourite. He is author of the new and successful Haymarket farce called "*Peter Fin.*" Mr. CALCRAFT is a Gentleman of very high Tragic abilities, and is also gifted with some rare comic powers. His delineation of

*Morbleu* in the Farce of "*Monsieur Tonson*" is a masterpiece of acting, and to him may be attributed the great success that Farce has met with in this place, having been played upwards of 70 nights, and still forming a source of great attraction. In my opinion and in the opinion of many others, his *Frenchman* is far superior to Mr. GATTIE'S. Mr. CALCRAFT, and not Mr. TERRY, performs the leading characters in Tragedy. Mr. TERRY generally plays *Old Men*, such as *Sir Peter Teazle*, *The Green Man*, &c. &c. with some eccentric parts, such as *Touchstone*, *Malvolio*, &c. In this range of the Drama his excellence is acknowledged, but I cannot agree with PETER PRY that he is equally good when he assumes the Buskin which always sits uncasily on him, and I am of opinion that Mr. TERRY'S fame in the Theatrical world would have stood higher had he confined himself more exclusively to the line his powers adapt him for. The people in Edinburgh are never in the want of novelties, as Mr. MURRAY produces all the new Plays of merit, which are always got up in the first style. I trust, Mr. DRAMA, that what I have mentioned will sufficiently convince you and your readers *how very incorrect and unjust* are the remarks of "PETER PRY."

I am, &c. M. M. M.

### CHELTENHAM THEATRE.

MR. DRAMA,

The favorable expectation we entertained with regard to our theatre, under the management of Messrs. FARLEY and ABBOTT, has been in every respect realized;—novelties have been produced in rapid succession, and crowded houses have done ample justice to the liberality of the manager, and merit of the performers.—"*Life in London*," although not universally approved, has, after being curtailed of all its indecent expressions, improper situations, and the like, had a very successful run.—Mr. ABBOTT represented the *Corinthian*; and the manners of the gentleman and rake were touched off in fine style; but although FARLEY, as *Jerry Hawthorn*, was very good, his appearance would have better suited the character had he looked twenty years younger. Our old friend WOULDs, as *Logic*, certainly looked "a

*queer one*," and Mrs. WOULDs was a charming *Kate*.—The other parts were well sustained, and a better host of *Charleys*' (among whom, says rumour, was occasionally recognised the once wonder of the dramatic world, BETTY) were never thumped about on any stage. On July 12, was produced a farce called "*NEW LIGHTS; or, the Irish Tutor*," (the principal character written expressly for CONNOR) and performed for several successive evenings with almost clamorous applause. The plot of this laughable little farce, if plot it may be called, is as follows.—*Mr. Tilwell* [PowELL] a stock-jobber, who has retired from business peaceably to enjoy the fruit of his speculations, feels himself completely out of his proper element, from lack of a polite education, determined his son *Charles* [Mr. HUNT] shall not labour under the same difficulty, he engages for him as tutor, the celebrated *Dr. O'Tool*, a man of profound talent and deeply versed in the more abstruse branches of literature, at a salary of 200*l.* a-year, board included. The doctor while on the road from London to the village where *Tilwell* resides, is taken ill, and sends information thereof by an Irish servant, *Jerry O'Rook* [CONNOR] who thinking 200*l.* a-year, besides eating and drinking, as he expresses it, a very desirable attainment, conceives a scheme of passing himself off as *Dr. O'Tool* and enjoying the important office of tutor, encumbered with the emoluments derived therefrom. The piece opens with the arrival of *Terry*, who is unfortunately recognised by a servant girl, *Mary* [Mrs. WOULDs] to whom he is under promise of marriage, but *Terry*, nothing daunted, impudently asserts he never saw her before, and in spite of her tears and reproaches, declares she must have mistaken him for some other person;—he waits anxiously for an introduction to his pupil, whom he is greatly alarmed to hear, understands, the common branches of learning, but *Terry* consoles himself with observing, "If he already understands Latin, why I sha'n't have to *tache* it him, and as for Greek, why faith, I'll bother him with native Irish;" but he is nearly overcome with surprise when on introduction to his pupil, he finds him to be a friend of a former master of his; but *Charles* has reasons for remaining silent on the subject, thinking *Jerry* may be serviceable to him in a design he has of marrying his fa-



ther's ward, and indeed he renders him completely subservient to his purpose, whenever he reminds him, as *Dick Dowlas* does *Dr. Pangloss*, of the 200*l.* a-year.—The sang froid with which *Terry* assures *Mr. Tilwell* it is part of his system, when caught first on his knees to the servant girl, and afterwards brushing his pupil's coat, are amusing in the extreme, but when surprised by the old gentleman, fiddling to, and dancing with a party of villagers assembled in the village on some festive occasion, all *Terry's* assurance and all *Tilwell's* respect for learning and learned men will not convince him that these eccentricities are at any rate part of a good system, and they are on the point of coming to open rupture, when *Dr. Flail*, the birch-wielder of the village, enters with documents proving the imposture of *Terry*, who finding himself beset on every side, acknowledges the trick, promises reform, and the piece happily concludes with the father's consenting to the marriage of *Charles* and the *Ward*, and *Terry* informing *Mary* she may in future consider herself as *Mrs. O'Rook*.

"The *Antiquary*" was got up in a manner which reflects the greatest credit to the managers, but although we had *Mr. W. FARREN* as *Oldbuck*, *LOVEDAY* as *Edie Ochiltree*, and *ABBOTT* as *Hector M'Intyre*, yet the difficulty of representing ideal characters with whom the mind has been so long familiar was strikingly obvious. *Steenie Mucklebackit* found an excellent representative in *Mr. FARLEY*, as did *Elspeth* of the *Craigburnfoot*, in *Mrs. CONNOR*. *Miss FORDE* played *Isabella Wardour*, and gave the songs incidental to the piece with great effect; indeed the operatic force of the company, consisting of *Miss FORDE*, *Mr. ISAACS* (of *Covent Garden*) *Mr. HUNT*, &c. &c. has proved highly attractive. On *Tuesday, August 5*, *Mr. BETTY* made his bow to a crowded and fashionable audience, as *Essex*, in the tragedy of that name, and although he has in a measure, lost the powerful attraction he possessed in his younger days, his performance of the character was highly respectable throughout; in some parts deeply pathetic. The audience eagerly caught every opportunity of expressing loud applause at the pleasure they received, in once more seeing their old favorite on the boards of the *Cheltenham Theatre*. *CONNOR's Southampton* not only delighted but astonished



the audience; few thought the representation of *Terry O'Rook* capable of displaying such force, dignity, and pathos as Mr. CONNOR did in *Southampton*; Mrs. CONNOR looked and acted the *Queen* to the very life. On Thursday Mr. BETTY appeared as *Sir Edward Mortimer*, in the "*Iron Chest*," and although the character is widely different from the line of blooming heroes in which he so pre-eminently excelled, Mr. B. sustained the character throughout with great force and talent. Of Mr. ABBOTT, as *Wilfred*, we will say nothing, except that we were very much disappointed.—On Saturday, the 8th, Mr. BETTY concluded his short engagement in the favorite character of *Warwick*, which he supported with the greatest energy and spirit. The other characters were ably, very ably played;—Mr. CONNOR as *King Edward*, and Mrs. BARNES as *Lady Elizabeth Grey*, were excellent, and Mrs. CONNOR gained well-merited applause in the masculine character of *Margaret of Anjou*. The performance concluded with the admired farce of "*The Weathercock*," and Mr. BETTY as *Tristram Fickle*, took, we fear, a long farewell of the audience. E. M.

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### SOUTHAMPTON THEATRE.

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#### MR. DRAMA,

This place of fashionable resort opened for the season, on the 12th inst. During the recess the interior has undergone very extensive alterations and improvements: the whole has been newly painted and decorated; and gas lights have been introduced, which have a most beautiful appearance. The Managers, MAXFIELD, KELLY, and COLLINS, certainly deserve great credit, for their praiseworthy exertions to promote the comfort and convenience of the numerous visitors to the Theatre.—We are aware that they must have been at a vast expense in making the several alterations; and, we trust, that their exertions will be crowned with complete success. In addition to the regular company, we likewise see several new performers, possessed of great talent.

The play was the "*Honey Moon*," in which Miss YARMAN, of the Bath theatre, made her *débüt* on these boards, as

the *Duchess Juliana*, and certainly merited those encomiums which the people of Bath so lavishly bestowed upon her ; in fact, she far exceeded our most sanguine expectations. Her delineation was chaste and spirited—her action, modest and graceful—and, withal, she evinced a perfect knowledge of her profession. She seems to have been accustomed to the best society, and to have caught “the living manners as they rise.” The part of the *Hostess* was assigned to Mrs. YARMAN, (mother of the above-named lady). The part does not admit of the display of much ability ; but what we saw was enough to convince us that she is a most charming actress. We were happy to see our old favourites, Miss DEVEULLE, and Miss COLLINS, in such good spirits ; they both were well received, and did justice to their respective parts. A Mr. HOLLINGSWORTH made his first appearance here as *Lopez* ; and we hope that the Managers will find him a very valuable addition to their company. This piece was followed by “*Love laughs at Locksmiths.*”—*Captain Beldare*, by Mr. BEDFORD, his first appearance. This gentleman possesses a good voice, and considerable taste and judgment ; and he only wants practice to make him an able performer. FLOYER performed in his usual good manner, and excited the risible faculties of a numerous audience, as he always does do—it is impossible to look at him without smiling—he is one of the best comic actors we ever had on our boards, and occasionally diverts us with a good song, which he is capable of doing in excellent style. The rest of the performers were received according to their deserts.

On Tuesday, “*Every one has his Fault.*”—Miss YARMAN performed the part of *Lady Eleanor*, in a manner that would have done credit to any of the Covent Garden actresses—every one seemed to sympathise with her in her domestic griefs, and again as heartily rejoiced when she made up past grievances with her father, *Lord Norland*. It was a most delightful piece of acting. Mrs. YARMAN, in *Mrs. Placid*, had a better opportunity of shewing her talent, and convinced us that we were not mistaken in our opinion of her. Mr. MAXFIELD, as *Harmony*, was all that we could wish. Our greatest favourite, SHALBERS\*, per-

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\* This gentleman, by some means not known, has got

formed in his usual excellent style, and gained universal applause. We consider him to be one of the best actors the Managers ever engaged. He is not only a performer, but he is a very superior scene-painter, and, with practise, would soon be equal to the GRIEVE'S, BRADLEY'S, HALLOWAY, &c. The "*Spectre Bridegroom*," followed; but as we have no dominion over creatures of the air, we forbear making any remarks on it.

Wednesday, "*A Cure for the Heart-ache*;" with the "*Lady and the Devil*."—In both of which Miss YARMAN performed with great applause. It would be needless for us to enumerate all the parts that she performs—suffice it to say, that she is the same in all, and need only be seen to be admired.

Thursday, "*Amoroso*;" and "*Every one has his Fault*," by desire of the Steward of the Races. The house was well filled, and the performers gave great satisfaction.

Friday, "*Day after the Wedding*;" to which, followed the "*Wonder*."—Here again, Miss YARMAN shone forth

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into the bad books of Mr. BAKER, the Proprietor of the *Isle of Wight Journal*. We do not know what reason Mr. B. has for being so severe on Mr. S.; but we do think that if he pretends to make remarks on the performers and the plays, he should put forth a true and *impartial* account of their proceedings, and not, as in the case of this gentleman, a false and *partial* one. Prejudice, we know, has great weight with some people. We are ready to give censure when necessary, and are as willing to give praise; but we wish to see Proprietors of papers to do these things in a manner that becomes them. Mr. B. calls him a *very good low Comedian*, and says, he should attempt *nothing above that stamp*. This, we deny—manfully deny the charge.—He is considered to be, by all the *respectable* inhabitants of the place, a most excellent performer in any thing, and we could, if necessary, prove Mr. B.'s account to be incorrect. Again, he says "Mr. S. has another excellence, he is a painter—and we admit this; but, because he is a painter, is that any thing to his discredit—should a man be laughed at on this account, and censured so harshly by a trumpety reporter?—Certainly not.

with additional lustre. We never recollect seeing SHALDERS so much "at home," as he was this night ; and we sincerely hope, that when the benefit season arrives, he will meet with that support, he so so justly deserves.

Monday, "*Castle Spectre*," was performed to a good house. This is a very poor play, and we should be glad to see it discarded from the Dramatic Library. It, however, affords two or three opportunities for the performers, of which they availed themselves. Miss YARMAN acted *Angela* ; but this is not a part she appears so well in ; the interview with her father, *Reginald* (FORREST), was very good, and gave great satisfaction ; the *Spectre* scene was very well done. Mr. MAXFIELD, as *Earl Osmond*, supported his character in a very able manner. *Hassan*, was personated by Mr. COOKE, from Bath, his 1st appearance ; and likely to become a favourite. After the play, Miss KELLY danced a *Pas Suel* ; but we cannot say much for her, having seen her dance better. The "*Citizen*" followed.—*Mavia*, by Miss YARMAN, who, as usual, acquitted herself in a superior manner. The other performers sustained their parts very creditably.

I am, &c.

Aug. 26, 1822.

FREDERICA CLOSE.

Mr. KEAN.—We are happy to find the following tribute to Mr. KEAN's generosity in an American paper:—"Mr. KEAN, marked as he is, by all the petulance which is too often the accompaniment of acknowledged genius, and, no doubt, with points in his real as well as mimic life, which detract from his greatness, has still redeeming traits of benevolence and liberality, as he has of genius and talent, which account for the general popularity he possesses in England. He has recently given the whole profits of his benefit at Drury-lane theatre, to the relief of the sufferers in Ireland. Let cold-blooded calculation take down the interest table, to estimate the future advantages he may eventually reap from this good deed, the '*Recording Angel*,' we apprehend, will make a fair entry on the credit side of his account."







Drawn by J. Masquiere. Engraved by H. R. Cook.

MISS MELLON,  
(the present *M<sup>rs</sup> Coutts*.)  
AS *M<sup>rs</sup> PAGE*.

# THE DRAMA;

OR,

## THEATRICAL

# POCKET MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1822.

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EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF  
MISS MELLON, (THE PRESENT MRS. COUTTS.)

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## DRAMATIC ORACLE.

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J. LLEWOP is mistaken if he conceives we bear any ill-will towards the managers of the Coburg theatre, as our last Number will abundantly testify, and we can assure him to give praise where it is *justly due* is to us most pleasurable; but we cannot forbear to hold them up to ridicule and derision when they are deserving of it, and which we think he cannot but allow is pretty often the case. Respecting the other parts of his letter, we think he is too severe—the greatest fault we can perceive is an exuberance of imagination and language which time and experience will teach the writer to restrain, otherwise we think there are many redeeming excellencies and poetical images, which, on a second perusal, he will easily discover. However, he has our thanks for the interest he appears to take in the welfare of our little work.—We cannot spare room yet for “*More Miseries!*”—*Seduction*, S.L.B.—*Garino*, Mr. DALBY.—*On Critics*, T.T.—*Check-takers*, C.G.C.—*Lines to Shakspeare and to Shelley*, by Mr. DALBY, from the “*Troubadour*.”—*Dramatic Novels*, Mr. CREED—*Dramatic Fragments*, GLANVILLE, are intended for early insertion.—The portrait of Mr. KEAN is not forgotten.—*Olla Podrida* would have been inserted, but it interferes with our monthly “*Town Talk*” and “*Dramatic Fragments*.”—DAVID GARRICK’S will is in our possession.—PHILOSCOPUS, ditto.—The Letter inquired after by Mr. WILLIAMS, could not have had the postage paid, otherwise he would have heard from us.—INQUIRER is a puppy.—The remarks on the *Southampton Theatre*, by W.M. we could not possibly spare room for—at any future period we shall be glad to hear from the writer.

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### UNDER CONSIDERATION.

*Petition from the Pit to the Gallery*, J.G.—*A few Annotations on SHAKSPEARE*, A. THOMSON.

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### DECLINED.

*Argyle*, TERTULLUS;—*Lines to Emery*, N.K.—*Acrostic to Keen*, and *Lines to Miss Fisher*, M.—*Rob the Reaver*, ARGENTINE.—*To Keeley*, W.H.C.—*Lines to Lord Byron*, S. THOMAS.

# THE DRAMA;

OR,

*THEATRICAL*

POCKET MAGAZINE.

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No. V.      OCTOBER, 1822.      Vol. III.

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MISS MELLON.

[THE PRESENT MRS. COUTTS.]

— —

“Well ! of all the fruit in the world, I always loved a ripe *melon*.”

— —

ALTHOUGH the actors of the present day will of course always claim the pre-eminence in our publication, yet those of a former period will not be entirely neglected. A work devoted to the “Drama and its Laws” would be incomplete, did it not incorporate in its pages the biographies of those histrionic stars—GARRICK, SIDDONS, KEMBLE, COOKE, RAE, O’NEILL, and a host of others “too numerous to mention ;”—and in order to give additional effect to these histrionic sketches, we think we have in our possession some very admirable original portraits with which it is our intention to adorn these occasional biographies of those of the “olden time.” In the present number, therefore, we present our readers with that of Miss MELLON, a lady, who

has certainly of late made some little noise in the world—and although she has for several years left the theatrical hemisphere, yet the strong reports which have been within this last month propagated, (and which appear to have some foundation in truth) incline us to think she will again become of no little consequence to the furtherance and support of the true English drama.(1) We therefore make no apology for seizing the present opportunity of giving her to our readers.

Miss HARRIET MELLON's first appearance on the metropolitan boards was made in the season of 1793-4 at Drury Lane Theatre, in the part of *Lydia Languish*. Her birth-place, (if our information be correct) was Westminster. Her father, who was a gentleman in the East India service, died some months previous to her birth. About two years afterwards, her mother married again into a respectable family in Lancashire; and from this period Miss M. may date her *theatrical life*; for her father-in-law, Mr. ENTWISTLE, possessing considerable musical talents, was induced to engage as the leader of a band in a provincial theatre—and Miss M. afterwards, occasionally as a child, assisted at the houses where Mr. E. happened to be engaged. The first regular engagement she entered into was with Mr. STANTON, in whose circuit, where she was the principal ornament, she remained till her removal to Drury Lane. This circumstance took place in the following manner:—At Stafford, Miss M. was favoured with the friendship of Mr. WRIGHT, the banker, with whose sister and daughters she lived in habits of intimacy. Mr. SHERIDAN, being on a visit to the family during the races, saw her play the characters of *Rosalind* and the *Romp*, and was so highly satisfied with the performance, that he was pleased to say he thought her abilities entitled her to a situation in London. Miss M.'s Staffordshire friends, who had ever exerted themselves most warmly and powerfully for her interest,

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(1) We allude to the current rumour of a marriage intended between herself and the Lessee of Drury Lane Theatre;—the recent extensive alterations and improvements at that theatre, (if we may believe the tales we hear) certainly seem to give the report an air of truth.



were of course not insensible of the value attached to the opinion of so excellent a judge of acting as Mr. S. they intimated how happy they should feel were Miss M. comfortably situated at D.L.T. upon which Mr. S. immediately engaged her for that theatre—and as she could in no wise be separated from her mother, Mr. ENRWISTLE was also provided with a situation in the orchestra. Her first appearance was decisive—the warmest applause followed her efforts—the vivacity of her manner was much admired—and the advantage of a pleasing countenance and figure, gave it additional effect. She gradually rose in public estimation, and at the period of her retirement from the boards, was ranked among the principal comic supporters of the theatre. Soon after her retirement in 1815, she became Mrs. COURTTS, and here her theatrical life closes. Since that period, her charitable disposition has been evinced in a thousand instances—her liberality has been profuse—and all her delight appears to do good. (1)

### MR. KEAN.

*[Resumed from Page 168.]*

All may think which way their judgments lean 'em.—BYRON.

The principles of this society are sufficiently evident from this speech; yet an erroneous idea got abroad that the object of the club was to support KEAN by crushing his competitors. In consequence of this idea, which was very generally disseminated, the society was dissolved, though the only just fault to be found with it was, that its aim was impracticable. Those moral principles are not powerful enough to sway men's minds; it is only the mystical influence of religion that can subdue the passions of men, and make them act according to presented regulations.

From this period, nothing occurs in KEAN's life to command the attention of the biographer till the production of

(1) Mr. COURTTS died on Sunday, Feb. 24, 1822, at his house in Stratton Street, Piccadilly, at the age of 87.

Miss PORTER's tragedy of "*Switzerland*." In this he had to sustain a principal character, which, as it afforded no peculiar opportunities for the display of his talents, he performed very negligently, and, in consequence, the piece was damned. The friends of the authoress were naturally loud in censure, and the papers of the next morning visited the offence with no slight indignation. But this storm would soon have died away, had not Mr. BUCKE dexterously chosen the opportunity of bringing himself into notice, by withdrawing from the theatre his unacted play of "*The Italians*.'

The dispute, however, will best speak for itself, and for this purpose we shall give a faithful transcript of the letters, in the order in which they occurred.

#### MR. KEAN AND THE AUTHOR OF THE ITALIANS.

The subject above-named must, of necessity, be interesting to all persons who take cognizance of theatrical affairs; and it is highly desirable that the true merits of the case should be before the public. We should be very happy to contribute towards directing the judgment of our readers; but as we have before us little information which is not open to all the public, we think we shall best fulfil our duty to our readers, by simply laying before them the correspondence which has taken place.

We shall first give a letter written by Mr. BUCKE, the author of "*The Italians*," to Mr. KEAN, when he suspected that performer of some disaffection to his tragedy, with Mr. KEAN's answer thereto.

*" To Edmund Kean, Esq.*

" SIR,

Jan. 14, 1819.

" A few days since I enclosed to the Committee my preface to the tragedy of "*The Italians*."

" I had so much trouble about this tragedy last season, that I had become almost indifferent as to its being performed at Drury-Lane theatre at all. The Committee, however, seem to think that it is pre-eminently worthy of such distinction, and that if performed it would be exceedingly productive to the theatre. The preface I enclosed, they think, also, would have so wide and so permanent an

effect, and awaken such an extraordinary sensation in the public mind, that, for the sake of all parties involved, they are desirous of preventing its publication, by having the tragedy performed, as you and they had expressly engaged last season.

“ Thus stands the case.—The Committee wish to have it brought forward, and so in fact do I. But neither the Committee, nor Mr. KEMBLE, nor myself, would, on any account, permit it to be so, unless you will ardently and zealously enter into the subject, and perform the principal character with the cheerfulness and the satisfaction that may command a successful result.

“ The subject, therefore, rests wholly with you.

“ This tragedy has, as I believe you know, been in the hands of some of the first critics of the present day. They tell me it is likely to succeed on two accounts; first, because there is a character which you know so well how to render effective; and, secondly, because there are other characters calculated to render your own far more interesting, by the decided contrasts they will exhibit.

“ Notwithstanding this opinion, I am well aware that no person can presume, with any degree of certainty, to foretell the actual success of any thing, either at the theatre, or in any other of the affairs of life.

“ But let the success or non-success be as it will, this, I believe, is certain, that if the tragedy is not acted, after the express engagements of yourself and the Committee, the operation will be far more serious, than if it is performed and condemned.

“ You see, sir, this subject is of more importance than some superficial persons may suppose. It involves interests, therefore, of the first magnitude to the establishment. I request you, therefore, to appoint either to-morrow, or Saturday, at any hour you please, to meet me in the Committee-room, which will be appropriated to our especial service, that we might come to some final arrangement. Let us regard only the interests of the theatre. If I can be convinced that it is for its interests that I should quietly withdraw, I will do so, provided I can with propriety, and that just sense of feelings which every man ought to entertain for his own fame and respectability. If, on the other

hand, you feel disposed to resume your former enthusiasm, let us lose no time in consulting together, for the mutual benefit of all parties concerned. "I am, sir, yours, &c."

"SIR,

"I know too well my duty to a liberal public, to be instructed in my conduct towards them; nor can I bring any circumstance to my recollection of giving any portion of the public an opportunity of accusing me of want of ardour and zeal in their service. I have nothing to do with the management of the theatre: if the Committee think your tragedy worthy of representation, I am the servant of the establishment, and for my own sake, shall make the most of the materials that are allotted me; further explanation on this subject is unnecessary; when the prompter sends me the character, I shall enter on its study. I am afraid in our former acquaintance you have mistaken good wishes to you for enthusiasm in your efforts. "Yours, &c. &c."

"Jan. 15.

"EDMUND KEAN."

[*To be resumed.*]

## RETRIBUTION; OR, SIR ALBERT THE CRUSADER.

BY J. J. LEATHWICK.

[*Resumed from page 128.*]

*Sir A. (With great agitation of voice and manner.)* My sire again alive! resuscitated!  
 Oh! gracious heav'n—this guerdon chases  
 And obliterates the fellest sorrowings  
 That e'er came o'er me. A parent to possess!  
 And here to give his beaming benediction  
 The greatest boon thou canst bestow: a parent  
 Did I say! a sound unknown, unus'd to me.  
 Thou blest disposer of events and works,  
 Who guid'st, and rul'st, as seemeth fit  
 The untoward machinations of mankind,  
 Oh! bear me witness to my bosom's joy,  
 And thou, my soul, attest in fervent pray'r,

My innate sense of gratitude. My sire !  
 My honour'd, long inourn'd sire ! But how didst  
 Thou escape that glorious death, that once did  
 Constitute the theme of valour o'er  
 The extended world ; and fir'd each manly lip  
 In speaking of Sir Hugh with volumes  
 Of applause ; e'en the untutor'd hinds grew  
 Eloquent, and tott'ring age and feeble  
 Childhood, did lisp and catch the echoing  
 Emanations of thy fame.

*Sir Hugh.* The tale is brief, I will recount it to you ;  
 But let us first immediate see if  
 Any spark of life yet lives in yonder knight,  
 When once the battle's done, the lion heart  
 Should fall to lamb-like qualities, and  
 Mercy then should hold her undivided sway.  
 My Selim loose the thongs that bind his casque.

*(This order is obey'd, and Sir Allan's features are discovered.)*

Ha ! is it so.—But I am not surpris'd,  
 This well accords with all thy deeds, and is  
 The fearful finish to atrocity. Behold !  
 And view that prostrate victim of retributive  
 Justice : 'tis the aberration of the blind  
 Divinity, that thus recoils the venom'd  
 Shaft, which baneful villains urge in vain 'gainst  
 Injur'd innocence. By my halidome  
 He stirs, the light again relumes his  
 Rayless eye.

*Sir Allan.* *(Regains his senses—fixes his eyes vacantly on Sir Hugh.)* Spare me, thou ever present shade, and  
 do not  
 Frown terrific on my soul,—thy son's unscath'd,  
 Oh ! spare——

*(Relapses with a groan into insensibility.)*

*Sir Hugh.* Mark ! how the empoison'd stings of con-  
 science  
 Do tear and writhe the blackened soul. 'Tis  
 Ever thus with those, who in the zenith of  
 Their lawless pow'r have done a nameless deed ;  
 The glitt'ring of the world may chase the thought



And retrospection for a season, but  
On a dying bed it falls with renovated  
Might, and topples down the guilty soul  
E'en to the abyss of unfathomed despair,  
Remove Sir Allan by yon rippling rill,  
And sprinkle o'er his face the lucid drops ;  
If reason should perchance regain her sway,  
Thou'lt instant calm the agitated mind,  
And as his hours are brief, exhort that he will  
Gain, a bless'd armistice from offended God.

(*To Selim.*)

*Selim.* Your behest, Sir Hugh, shall instant be obey'd.

*Sir Albert.* And now my sire whilst yonder wretched  
man,

Shall feel the care thy noble heart bestows,  
Oh ! satisfy the longings of my soul,  
And let me hear thy sad eventful tale.

*Sir Hugh.* Attend then, to my narration :—

In giving birth to thee, thy mother died,  
Nor could I e'er erase the bitter pangs  
And mournful recollections of my  
Happy envied fortune. E'en now  
In thought I see her beauteous form expanding  
With delight and waging lovely rivalry  
With matchless mind. Oh ! she was all that man  
Could e'er desire, or heav'n in the fervency  
Of it's gifts bestow. But ah ! I must not  
Dare not thus proceed ; I tremble with emotion  
Be soft ! be still my heart !

(*Pause.*)

The time roll'd reckless, and that applauded  
Sovereign balm for grief, on me did lose  
Its charm ; I courted death, embark'd for  
Palestine to seek it, and nearly gain'd  
The boon for which I went, for I was left  
Void of all stirring or apparent life  
On the ensanguin'd plain of slaughter'd foemen ;  
A charitable Saracen in searching  
The heaped field for some relation, lur'd  
By my hollow groans compassionately felt  
My hapless case and bore me to his tent :  
I was as 'twere entranced, nor knew how fate  
Had thus dispos'd me, long time the pallid

Hue of vacant health did spread its noisome  
Influence on my head, and skilful leech  
And willing aids were doubtful of my life,  
But thro' their kind assistance I recover'd,  
And liv'd to thank my generous hearted foe.  
By some unknown nefarious means,  
The vengeful Saladin became inform'd  
That he who oft had thinn'd his noblest ranks,  
Was now secreted in his pow'r. I was  
Directly seiz'd and thrown with vilest  
Ignominy in close and deep confinement,  
And that for years; but yet my constant friend  
Tho' made the causeless butt of persecution,  
Did ne'er forsake or leave me, nor left  
An end untried, that might procure my  
Long wish'd liberation. At last he brib'd  
My watchful guard, and sped with me from  
Holy Land, our monarch's fleet had homeward  
Bound their swelling sails, and no recourse was  
Left, save that a band of holy pilgrims  
Were measuring back their weary steps to reach  
Once more their long deserted homes.  
These we join'd with readiness, and after  
Long protracted toils and weary journeyings,  
In safety reach'd the land that gave me birth.

*Sir Albert.* Blissful termination! my heart grateful  
Feels, that he who yonder calms Sir Allan's  
Guilty soul, is that invaluable friend  
To whose assiduous cares I owe a  
Parent's valued life.

*Sir Hugh.* He is that friend, my Selim, the sharer  
Of my woes, the avenger of my wrongs,  
The soother of the fell despair that oft  
Asserts its black dominion. I once  
Did think that such a mind could not exist  
In Saracenic form. But ah! I now  
Have haply learn'd that not the soul of either  
Sex, or distant climes, or native home;  
Can change or steal away the kernell'd  
Gem of genuine friendship.

[To be Resumed.]

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## THE "TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA."

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AMONG the few plays of SHAKSPEARE which are not constantly recurred to by his admirers, is the comedy of "*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*." Even some of his most enthusiastic readers do not speak of it with unmixed delight ; they dwell with pleasure on *Valentine*, the two ladies, and the two servants, especially *Launce*, whose whimsical drollery is acknowledged by every one to be the most natural and irresistible of all his clowns ; but *Protheus* appears to them unworthy of the poet, an unfinished portrait, a compound of contradictions, a being either infamous or honourable, either criminal or penitent, according to the exigencies of the scene. This observation we have formed from the opinions that have been generally bestowed on him in conversation ; for nothing, that we recollect, has been written on the subject ; *Protheus* has been either neglected or misunderstood. There appear to be three principal objections against the consistency and the propriety of his character : one is inconstancy and guilt, without apparent cause, in a man so praised and so beloved by the other persons of the drama ; the second is the improbability of his sudden repentance, and of his return to *Julia's* arms, with all his former love, uninjured by the treachery of broken faith ; and the last is the immoral conclusion that may be drawn from his remaining not only unpunished, but even rewarded, and that at the sacrifice of a lovely and interesting girl. We would willingly repel these accusations, and it is our intention, in this number, to examine the conduct of *Protheus* as a man, a friend, and a lover, and to endeavour to account for the seeming incongruities that have been alleged against him.

From his being the associate of *Valentine*, and the favourite of *Julia*, we are apt to conceive a higher opinion of his qualities than he can justly claim. When we bring him nearer to our view, and scrutinize his character, by the assistance of those masterly touches of SHAKSPEARE'S pen, developing the secrets of the human heart, we shall find him a man who, on the first temptation, was likely to become both false and treacherous. He is possessed of no kind af-

fections ; he is a stranger to every warm and generous sensation ; he is wrapped up in self ; a cold-blooded, heartless youth. Keenly alive to the effects of public disgrace, but little affected by the consciousness of dishonour. A proficient in learning, but defective in natural ability. His reputation has been obtained, among the old, by his industry, and by his being free from the excesses of a wild and thoughtless disposition ; and these properties, together with a handsome person, and the accomplishments of a gentleman, gain applause among the young. His presumptive goodness is founded upon his not having committed evil ; he is not addicted to the follies of his age ; he is neither quarrelsome nor vindictive ; he offends nobody. A due consideration of every thing that is right and proper would attend him in all situations : if a fellow creature was in danger, he would not refuse to fight in his defence, provided that, under all the circumstances of the case, he felt confident it was his duty to draw his sword, and the law was on his side ; or, if his friend or father were to fall down in a fit at his feet, he would reflect awhile which physician lived nearest, and which was the most likely to be at home, and which was the most skilful for that particular kind of disease, instead of running with all speed, like a man with more heart than brains, to the first one that entered his head.

After this description of him as a man, it may be asked, how could *Valentine* bind to his bosom, in the strongest ties of friendship, one so bereft of every amiable qualification ? SHAKSPEARE tells us, and it is sufficient to oblige us to withhold an impeachment against *Valentine's* discernment, that

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“ From their infancy  
They had conversed, and spent their hours together ;”

It was an early attachment, and therefore strong ; not connected by a congeniality of disposition, but by habit, and a continuance of mutual kindness. Had they not been school-fellows, and their friendship formed before the maturity of their judgment, it is scarcely possible they would have been common acquaintances. As it was, *Valentine* delighted in *Protheus* because he believed him as sincere as himself, and *Protheus* was pleased with him because his vanity was

flattered, and his reputation received a lustre from such an alliance. These two friends form one of SHAKSPEARE'S happiest contrasts. There is a life, a gaiety about *Valentine*, in every thing he says and does, and his raillery is as elegant as it is inoffensive. He never opens his lips but he speaks the language of his soul, and wins at once our admiration and esteem. By the strength of his own natural talents he has leapt over the drudgery of scholarship, and, unconscious of his superior excellence, bestows unmerited applause on *Protheus*, who knows no more than what is told him by his tutor. In short, *Valentine* is a man from whom a woman derives a higher dignity, and is ennobled among her sex, the instant he declares his passion.

[*To be Resumed.*]

## NUGŒ DRAMATICÆ.

No. II.

BY G. J. DE WILDE.

### SEBASTIAN ; OR, THE TREACHEROUS FRIEND.

“J’ai souvent observé qu’ence temps detestable  
L’amitié n’est qu’un nom qui cache un cœur coupable.”

SCENE—*A Garden on the Banks of the Guadalquivir.*

AGNES, (*Sola.*)

He comes not yet, the sun hath long since sunk  
Beneath the Guadalquivir's crystal waves,  
And yet he comes not—No, I feel the curse,  
A father's bitter curse hangs heavy on me.  
The heir to one of Spain's most wealthy nobles  
Can never be forgiven, for espousing  
One, whose sole dower is a heart that beats  
With love for him alone. Alas ! I fear  
A fatal gift 'twill prove to my Antonio.



Oh, Fortune! thou hast broken more fond hearts  
 Than all the ills fate looses 'gainst mankind.  
 Hope! we must say "farewell." Success finds friends  
 That would, ere now, have brought the gladsome tidings,  
 All eager to congratulate—but now  
 All round is desolate and silent, none  
 Come in adversity to soothe—no matter—  
 There is but one this bosom pants to meet,  
 And he—he is it's victim, wretched Agnes!  
 Thy love has hurl'd him from a throne of bliss—  
 Of wealth—of all mortality can ask,  
 Into a dark abyss of misery,  
 A father's malediction on his head.  
 The *thought* of what my rash love has bereft him,  
 Chills every sense.—Into a parent's heart,  
 Instil, oh! heaven, thy noblest attribute—  
 Forgiveness—if that must not—cannot be—  
 On me alone, oh! fall the punishment.  
 I—I alone am guilty.

*Enter* SEBASTIAN.

*Seb.* Lady, haste!  
 And the important tenor of my mission  
 Will plead excuse, I trust, for this intrusion.  
 Your husband, lady, Don Antonio,  
 Whom I am proud to call my honoured friend,  
 Bade me inform you—

*Agnes.* I have ruined him!  
 Speak, is't not so? alas! too well I read  
 The dreadful confirmation in thy looks,  
 Root out all hope, and tell me thou art come  
 To say Antonio leaves me—oh! for ever.

*Seb.* Your first suspicion is too truly founded—  
 But in your second, you but wrong my friend.  
 You are too harsh, to deem reverse of fortune  
 Can thus reverse a fond hearts prejudice,  
 If he were faithless I had not been here.  
 But time is precious—it is almost needless  
 To say, Antonio thriv'd not in his suit—  
 His father spurn'd him as a thing infectious.

Scarce was the tale concluded of your marriage,  
When wildly starting up as one who finds  
His fairest projects blasted by a word,  
He grasp'd his sword—

*Agnes.* Hold, hold—oh ! spare—he did not,  
He *could* not murder his own offspring.

*Seb.* No,  
'Twas but the frenzy of a moment—he  
Return'd it to its sheath, and lifting up  
His hands to heaven, call'd down upon his son  
A deep and bitter curse—then suddenly  
Striking them to his forehead, he essayed  
To stagger from the chamber—but o'ercome  
With an excess of feeling but ill suited  
To one so aged, so infirm, he sank  
Into the arms of an attendant, and  
Was borne insensible to his apartment.  
Awhile Antonio stood, almost as senseless,  
Till fearful that his father's deep resentment  
Might be productive of some ill to you,  
He bade me seek this spot, and bear you to  
A place of more security. Nay, nay,  
Do not let grief thus overwhelm your heart,  
Believe me, happiness may yet be thine.

*Agnes.* Speak not of happiness to one like me—  
'Tis as the semblance of a banquet to  
The starving wretch—a cruel mockery.

*Seb.* You should not say so—was it then for *wealth*  
You gave your hand to Don Antonio ?

*Agnes.* No.  
Think me not mercenary—'tis for him  
Alone I feel, used as he is to splendour.  
Adversity, with twice its usual horrors,  
Will burst upon him ;—and when struggling 'gainst  
Its complicated evils, he will learn  
To hate the cause.

*Seb.* And even were it so,  
There is a heart would love you far more fondly  
Than ever your Antonio lov'd—that would  
Raise you to higher fortunes—whose sole care  
Would be new pleasures to invent for thee.

Enchanting girl ! I cannot execute  
 His cruel mandate, lady ! you but augur'd  
 Too truly, in supposing that his love  
 Would fade with loss of fortune. I was sent  
 To bear you from his sight, and to immure  
 In a dark cell those charms—I hate the deed.  
 Oh, lady ! thy enchanting loveliness  
 Has wrought a reformation in my breast—  
 Antonio loves you not.—Nay, do not start !  
 Here is a heart adores you to distraction—  
 Fly, fly with me—my bark awaits for us—  
 'Twill bear us quickly to far happier shores  
 Of love and bliss.

*Agnes.* Insulting villain ! hence—  
 Thou hast unveiled thyself, ere punishment  
 Fall on thy treach'ry ! hence—ere injur'd friendship  
 Return to wither thee.—Thou hast betray'd  
 Thy shallow artifice.—Antonio's love  
 Too deep is rooted, to be torn away  
 By the *first* blast.—Leave me—till he returns,  
 I stir not from this spot—once more, away !

*Seb.* Rave on—rave on !—there are none near to aid thee.  
 No, lady ! thou art mine beyond redemption—  
 And thus I prove it.

*(He is about to catch her in his arms—she screams—  
 Antonio rushes in.)*

*Antonio.* Liar—villain—fiend !  
 Defend thyself—turn hell-hound turn, and face  
 The fool who once could call thee friend—oppose  
 The arm that oft has struck in thy defence,  
 'Tis raised in vengeance 'gainst thee.

*Seb.* Ha ! Antonio !

*(They fight.—Sebastian is disarmed and thrown down.  
 —Antonio stands over him, pointing his sword to his  
 breast.)*

*Antonio.* Now, wretch—receive thy recompense—but  
 no—

From me, this be thy only punishment.

*(Breaks his sword over his head.)*

Live, if thou canst—the scorn and hate of all  
 Shall follow thee ;—the very outlaw shall

Despise thee—for thy soul is blacker far.  
*He* prays on strangers, *thou* upon thy friend,  
Who trusted thee with all he priz'd on earth.  
Oh! if on that dread day, when man aroused  
By the loud blast of judgment from the grave,  
Shall start to answer all at heaven's tribunal—  
If there be one doom'd to eternal torture,  
Without e'en one commiserating sigh  
From the condemning angel, it must be  
The wretch who dares usurp the name of friendship.  
To stab the warm and unsuspecting heart,  
In cold security, hence!—To my sight  
Thou who wast once so dear, art grown so hateful,  
Beholding thee, my senses whirl to madness!  
Hence—or mine hand will execute the deed  
My heart would leave to heaven. [Exit Sebastian.]  
My dearest Agnes,  
If boundless wealth and truest love can bless,  
Then bliss is thine.

*Agnes.* Thou art not then an outcast—  
Bereft of all—a father's curse upon thee!  
He told me—

*Antonio.* Heed him not—his lips have utter'd  
But treachery and falsehood.—Once I deem'd  
His name another term for honour—but  
I was deceiv'd—no matter.—Henceforth thou  
Shalt be the point where all my wishes centre,  
All my affections—and were heaven to 'reave me  
Of all, save thee, oh! I should still be happy.

*Agnes.* Dear, dear Antonio, we are blest indeed;  
For me thy love had been sufficient—but  
For thee—I own I might have been unhappy,  
Hadst thou been reft of all and I the cause.  
But heaven smiles on our love, and life will pass  
Like a calm summer's day.—And when the chill  
And heavy hand of death is on us, we  
Will trust it will be but a change for regions  
Where we may still love on in bliss eternal.

Mary-le-bone, Sep. 1822.

## TO THE EDITOR OF THE DRAMA.

MR. DRAMA,

Having been present at the opening of the elegant New Drury, and wishing every success to the *indefatigable, liberal, and spirited* proprietor of that noble house, I beg leave, through the medium of your truly useful publication, to offer a hint, which may be deemed worthy the notice of those who are interested in this great national concern.

Various causes have been assigned for "the beggarly account of empty boxes," during the last season. Some seem to think the taste of the age adverse to the drama—others that the *singular* notions of Sectarianism had tended to thin the ranks of *regular* play-goers—and a third, and in my opinion, a better informed party, attributed the scanty audiences to the general pressure of the times. If this last is the true cause, every scheme that would tend to lessen the expense attendant on a visit to the theatre, would probably be beneficial to the manager. A very considerable part of the inhabitants of our extensive and still extending metropolis, are spread over the suburbs of London, in every direction, to the distance of four or five miles. Being myself the humble proprietor of a little tenement at Brixton, I can assure you, Mr. DRAMA, that I speak from fact, when I assert that many persons in that neighbourhood are prevented carrying their families occasionally to the theatre, during the winter, by the expense incurred in conveying them to and from town. You know that a hackney coach, which only conveys four persons, (or if young ladies, a fifth may probably be squeezed in) will not deposit its cargo at the doors of the house, and re-convey them to their domicile, under a sum, including turnpikes, little short of a guinea. Now to obviate this, I would propose that vehicles, something of the description of the old long coaches, should ply at Brixton, Camberwell, and other places at similar distances, (excepting perhaps, the *saintly* Clapham) about six in the evening, to convey parties to the play, and be again in readiness to conduct them home at the close of the performances. If these carriages were made to hold sixteen or twenty inside passengers, and at moderate fares,



say 1s. or at the utmost 1s. 6d. a head, parties could go and return at about a third of what it at present costs them. I would have these carriages solely for inside passengers, not only from the convenience it would offer to ladies going dressed to the boxes, but because few persons would be hardy enough, after issuing from a heated theatre, to mount on the roof of a coach in the dead of a cold wintry night. Were ten or twelve of these conveyances to be started, and to ply to and from our great national theatre, to the suburbs of the town in every direction, I think I can venture to say, that many who are now altogether precluded from attending it, by the distance of their residence, and the impossibility of braving the air on foot, during the winter, would sometimes be found within its precincts. As a sincere well-wisher to the cause of the Drama, and particularly to the splendid edifice which has just been opened on so magnificent a scale, and with so capital a company, I beg to submit these crude hints, to be improved upon by wiser heads, happy if I may have pointed out a method, that may tend to fill *the chairs* of old Drury, and open to a numerous body of respectable persons, who now find the want of some public conveyance, a serious difficulty, a plan for their more *æconomical* transportation to and from a scene of rational and delightful amusement. I shall be amply rewarded if I live to see my project acted upon, and now and then taking a glance from my snug seat in the third row of the pit, which I believe has now *a back* to it, catch a glimpse of youth and beauty from Kensington, Highgate, or Pentonville, participating in this cheerful dissipation of a long winter evening. As I view the fond parent looking with delight on her lovely daughters, whilst the steady and sedate father seated on the second chair, is casting over in his mind the expenses of their evening's amusement—what a gratifying reflection will it be, when “*Thinks I to myself,*” “the long coach has saved you twelve or thirteen shillings, Mr. Bull.” Should you deem the hint I have given worthy of circulation through your widely extended and excellent little work, you will oblige me by inserting it.

I am, yours, &c.

Brixton, Oct. 18, 1822.

PARBAYA.

P.S. I beg to add by way of P.S. that I have no relations in *Java*, fearing that that worthy class of the community, the owners of Jarvies, might otherwise be taking an opinion of counsel, whether or not I could be made amenable to the laws of that island.

## THEATRICAL INQUISITION.

“ Whence comes it, that in every art we see,  
Many can rise to a supreme degree;  
Yet in *this art*, for which all seem design’d  
By NATURE; scarcely *one complete* we find ?”

STILLINGFLEET.

NEW DRURY LANE THEATRE.

*Journal of Performances, with Remarks,*

The appearance of this magnificent house proved the intense curiosity which the detailed accounts of its improvements and decorations had excited amongst the public in general. At an early hour the doors were beset by a clamorous and impatient assemblage, each individual endeavouring to be the first to behold the scene which he had pictured to himself in such enchanting colours. Pit, boxes, and galleries, were in a few minutes crowded almost to suffocation; even the lobbies were well filled, and many persons throughout the night were obliged to content themselves with an unsatisfactory view of what was passing through the glasses of the box doors. As soon as the curtain was drawn up the burst of applause was tremendous. A considerable number of the *corps dramatique* appeared upon the stage, and were greeted with loud clapping of hands, waving of handkerchiefs, &c. The national anthem was sung with great effect, in alternate verses, by Madame VESTRIS, Miss POVEY, Miss COPELAND, Miss FORDE, and Miss CUBITT, and warmly *encored*. Mr. TERRY, whose appearance was hailed by the audience with the most flattering cordiality, then came forward, and delivered the following Address, written by G. COLMAN, Esq. with admirable point and humour.

Since theatres so oft, in this our time,  
 Are launch'd upon the town with solemn rhyme,  
 Thoughts ready-made to fit the theme are found,  
 Like last year's tunes on barrel organs ground,  
 And Poets furbish, in the bathos style,  
 Old tropes and figures for the new-built pile;  
 The Sock and Buskin named—the Muses follow;  
 Then Opera, always prefaced with Apollo;  
 But Architecture's claims when we enforce,  
 VITRUVIUS and PALLADIO come of course.  
 Till, after a long dance through Greece and Rome,  
 To DRYDEN, OTWAY, CONGREVE, getting home,  
 We end with SHAKSPEARE'S Ghost, still hov'ring on our  
 dome !

Alas ! how vainly will our modern fry  
 Strive with the old Leviathans to vie !  
 How foolishly comparison provoke  
 With lines that JOHNSON writ, and GARRICK spoke !  
 Abandon we a strain, without more fuss,  
 Which, when attempted, has abandon'd us ;  
 And let us guiltless be, however dull,  
 Of murdering the sublime and beautiful !  
 Thus, then :—our Manager, who scouts the fears  
 Of pulling an old house about his ears,  
 Has spared, of our late edifice's pride,  
 The outward walls, and little else beside :  
 Anxious has been *that* labour to complete  
 Which makes magnificence and *comfort* meet ;  
 Anxious that multitudes may *sit* at ease,  
 And scantier numbers in no desert freeze ;  
 That ample space may mark the liberal plan,  
 But never strain the eyes or ears of man.  
 Look round and judge ; his efforts are all waste  
 Unless you stamp them as a work of taste ;  
 Nor blame him for transporting from his floors  
 Those old offenders here—the two stage doors ;  
 Doors which have oft with burnish'd pannels stood,  
 And golden knockers glittering in a wood,  
 Which on their posts, through every change remain'd  
 Fast as Bray's Vicar, whosoever reign'd ;  
 That served for palace, cottage, street, or hall,

Used for each place, and out of place in all ;  
 Station'd, like watchmen who in lamplight sit,  
 For all their business of the night unfit.  
 So much for visual sense ;—what follows next,  
 Is chiefly on the histrionic text ;  
 And our Adventurer has toil'd to store,  
 His list of favourites with some favourites more ;  
 Sought planets ROVING from their former sphere,  
 And fix'd, as stars, the brilliant wanderers here ;  
 To Drury's luminaries *added* light,  
 And make his sky with constellations bright.  
 Rich the repast, and may, we trust, insure  
 The custom of the scenic epicure ;  
 E'en I, although among the last and least,  
 May pass, perhaps, as garnish to the feast.  
 As for our living dramatists—if now  
 The *genuine* bays disdain to deck their brow,  
 Still they can please, and, as they're dull or clever,  
 You patronize, or damn, the same as ever ;  
 For each degree of talent, after all,  
 Must here, by your decision, rise or fall.

After several other rounds of applause, the play, *SHERIDAN's* excellent comedy of "*The School for Scandal*," commenced. If the brilliancy of the architectural part of the house were first admired by the audience, they were no less delighted with its *living* ornaments. The *coterie* established for the laudable purpose of destroying every body's reputation "but their own" were very amusing. Mrs. GLOVER, as *Mrs. Candour*, ran down her game with a keenness and dexterity which shewed both her taste for the sport and experience in its practice. Mr. TERRY, (in the absence of Mr. MUNDEN, who is indisposed) assumed the character of *Sir Peter Teazle*. He played it with less of that apparent peevishness which an old man, married to a young and handsome wife, is sometimes justified in entertaining, and which other performers, who have supported the character with considerable applause, have made one of its most prominent features ; his chuckling at having discovered the affair of the French milliner, and the eagerness with which he made the communication to *Charles*,

were laughable in the extreme. Mr. COOPER, as *Joseph Surface*, was loudly applauded; he delivered the moral sentiments with a kind of half-suppressed sneer, as if he despised *Sir Peter* for believing him, which had a good effect. *Sir Oliver Surface*, by Mr. DOWTON, was rich in true and natural humour; and Mr. ELLISTON played *Charles Surface* with a sufficient *quantum* of rakish spirit. Mrs. WEST's *Lady Teazle* was a performance, of considerable merit; her retort upon *Joseph Surface* when she is discovered in his library, and her renunciation of her former associates, were energetic and impressive.

The play was succeeded by the comic opera of the "*Poor Soldier*," which was rendered very attractive by the delightful singing of Madame VESTRIS, (who played *Patrick* with unimpaired vivacity) Miss COPELAND and Miss FORDE. A Mr. MILLER made his first appearance in the character of *Dermot*. He was very favourably received; he possesses a voice of very sweet quality, and was *encored* in his first song, "*Sleep on, sleep on, my Kathleen dear*." Mr. HARLEY, in *Darby*, displayed his eccentricities with their usual effect.

In the course of the evening the audience took occasion to express their sense of the wonderful exertions which Mr. ELLISTON has made to contribute to their comfort and amusement. When he first made his appearance on the stage, the whole pit stood up, and saluted him with the waving of hats and handkerchiefs and loud cheers, which continued for some minutes. He laid his hand upon his heart, and made several obeisances in return for their reiterated plaudits.

16.—School for Scandal—Poor Soldier.

17.—Hamlet—Sleeping Draught.

Mr. YOUNG's first appearance on these boards last night in the character of *Hamlet*, was hailed with enthusiastic applause, which suffered no diminution through the performance. Unlike those sickly plants which decay when removed from their accustomed soil, Mr. YOUNG never seemed in more complete possession of those powers which he exerts with such splendid effect, and particularly so in the part which forms the subject of our present observations. The pensive tones of his delivery, modulated with



all the softness of a fine and manly voice, and seldom interrupted by any burst of passion, excited the most earnest attention. The scene in which he "wrings his mother's heart" was never played with more distinguished success. The exulting fondness with which he dwelt upon the excellencies of his deceased father, and the mingled expression of hatred and contempt with which he turned to the picture of his uncle, as it were some noxious reptile, whose aspect was as loathsome as contact with it would be dangerous, evinced the triumphant power of talent refined and improved by studious exercise. Though it might be supposed the character of *Ophelia* was scarcely compatible with the buoyancy of spirit for which Madame VESTRIS is distinguished, yet she contrived to mould her features into a beaming seriousness, and gave a sufficiently plaintive expression to her sorrow for the estranged love of the melancholy *Prince of Denmark*.

## COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

### *Journal of Performances, with Remarks.*

Oct. 1st.—Twelfth Night—Miller and his Men.

The season commenced this evening with the above pieces.

When the curtain was drawn up, a considerable number of the performers appeared upon the stage, who, after having greeted their old friends and patrons with a respectful obeisance, sung the national anthem, which was warmly applauded. In the play, which was heard and seen, (for ample entertainment is provided both for ears and eyes) with feelings of pleasure and gratification, and which remained unimpaired by its frequent repetition during the last season.

Miss M. TREE's *Viola* forms the chief power of attraction. She appeared in the full enjoyment of all those charms of voice, person, and manner, which have rendered her an established favourite. BARTLEY made his first appearance in the character of *Sir Toby Belch*. He played

it with good effect, which might be increased by a judicious application of a little of the *suaviter in modo* as a relief to the drunken revellings of the jolly Knight. The other characters were very well supported, and the whole play ran its brief but eventful career with the same *eclat* which formerly attended its successful course.

The decorations of the house are unaltered in style, but the painters and gilders have been busy, and have imparted to them a renewed lustre. An improvement has taken place in the removal of the *basket*, which insures comfort and convenience to the visitors of the dress circle; they are no longer subjected to the disagreeable noise, or the strong current of air which generally proceeded from that quarter, and which both prevented their enjoyment and endangered their health. Sufficient room has been gained in consequence to allow of greater depth being given to the boxes in that part of the circle, and for the establishment of a separate lobby.

2.—Speed the Plough—Rosina.

The comedy introduced a Mr. EVANS from the Bath theatre, in the part of *Farmer Ashfield*. His appearance was altogether successful, and he seems to possess ability for that line of character. His delivery of some of the moral sentiments was very appropriate, and evinced feeling and judgment. His humour, although not of the richest vein, entitled him to the applause which was liberally bestowed.

3.—Clandestine Marriage—Divertisement—Padlock.

4.—Two Gentlemen of Verona—Two Pages of Frederick the Great.

5.—Twelfth Night—Forty Thieves.

7.—Hamlet—Cherry and Fair Star.

8.—Jealous Wife—The Libertine.

Miss CHESTER, who made her first appearance on this stage last night, as *Mrs. Oakley*, in the comedy of the "*Jealous Wife*," is not quite a stranger to a London audience. She possesses a fine figure, and her movements are easy and graceful. She seemed to have an accurate perception of the character, and the performance throughout left no room for censure, and in several instances laid claim to a considerable share of approbation. The physical

powers of an actress are subjected to much exhaustion in this character, which, from the commencement to the end of the play, presents an almost uniform tenour of violent emotion, and highly excited feeling, either real or pretended. This continued exertion seemed to affect in some degree the power of Miss CHESTER's voice; but she sustained her part in the concluding scene, (which, with the aid of the other performers, was rendered highly amusing) with spirit, and produced a very favourable impression.

9.—Guy Mannering—Cherry and Fair Star.

The character of *Harry Bertram*, was performed by Mr. PEARMAN, being his first appearance on this stage. From the well-known taste and talents of this Gentleman it will be readily anticipated that his reception was of the most cordial description. In the course of the performance he gratified the audience by the introduction of "*Wreath the bowl*," and *Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled*," in the latter of which he was rapturously encored. Though Mr. P.'s voice is of sufficient volume to fill the house, yet in the earlier part of the evening it might be perceived that his powers had not been accustomed to be exerted in so wide a space. This will be rectified by a little practice.

10.—Venice Preserved—No Song No Supper.

The Tragedy introduced to a London audience a new *Belvidera*, in the person of Miss LACY, from the Dublin theatre. Her appearance is extremely youthful, and her figure graceful and commanding. Despite of all the difficulties of the character in the original, and notwithstanding the long-cherished impression of the excellence which has been displayed in its representation, this young lady succeeded in obtaining very general applause. The part had evidently been studied with great attention; but this did not seem to interfere in any undue degree with that expression of feeling which we look for in *Belvidera*. Her most successful efforts were in the interviews with her husband, where she dwells upon the fondness of her attachment, and reluctantly separates from his embraces. Her voice does not possess sufficient depth for the expression of intense and passionate emotion, and this was certainly a drawback upon the general merit of the performance. Mr. C. KEMBLE's *Jaffier* afforded some fine points; his noble attitudes

gave a finish to his delivery, which was productive of an excellent effect.

11.—Two Gentlemen of Verona—Roland for an Oliver.

12.—Rivals—Forty Thieves.

14.—Rob Roy—Cherry and Fair Star.

15.—Guy Mannerling—Miller and his Men.

16.—Jealous Wife—Aladdin.

17.—Venice Preserved—Forty Thieves.

Miss LACY repeated her performance of *Belvidera*, in which she obtained such well-merited applause on her first appearance before a London audience. It was improved of course ; for the foundation has been well laid, and every addition to the superstructure must tend either to strengthen or ornament the building. The style was more *unique* ; she played with less exertion, and with greater effect. The whole performance, (the concluding scene especially) was received with the most unqualified approbation.

18.—Fontainebleau—Blind Boy.

19.—Day after the Wedding—Beggar's Opera—ALI PACHA—[1st time.]

Miss PATON, from the Haymarket, made her first appearance as *Polly*, and was received in that distinguished manner which her previous performance at that house rendered so justly her due. After the opera, a new melodrama, under the title of "*Ali Pacha*"—a name associated with all that is base and sanguinary in the human character, succeeded. It is an adaption from the French, by Mr. PLANCHE.

*Ali Pacha*, [FARREN] after throwing off his allegiance to the Ottoman Porte, and committing the most atrocious cruelties on the inhabitants of Yanina, retreats to his fortress on the lake upon the approach of the Turkish force under *Ismail*, whose son, *Ibrahim*, *Ali* holds as a prisoner. *Zenocles*, [T. P. COOKE] a Suliote Chief, whose kindred have been all destroyed by *Ali*, (except one sister, *Helena*, [Miss FOOTE] who is, unknown to him, living under the protection of *Ali*, and is beloved by *Selim*, [ABBOTT] the grandson of the tyrant) penetrates in the disguise of Ambassador from *Ismail* into the castle of *Ali*, where he rouses *Talathon*, [CHAPMAN] an Albanian Chief, to join him in the attempt to avenge himself and his country ; but

their plot being overheard by *Helena*, she betrays it to *Ali*, who instantly puts *Ibrahim* to death, and condemns both *Zenocles* and *Talathon* to the same fate. At the same time he discloses the relationship between *Zenocles* and *Helena*. In the second act *Ali* receives the last account from his eldest son, who has recently been executed by order of the Porte, by which he is informed that *Selim* is not his grandson, but the offspring of a Macedonian chief who fell at the storming of Preveſſe. On the receipt of this intelligence, *Ali*, who is pressed by the troops of *Ismail*, and doubtful of the fidelity of his own soldiers, directs *Selim* to repair to the arsenal, and should *Ismail* succeed, he has orders to set fire to the magazine, and blow up the citadel, burying both friends and foes in one undistinguished ruin. *Selim*, still believing himself the grandson of *Ali*, undertakes the task assigned him, but first restores *Zenocles* and *Helena* to liberty. At the attack by the troops of *Ismail*, *Ali's* followers revolt, he sends the concerted signal to *Selim*, who stands self-devoted about to execute the Pacha's orders, when he is prevented by *Hassan*[FARLEY] to whom the secret of his birth has become known, and they escape together, just as *Ali*, pressed by his enemies, retreats to the arsenal, and with his own hand fires the magazine. The Greeks then, amid the smoking ruins, continue the combat against the Turks, defeat them, and raise the standard of liberty on the shattered remains of the fortress of Yanina.

Such are the incidents of which the drama is composed. In productions of this kind, where the veil of time has been thrown over the incidents on which they were founded, it has not been customary to adhere very closely to historical fact. When the circumstances on which a drama is built are obscure or traditional, the author may fairly give the reins to his fancy, and add or omit incidents for the purpose of producing powerful effect. But the case is very different when he selects events which have recently occurred—and introduces characters with whose leading feature every one is acquainted. Here he is bound steadily to pursue the march of truth. He should not for the purpose of creating interest, misdescribe circumstances and persons. This is one great fault of the new drama. It sets at defiance the description of *ALI* which his biographers



have furnished; it falsifies facts, and even gives to him in death that triumph which indeed he had hoped to obtain—but which his wily adversary *Churchid Pacha* effectually prevented. *Ali* contemplated the mode of death displayed in the drama, but his design was frustrated. The following interesting account of his death is extracted from the memoirs of this ferocious savage recently published :

“ It was now noon, and *ALI* who still remained in the island of the lake felt an unusual agitation, accompanied by extreme depression of spirits—he did not, however, suffer his features to betray the internal emotions of his soul. At this awful moment, with a courageous countenance he sat surrounded by his officers, who were for the most part, desperately wounded, or worn out with fatigue and anxiety. *ALI*’s frequent yawnings however, proved that nature had not resigned all her claims upon him. But at sight of his arms, his daggers, his pistols and blunderbuss, the stupor produced by over excitement cleared from off his brow, and his eye again glistened with its former fire. He was seated fronting the door which led to the conference chamber, when about five in the afternoon, *HASSAN PACHA*, *OMER BEY BRIONI*, the Selictar of *CHURCHID PACHA*, and several other officers of the Turkish army entered with their suite ; the gloom upon their countenance was of direful presage. At sight of them *ALI* rose, with all the impetuosity of youth, and grasping one of his pistols—“ *Stop! what is it you bring me ?*” cried he to *HASSAN*, with a voice of thunder:—“ *The firman of his Highness : know you not his sacred characters ?*” (showing him the signature) ‘ *Yes, and I revere them.*’—‘ *If so,*’ said *HASSAN*, ‘ *submit to your fate, perform your ablutions, and make your prayer to God and the prophet : your head is demanded.*’ *ALI* would not permit him to conclude. ‘ *My head,*’ replied he, furiously, ‘ *is not to be delivered up so easily.*’ These words, uttered with astonishing quickness, were accompanied by a pistol ball, by which *HASSAN*’s thigh was broken; with the rapidity of lightning, *ALI* drew forth his other pistols with which he shot two more of his adversaries dead upon the spot—and already had levelled his blunderbuss, loaded with slugs, when the Selictar in the midst of the affray, (for *ALI*’s adherents defended their master with the utmost

fury) shot him in the abdomen—another ball struck him in the breast—and he fell, crying out to one of his Sicaires “*Go, my friend, dispatch poor VASILIKI, (his wife) that these dogs may not profane her beauteous form.*” Scarcely had he uttered these words, when he expired, after having killed or wounded four of the principal officers of the Turkish army.

This scene, however, was considered not sufficiently bold for the termination of a melo-drama, and therefore an explosion was introduced. The dialogue is of a superior cast, and the Music has much merit. Mr. FARREN appeared to mistake the character entirely—and instead of the vigorous chieftain, whose constitution was hardened by his labours in the “tented field”—whose

——“age was as a lusty winter,  
Frosty but kindly,”

we saw a pitiable picture of senility, a mere slippered pantaloon. T. P. COOKE made a very excellent Suliot Chief; and Miss FOOTE gave as much effect as it was capable of infusing into a very insignificant character. Though we are not partial to *lengthy* pieces of this description, yet it appears to us that the interest of “*Ali Pacha*” somewhat suffers from too much compression by which the incidents are crowded, and the distresses and difficulties of the personages with whom we sympathize have not time to operate ere they vanish, and the attention is awakened to a fresh train of circumstances. The Scenery was beautifully executed. The gallery and vestibule of the fortress is a beautiful specimen of excellence in scenic perspective. The piece was received but so so.

21.—Sleep Walker—Beggar’s Opera—Ali Pacha.

### HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Sep. 27th.—In the “*Beggar’s Opera*,” a Mr. DAVIS, made (what was said to be) his *first* appearance as *Captain Macheath*, but we recollect that his first appearance on London boards was made at the English Opera House, as *Carlos*, in the “*Duenna*,” in Sep. 13th, 1819. His real name is BLOOD. As to external appearance he is well qualified for the dashing hero of the road; he has an ex-

cellent figure and regular features, and his voice, though by no means deficient in power, is more distinguished for the sweetness of its tones. His reception was flattering.

Oct. 15th.—The house closed this evening after a most deservedly successful season, whether we look to the merit of the works produced, or the talent with which they were supported. The following appropriate address was spoken by Mr. T. DIBDIN, whose merits as stage manager cannot be too highly appreciated:—

“LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—I am desired by the Proprietors to present you with their sincere and grateful acknowledgments for the very liberal patronage with which you have honoured the season which terminates this evening.

“They beg to assure you, that the long vacation we are doomed to suffer shall be employed in every exertion to render this house and its establishment worthy a continuance of your generous support.

“During our short campaign we have to thank your indulgence for the complete success of every novelty we have presented; and among the new candidates who have adventured upon these boards, a young Lady, whom your discriminate award has raised to the highest rank of musical pretension, will ever have to recollect that her first efforts were encouraged by the friends and patrons of the Haymarket theatre. The Performers also wish to express their high sense of the kindness you have shewn them; and I hope, Ladies and Gentlemen, it may not be deemed intrusive if I take the liberty of thanking each of them, who have by their zeal, alacrity, and talent, carried with effect every intention of the management. In the name of the Proprietors, the Performers, and most humbly in my own, while taking a grateful leave, I wish you every possible happiness till the return of summer shall renew our hopes to *meet*, and ardent wishes to *merit*, the future sunshine of your favoured protection.”

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### ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.

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This interesting theatre on Saturday night, October 5th, closed a successful season, distinguished by the production

of much novelty and a large share of public favour. 'At the termination of the performance, Mr. BARTLEY, the stage-manager, came forward and delivered the following farewell address :—

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—As the opening of a theatrical season brings with it *hope*, so the close as naturally produces *regret*. We met you, only three months ago, with buoyant spirits, and we now take our leaves with unaffected sorrow. For the first time since this theatre was erected we have had a fair though a limited chance of attracting your notice by the closing of the patent theatres for thirteen weeks. We have thus been relieved from the oppressive burden of the extended seasons of what of late years were absurdly called 'THE WINTER THEATRES.' For this regulation, we, in common with the Haymarket theatre, have been indebted to the liberal and upright interference of the present Lord Chamberlain, who has condescended to take so enlarged a view of the subject of public amusements, (making the public accommodation his first object) as compels us thus gratefully to acknowledge the weighty obligations his interposition has conferred also upon us.

"The Proprietor, Ladies and Gentlemen, proudly feels that the exertions which have been used to excite your notice and merit your countenance, have, during the short period this theatre has been open, been crowned with as much success as the season of the year, and the remarkable heat of a large portion of a remarkably fine summer, could allow him to hope for. The novelties produced have been uniformly successful, and many of them greatly attractive. And it is with feelings of heartfelt acknowledgment and sincere regret that I am now compelled, in his name, in my own, and in that of all the performers, to offer you our respectful wishes, and to bid you farewell."

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## MINOR DRAMA.

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### SURREY THEATRE.

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Mr. BURROUGHS, after having concluded a most success-

ful season (and taken a benefit, which produced him £400, the greatest sum ever, we believe, taken in one night at this theatre), has again re-opened for the winter season, with several new productions and performers. We are somewhat surprised that, where Mr. B. appears so bountifully lavish of expenditure on the stage, he should not endeavour to render his theatre somewhat more elegant, particularly when he has such a powerful competitor in the beautiful little Coburg. One thing, above all, we would recommend him, which is the adoption of a stronger light, by the suspension of a chandelier from the roof. This would be a vast improvement, and add greatly to the general effect of the house and performances. Gas lights are a great desideratum. We believe it to be only necessary to hint thus much to Mr. BURROUGHS, who always appears solicitous to any suggestions which may tend to further the comfort of his audience, and enhance the attraction of the theatre. We also feel the loss of himself, Mr. BUCKINGHAM, Mr. BENGOUGH, Mr. WYATT, and some others. These deficiencies we hope shortly to see retrieved, as his present company is certainly far from being equal to that of last season. The new productions are as follow :—

Oct. 11—"THE INFERNAL SECRET; or, *The Invulnerable.*" This piece is from the pen of Mr. L. H. AMHERST; and before we make any remarks on it, or the performers, we will, according to custom, give a sketch of the plot. The scene of action is laid in Portugal. *Montilla*, the Invulnerable, has entered into a compact with the arch-enemy of mankind, for the possession of wealth, power, invulnerability, and a life renewable for ever, provided that in each century he weds an unstained Catholic female. The third century of his preternatural existence is about expiring, when the piece commences with his attempts to gain the hand of *Isidora*, the daughter of the Marquis *Antaldi*, the widow of a Portuguese nobleman. *Montilla* has endeavoured to secure an interest in the lady's affections, by saving her husband from the hands of assassins, and twice rescuing her infant son, after the death of the father, from situations of imminent peril; but the mystery which attaches to his character counteracts all his efforts, and he at last leagues with a banditti, whose leader (*Spalatro*) he had delivered from the fangs of the Inquisition. Their joint efforts



are ultimately defeated by the exertions of *Theodore*, a devoted servant of *Don Alphonso's*, who is deeply enamoured of *Isidora*. The termination of the period at length arrives, *Montilla* having been unable to prevail on *Isidora*, either by hope or fear, to accept his hand. The fatal hour of twelve strikes, when the third century of his existence being completed, and his part of the compact unperformed, he is destroyed by a bolt from heaven; his allies, the banditti, being at the same time totally defeated, and their cavern blown up by the military, under *Don Alphonso*.

This "grand, serious, and equestrian melo-drame" has been said to be founded on an obsolete Spanish tale of mystery; but the critic who hazarded this hypothesis, need not have allowed his imagination to wander so far back. We are of opinion, that its origin may be traced to Mr. MATURIN'S extraordinary romance, entitled "*Melmoth the Wanderer*." *Montilla*, like *Melmoth*, has "bartered his soul to Satan, for the powers of ubiquity, invulnerability, and longevity;" and the objects and actions of both heroes are similar, though the catastrophe is different. "*The Invulnerable*" is a melo-drama which every admirer of a GOETHE or a RADCLIFFE will hasten to behold, for it partakes greatly of the qualities which so pre-eminently distinguish the writings of those deep and powerful authors. We confess that we are partial to these kind of productions, and think it neither sin nor folly occasionally to wander out of the cold and beaten track of human realities, into the less palpable but more spirit-stirring regions of romance. The "*Castle of Otranto*" and the "*Old English Baron*" are yet favourites with us; nor do we believe that when this boyish feeling departs (and we fear that time and experience may at length deprive us of it), we shall be either the wiser or the better for its absence.

Mr. H. KEMBLE, as *Montilla*, obtained and merited considerable applause. His *forte* appears to be the heroes of this description; and on these occasions his very defects become of use to him. If he now and then indulged in rant, and was occasionally a little boisterous, the fault seemed to be caused by the circumstances in which he is placed, and he was only the more warily applauded. He gave many of the speeches with judicious force and feeling;

when addressing the banditti—suing *Isidora*—and particularly when exhibiting his appalling arm, he was astonishingly energetic. On the whole, his performance was an effective one, and one well calculated to raise him in public estimation. BLANCHARD, as *Theodore*, had a good deal to do, and it was certainly not ill done ; but he should endeavour to repress that exuberant spirit, or, rather, overweening confidence in himself and the audience, which is always carrying him too far. He would do well to take into his serious consideration some sensible advice which was given him, not long since, by a diurnal critic :—“ BLANCHARD should recollect that he is not the only character in a piece, and also that he is an inferior one, which no violence can make the first.” The *Figaro* of Mr. J. KNIGHT was a truly laughable performance. His appearance on his ass, and his acting when protecting it and himself from two of the banditti who assail him, were irresistibly ludicrous. The whole scene was hailed with shouts of mirthful applause, of which the patient long-eared performer certainly came in for his share. The *Isidora* of Mrs. POPE (from the Bath boards) whose praise has been written by loftier pens than ours, exhibited much of histrionic skill and good feeling, and we are anxious to see her exert the powers which she evidently possesses, in some character which will allow them their full scope. As *Isidora* she had little to do, except to resist the importunities of her mysterious suitor ; and, finding herself unassisted by the author, she seemed to think it proper to resort to hysteric violence on several occasions, when it was by no means necessary that she should put on any other aspect than that of calm despair. Mrs. POPE declaims well, and knows how to use judiciously “ the full-toned tragic voice ” with which she is gifted. She has an eye of great and varied power, and her features are at once intellectual and handsome ; her figure is also of the finest, and, with these natural advantages, we cannot doubt that when her professional talents are fully developed, she will become a great and lasting favourite. Mrs. DAVIDGE, as *Rosa*, delighted the audience by a display of humour and *naïveté*, which, upon the boards of a minor theatre, we have rarely seen excelled. We have nothing further to remark on this piece, excepting that the scenery was exceed-

ingly beautiful, and doubtless proportionately expensive. The "Terrific Pass in the Pyrenees," and "Rocky Seashore, with approaching Storm," merit particular attention. We must not forget to speak of the aid which the piece derived from the "beautiful stud of horses;" and we should be tempted to dwell with enthusiasm on the astonishing efforts of the *wounded steed*, had not the eloquence of the play-bills forestalled criticism, and obliged us either to quote them, or be altogether silent on the subject.

### WEST LONDON THEATRE.

This house, until the present period, has been a forlorn hope, which to those who have ventured upon it, has presented nothing in return, but disgrace, defeat, and loss. Mr. BRUNTON, however, we are truly happy to say has "turned the house out at windows"—fitted it up in the most elegant style—and aided by new performers, pieces, scenery, dresses and decorations, has turned the tide of popular favour into its portals, and rendered it as elegant a little place of amusement as any now existing in the metropolis. For this Mr. B. deserves our hearty applause—and we think our pages abundantly shew we are never slow in awarding it to those who justly deserve it. The curtain is of scarlet cloth, and possesses the attraction of novelty, for unlike all others that we have been accustomed to see, it is divided into two parts, which, when it is necessary to disclose the scene, are drawn up on each side of the stage. The colours of the house are light and delicate—the private boxes are fitted up with peculiar neatness—and the Scenery extremely well painted. A view of the Quadrant, in Regent Street, a subject of which all the visitors of the theatre are good judges, at least so far as regards resemblance, wants nothing to comple in that point. Indeed, the manager is well deserving of the patronage he has experienced, and we hope he will on no account whatever forfeit it. Since the commencement of the season, novelty has been the order of the day—and we have had some difficulty in keeping pace with Mr. BRUNTON's rapid strides across the galaxy of bright productions which have adorned the stage

of his dramatic cabinet—for so we cannot help denominating this snug little house.

The season commenced on Monday, Sep. 9, with the following Address, spoken by Mr. BRUNTON.

“ Beneath the sun,” the wisest man, hath said,  
No *novelty* exists”—poor man! he’s dead—  
If he but liv’d in our degen’rate age,  
He’d own, in Senate, Pulpit, Bar, the Stage,  
Trade, Physic, Arts, whatever we pursue,  
The universal cry is—“ *something new !*”  
Hence we’ve *new Churches*, Law Courts, Statues, Stays,  
*New Lotions*, Potions, Marriage Acts, and Plays.  
And to obey this call, *we* trust to-night  
*Some* pleasing *novelties* may greet your sight.  
*Old* though the house—these boards, too—this is certain,  
*New* are the Dresses, Manager, Scenes, and *Curtain*.  
*New* also are our hopes, in this *new* cause,  
That we may meet and merit your applause.  
For if no tinsel *Pageant* we display;  
No mimic *Joust*, or long *Procession* gay ;  
No *Champion*, arm’d exactly “ cap-a-pie ;”  
Aping the freaks of *quondam* Chivalry ;  
No *Combats*, or of sword or battle-axe,  
Thund’ring on rival shields with hurtless whacks—  
The *Comic Muse* may here erect her throne,  
And claim her humble votaries for her own.  
*One* of her favor’d daughters will be found,  
Who held her train on neighbouring classic ground ;  
*Hither* she brings *Thalia’s* sportive wiles,  
And hopes, as *there*, to court and win your smiles.  
The flower transplanted from its parent bed,  
On other soil may still its fragrance shed ;  
With tint as vivid deck its *new* parterre,  
And with luxuriant freshness flourish there.  
Here too *Terpsichore* shall lead her band,  
And *Harmony* diffuse its influence bland.  
And *one*, who long tost on dramatic-seas,  
The sport alas ! of many a shifting breeze,  
Hath still contriv’d his shatter’d bark to steer,  
Now furls his sails and drops his anchor *here*—

Happy indeed ! if, all his dangers past,  
A friendly harbour he hath found at last.

The first piece which was submitted to the notice of the audience, was called "THE WIDOW BEWITCHED; or, *She must be Married.*"—We do not think the title very apt. The incident upon which the whole thing turns is this:—*Charles Frankley*, [BRUNTON] conceals himself at night in the bed-chamber of the widow *Lady Fainwell*, [Miss NORTON.] He contrives to be discovered in this equivocal situation by several friends of the lady, to whom he accounts for the circumstance by boldly declaring that he is married to her. He then succeeds in persuading the lady to become his wife, in order, as he expresses it, "*to save her reputation.*" In addition to these characters, there were in the piece a couple of lovers, a drunken servant, and two chambermaids, who, with the assistance of a secret door, contrived to furnish abundance of incidents for the amusement of the audience. Miss N. played very well; and Mr. DOBBS, who performed the *Servant*, sang a parody on "*Said a smile to a tear,*" which was encored. The piece was succeeded by an epitome of that old favourite "*Three Weeks after Marriage,*" called "*What we must all come to.*" Mr. BRUNTON's performance of *Sir Charles Racket*, and the *Lady* of Miss BRUNTON, were excellent. There are few who, like *Sir Charles*, could withstand the united charms of person and manner, and who "would not love again though they should be again undone." This is the same young lady who a season or two back performed with so much success at C. G. T. The third and last piece was a melo-drama, called "PAUL AND JUSTIN; or, *The Wandering Boys,*" which was remarkable only for containing less extravagance than other works of its kind. The chief attraction in this drama was the appearance of Miss BRUNTON, as *Paul*. Mr. BEVERLY obtained considerable applause as a half-witted clown.

Oct. 1st.—The ANACONDA; or, *The Terrific Serpent of Ceylon*—[1st time.]

This Melo-drame is founded on the late MONK LEWIS's tale of the same name—and the dramatist has, with great judgment, adhered strictly to the original. We remember



with what deep interest we first hung over the pages of this domestic tragedy, and it has often struck us that it might be successfully adapted to the stage. The business of the first act is merely the union of *Everard*, a young Englishman, secretary to *Seafield*, to *Zilla*, the daughter of *Zadi*, a Cingalese, who has been restored to freedom. Praises of *Seafield*, and processions in honour of his wife, who had been absent from Columbo, and who returns just in time to bestow her blessing on the above union, occupy the whole of this act, till (just previous to its conclusion) *Zadi* rushes upon the stage, and converts the bridal festivities into gloom and wretchedness, by informing *Louisa* and her attendants, that her husband and son were in the most imminent danger, from the presence of an *Anaconda*, which had fixed itself close to the Pavilion in which they were imprisoned. The curtain falls upon the scene of anxiety and horror which this announcement so naturally creates, and the second act shews us *Zadi* and *Everard* consulting on the means of rescue, and *Louisa*, (the wife of *Seafield*) in a state of distraction, occasioned by the impending fate of a husband and child, whom she regrets that she is separated from in this their hour of peril and despair. The piece is ultimately brought to a happy termination by the devoted courage and fidelity of *Everard* and *Zadi*, the latter of whom risks his life in order to obtain a paper which *Seafield* had contrived to push under the door of the Pavilion.

Mr. BRUNTON, as *Zadi*, presented a highly wrought and energetic picture of the most heroic courage and inflexible resolution; and was, on various occasions, rapturously applauded. His description of the *Anaconda* was given with great power, and his return after having passed the terrific serpent covered with leaves, &c., and procured *Seafield's* note, was a piece of acting, full of genuine feeling, and drew down from all parts of a crowded house the most rapturous applause. Mr. HOOPER, as *Everard*, allowing for his natural defects, was tolerable; and Mr. COWLE, as *Seafield*, had, luckily, very little to do. Miss NORTON's *Louisa*, was an interesting performance, and, could she, when impassioned, hit the true mean between a rant and a whine, she would soon become a favourite. Miss HOWE, as *Lilla*, and Miss WATKINSON as a domestic of *Zadi*, acted

with much of infantine simplicity and playfulness. As a piece of mechanical ingenuity, the *Anaconda* deserves particular attention. All its movements were true to life and nature, and the manner in which it is made to pounce against the door of the Pavilion filled us with involuntary terror. The Scenery is good, and altogether, this is one of the most interesting and deservedly successful melo-dramas that we have for some time beheld.

16.—“*ROCHESTER; or, King Charles the Second's Merry Days.*”—In this piece, (which, having been some time since a favourite at the Olympic, it is unnecessary to describe) Miss BRUNTON has made her appearance as the *Countess of Lovelagh*, and has thrown into her personation of that character, all the liveliness, intelligence, and fascination, with which as a distinguished votaress of Thalia she formerly captivated a Covent Garden audience. On this occasion, the tall and genteel person of Miss B., and her beautiful and very expressive features were seen to much advantage, and formed a fair excuse for *Rochester*. The vivacious ability which she infused into the character of the inexperienced country girl, (when under that disguise she enters into the service of *Rochester* and *Buckingham*) operated powerfully on the audience, and formed a striking contrast to the easy, lady-like demeanour, which, as the *Countess of Lovelagh* she had been just before exhibiting. The *Rochester* of Mr. BRUNTON was a spirited performance, though there are parts which he plays much better; and Mr. HOOPER, as *Buckingham*, was respectable. Mr. FOSTER, as *Dunstable*, acted prettily, and sung sweetly. He introduced with much effect “*The sun that lights the Roses*,” and a celebrated Medley of MOORE'S. Messrs. DOBBS, GARDNER, LOVEDAY, LANE, and S. BEVERLY, enacted their several parts very cleverly, and were honored with frequent applause. It is rather ungallant to have deferred till now the mention of Miss NORTON, as *Lady Gay*, Miss HOLDAWAY, as *Bell*, and Madame BAUR, as *Silvia*. The first played pleasantly—the second unaffectedly—and the last with a charming simplicity, which as *Silvia*, became her well.—The Burletta was followed by a Scotch Pas de Trois, in which Miss L. COULSON, Miss ROMER, and Mrs. GILMER were the performers, and which gave so much

satisfaction, that it was universally encored. This was succeeded by a trifle, called the "NEW MARRIAGE ACT," intended as a hit at the late piece of senatorial stupidity (1) which is exciting the laughter of all England; the piece does not court criticism, and it passed off with some degree of success. Several satiric remarks on the wisdom of our legislature, were particularly relished.

## COUNTRY THEATRICALS.

### EDINBURGH THEATRE.

MR. DRAMA,

I have too high an opinion of the respectability of your excellent publication, to fancy for a moment that you would debase its columns by suffering them to become the vehicles of the acrimonious bickerings of anonymous correspondents. But at the same time I have also such a dependance on your character for justice, that I am sure you will not shut your pages against me when I request an opportunity of replying to the attack of a correspondent signing himself "M. M. M." and which appeared in the last Number of your "Drama." I am the more anxious for this favour, Mr. DRAMA, because I have already had the honor of appearing in the ranks of your correspondents, and what is to me a matter of great satisfaction, have publicly obtained from you thanks for my communication. If M. M. M. will do me the favour of turning to the Number of the Drama, containing my critique on the Edinburgh company of Theatricals, and will then read his own communication, if he possesses one iota of candour, it will be very manifest to himself, (as it must be to every one besides) that M. M. M. is the prejudiced writer, and not PETER PRY. If any prejudice can be excused, Mr. DRAMA, it is a national prejudice, for both Scotch and English have

(1) Sagacious provision in the New Marriage Act. By this profound measure it is enacted, that *if both* the parties *be under age*, the one, who *is of age*, shall SWEAR that he or she believes they are *both of age*. Here's "collective wisdom" with a vengeance!

no slight degree of it: but even that when marshalled against truth, should be put down; and I flatter myself I shall have no difficulty in proving that M. M. M. was under that (if not a worse) influence when he wrote his letter, which "had for its object the correction of a few errors into which PETER PRY had fallen in his critique on the Edinburgh theatre." The first *error* enumerated is my *not* mentioning Miss ROCK and Mrs. RENAUD. (I have lately read in a Scotch publication, of a man who taught his monkey "abstract ideas"—I would recommend M. M. M. to the same master, whose logic would teach him, that an omission is *not* an *error*.) The praise he tacks to his objection is so evidently the "*puff direct*," that I would pass by his objection as I did the ladies, but that I really wish to bear testimony to their talent, for they both possess it in their way. But if M. M. M. has ever heard Miss STEPHENS, Miss TREE, Miss WILSON, Miss HALLANDE, or his sweet countrywoman, Miss PATON, he would have perceived the impropriety of his daring me to a comparison. Mrs. RENAUD *was* and is a clever woman—but I respect her too much to make her the subject of comparison with her more juvenile cotemporaries. His next objection is, that I "only speak of Mr. MURRAY as a manager, without taking the least notice of his excellent acting." M. M. M.'s anxiety to laud Mr. Manager MURRAY carries him beyond the truth; for if he will read at page 101, he will find that Mr. MURRAY has credit for "*possessing a considerable portion of talent*"—but this praise does not satisfy M. M. M.; because Mr. MACKAY, (the most talented man, as an actor, in Scotland) has more praise given him; and who ever has without prejudice had the pleasure of witnessing Mr. MACKAY's performance of the characters I before enumerated, will give him full credit for being in every sense of the word "The LISTON of Edinburgh." Mr. JONES and Mr. CALCRAFT are very clever *Edinburgh* actors, but can Mr. JONES rank "in light comedy and dandies" with our JONES—or come in competition with ELLISTON—or can Mr. CALCRAFT be placed in opposition to KEAN, YOUNG, MACREADY, KEMBLE, or COOPER? The fact is Mr. DRAMA, M. M. M. is jealous, (perhaps pardonably so) for the character of the Scotch drama—and his detraction of our fa-

vourite TERRY, serves as a *gas light* to shew us his real motive. In my critique, Mr. DRAMA, which has given such umbrage to M. M. M., I *disclaimed* giving a full or particular account, and in fact, professed *only* to a cursory glance *en passant*. M. M. M. best knows his motive in accusing me of falsehood—whether it be for the purpose of introducing *professional puff*, or whether the lady he has panegyriized be the *Rock* he has split upon, I care not; but I trust I have satisfied both you and your readers, Mr. DRAMA, of the falsity of his accusation, against

Yours, &c.

October, 1822.

PETER PRY.

### WINCHESTER THEATRE.(1)

MR. DRAMA,

This Theatre, which boasts of the same Managers, and the same Company, as the Southampton, has been opened at intervals since July, but not having given an account of the performers and performances, we merely state that nearly the same routine of pieces have been gone through as at Southampton, and in a very similar manner. The head-quarters, (if I may so term it) of this *Corps Dramatique*, is at the latter place, but they come to and fro, once a week, to take their benefits. Here too, as at Southampton, Mrs. and Miss JARMAN, (2) have been exercising their

(1) This theatre consists of one row of boxes, pit, gallery, and what are termed slips. If the Managers would go to the expense of having this place fitted up as they have done the one in the neighbouring town; and remove some of the draughts by having baize doors erected, we have not the least doubt but that they would soon be recompensed for it; for many admirers of the Drama are now debarred the pleasure they would otherwise enjoy, owing to the very miserable state of the theatre, and the fear they entertain of taking cold. Therefore, when the season is over, before they re-commence, we hope they will comply with the wishes of their friends in this particular.

(2) Not YARMAN as stated in our last.



histrionic talents with very great effect. We will begin our remarks with COLLINS's benefit. Mrs. INCHBALD's Comedy of "*Every One has his Fault*," began the evening's entertainments, which went off in a very creditable manner.—*Lord Norland*, [FORREST ;] *Mr. Harmony*, [MAXFIELD ;] *Mr. Solus*, [FLOYER ;] and *Sir Robert Ramble*, [SHALDERS] were particularly well performed. Miss JARMAN represented *Lady Eleanor Irwin*, and her mother, *Mrs. Placid*, in a very superior manner. The other characters were supported in a middling sort of way. After the play, FLOYER and DONALDSON treated us with two or three songs, which they sang particularly well. The after-piece was "*Blue Beard*," and we cannot say too much in praise of this piece. SHALDERS's *Blue Beard* was a masterly performance, and met with the applause it merited. FLOYER'S *Ibrahim*; BEDFORD'S *Selim*; and BARTLEY'S *Hassan*, were likewise well delineated. The part of *Fatima* was assigned to Miss KELLY, and she certainly did it much better than we thought she would. This lady ought to be put under a superior master, who would learn her not to throw herself about in the manner she does, for she really seems as if she was *hung upon wires*. The Scenery was very good, in particular the *Blue Chamber*. The house was well attended, and the audience departed apparently well pleased.

Mrs. and Miss JARMAN's night.—The "*School for Scandal*." *Sir Peter Teazle*, [FLOYER ;] *Joseph Surface*, [MAXFIELD ;] *Charles Surface*, [KELLY ;] and *Trip*, [SHALDERS] deserve great credit for the able and judicious manner in which they performed their respective parts—the other characters were also well represented. The admirable manner in which Miss JARMAN acted *Lady Teazle*, will long be engraven on our memory—we have never seen her to greater advantage than in this part. *Mrs. Candour* was ably supported in the person of Mrs. JARMAN—Mrs. DAVIES'S *Maria*, was a very indifferent piece of acting. "*Therese*" followed—*Mariette*, Miss JARMAN; *Countess Morville*, Mrs. DAVIES, both well represented. SHALDERS, (as *Carwin*) performed his part in a most masterly manner, and convinced us, that he can perform the part of a villain, as well as the gentleman, as it ought to be done. *Fontaine*,

[KELLY ;] *Lavigne*, [FLOYER ;] and *Count Morville*, [KEENE] were each of them greeted with the applause of a very respectable audience. The Scenery did great credit to the painter, and the Music, to the gentlemen of the orchestra, particularly the violin playing by Mr. PRICE, who, (though a young man) bids fair to hold a high sphere in the musical world.

KELLY's Benefit.—“*Way to Get Married*”—*Julia Faulkner*, by Miss JARMAN. After several comic songs, by FLOYER, and a *Pas Seul*, by Miss E. KELLY, the “*Bee Hive*” followed, which concluded the evening's performance. The characters in each were well supported.

Mr. MAXFIELD went to the expense of procuring the Dog and Bear from Newport, for his benefit:—their *acting* was very wonderful. The play was “*Koa and Zoa*,” performed some years since at Sadler's Wells, and was well received. To this followed “*Family Goevernment*”—*Helen Worret*, Miss JARMAN, which part lost nothing in being put into the hands of this charming actress. Miss DEVEULLE's *Fanny* not only delighted, but astonished the audience ; her grief on finding that *Lord Austencourt*, [KEENE] was paying his addresses to another ; and her surprise on finding that she was married by a forged license, and false priest, maybe more easily conceived than described ; suffice it to say, that she supported the whole character in a manner which gained the approbation of all present. SHALDERS, as *Charles Austencourt*, was all that we could wish to be ;—as was FLOYER's *Sir Willoughby Worret* ; MAXFIELD's *Abel Grouse* ; and HOLLINGSWORTH's *Ponder*. At the end of this piece, Miss JARMAN recited the very pathetic tale of *Mary the Maid of the Inn*, and depicted the whole in a manner much to her credit, and which called forth the applause of one of the fullest houses the theatre has had this season. The “*Woodman and his Dog*” followed, and we never recollect seeing a piece performed in so very shameful a manner. Report says, it was owing to a disagreement between the performers—but should the public be disappointed, because they could not agree?—Certainly not. They should not make the theatre a place for settling their disturbances, but act their parts, and then, when all was over, settle what little *pique* one might have against the

other, in private. We are sorry to be severe upon them, but they cannot but admit that they deserved this censure. They should consider it is the public that supports them.

**FLOYER's Benefit.**—The bills having announced that this would be the last time Miss JARMAN would perform at Winchester, previous to her engagement at Dublin—the house was filled in every part at an early hour, by most of the rank, beauty, and fashion of the town and neighbourhood, all anxious to witness the last performance of this charming actress. The play was "*Rich and Poor*," which was got up in a very superior manner. *Zorayda*, by Miss JARMAN. If she performs one piece better than another, it is this, her favourite character—and the audience eagerly caught every opportunity afforded them, of expressing their applause. We flatter ourselves Mr. HARRIS will have no reason to repent having engaged this lady. Mrs. JARMAN played *Miss Chatterall* with great effect. A Mr. COOKE, from Bath, played *Modish*, and we think that he will be a very great acquisition to the company. The characters of *Rivers*, [MAXWELL ;] *Lord Listless*, [SHALDERS] and *Frank*, [FLOYER] could not have been put under better hands—the piece was well received. After a variety of excellent comic songs, by FLOYER, which he gave in a style for which he is so famous(1)—The "*Mayor of Garratt*" followed. This is a very stupid play, therefore we shall say no more about it than that the performers acquitted themselves much to the satisfaction of the audience. The

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(1) The first song being rapturously encored, Mr. FLOYER came forward, and thus addressed the audience:—

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—The many favours I have received from you, induces me to flatter myself with the hope, that you will grant the one I am now about to request. The variety of the entertainments, and the many songs I have introduced, the which, if *encored*, (allow me to say, nothing can give me greater pleasure than to obey your voice) would, I fear, detain you a longer time than would be agreeable; therefore, I hope you will excuse my singing this, or any one of them again." This speech was received with great applause, and Mr. F.'s wish complied with. They all gave the greatest satisfaction.

whole concluded with "*Meg Murnoch, the Mountain Hag.*" This character, which no ordinary person could perform, was most ably personated by SHALDERS, and called forth the reiterated applause of the whole audience. Mr. MAX-FIELD, (as *Walter*) was much admired. We cannot give too much praise to Mr. KEENE, who performed the part of *Lord Fitzharran* in a manner much to his credit. *Duncan*, [HOLLINGSWORTH;] *Andrew*, [FLOYER;] and *Vich Ivor*, [BEDFORD] were most excellently performed, and were much applauded. The combat between *Meg Murnoch* and *Vich Ivor*, gave great satisfaction; it was done much better than we expected. Miss ANNETTE was a very interesting *Lord Malcolm*—and Mrs. DAVIS, as *Lady Bertha*, played her part respectably. The Scenery was good, particularly the *Fatal Glen of Lorin*, and the *Apartment in the Castle.*

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## LINES TO MISS JARMAN,

*On quitting the Winchester and Southampton Theatres, for  
 Dublin.*

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Who hath not felt the peaceful calm of night  
 Breathe o'er the soul, a soothing, soft delight;  
 The passions lull, each meaner feeling quell,  
 Ease the torn heart, or check the purpose fell?  
 All is so hush'd, so still, and if a breeze  
 Ripples the stream, and curls the dewy leaves,  
 Plays o'er the face, or rustles through the grove,  
 Its voice is low, and seems to whisper love.  
 Who but hath felt the spirits' lively flow,  
 The pulse of life, the full tumultuous glow  
 That thrills the frame, when morn, on sapphire wings,  
 Bursts the dread pale which held all living things,  
 Lights the bold hill, illumes the modest dale,  
 Threads the dark wood, and rends fair Nature's veil?  
 E'en thus does Genius agitate the mind,  
 With power more ample, sway more unconfin'd.  
 Thus move to various impulses the heart,  
 Impell'd, restrain'd, and moulded by its art.  
 Whether Thalia courts thy winning smile,  
 On her stern sister beckons thee the while,

Favour'd by both, we view thee grace the scene,  
At once the fancy's captive and her queen.  
And shall the muse refrain to raise her voice,—  
The muse, free instrument in will and choice?  
Shall she refuse to form a parting lay,  
Nor breathe, since Fortune summons thee away,  
Her prayers, her wishes, for thy future weal,  
And all that may thy happiness anneal.  
No! let her strive, though humble be the strain,  
Though faint the praise, at least to hail thy fame,  
Thy merits waft across the azure sea,  
And Erin tell the prize she gains in thee—  
Beauty and sense, which mutual charms impart;  
This wins the mind, and that attracts the heart;  
As the musk rose, deep blushing to the view,  
Joins precious fragrance with its lovely hue  
The unsought ease, the maiden bashfulness,  
The modest daring, timid in success;  
The ardent, graceful dignity of youth,  
Chasten'd by art, yet natural as truth.  
A form that shames the imitative stone,  
And vindicates the poet's high-wrought tone.  
A face whose speaking features plastic change,  
Reflects the passions rising as they range.  
Chief in her vestal countenance we trace  
A musing thought, a melancholy grace,  
A holy calm, a meek intelligence,  
Emblems of mind, and penetrative sense.  
But when imagination gilds the scene,  
Soul lights her eye, expression fires her mien;  
Thus on a sudden vivid lightnings sweep,  
Tinge the white wave, and sparkle o'er the deep:  
Skill'd to awake the pulse of joy or woe,  
As o'er the strings alternate zephyrs blow.  
Now from her lip pure melody awakes,  
Now eloquently mute, her silence speaks.  
Attractive in her simple loveliness,  
Or adding elegance and grace to dress,  
The court and cottage claim her for their own,  
She feigns the peasant, but adorns the throne.

F. CLOSE.

Winchester, Oct. 11, 1822.



## SOUTHAMPTON THEATRE.

MR. DRAMA,

Since our last, the "*Vampyre*," "*Othello*," "*Blind Boy*," "*Romeo and Juliet*," and a variety of others have been represented; in all of which Miss JARMAN and her mother took prominent parts, and gained great applause.—SHALDERS, FLOYER, MAXFIELD, BEDFORD, KEENE, and DENMAN likewise have been performing with great effect. Also Miss DEVEULLE, Miss KELLY, and Mrs. DAVIES. Among the characters performed by SHALDERS, and which are particularly deserving of notice, are his *Othello*, *Vampyre*, and *Carwin*, (in "*Therese*") which pieces he is completely master of.

Sep. 23.—"*She Stoops to Conquer*," was performed.—*Miss Hardcastle*, by Miss JARMAN, which she played in her usual style. SHALDERS, as *Young Marlow*, and KEENE'S *Hastings*, were very good, as was FLOYER'S *Mr. Hardcastle*. *Tony Lumpkin* was assigned to Mr. DONALDSON, (1) who, considering this is not in his line, did justice

(1) The proprietor of the *Southampton Chronicle* has been particularly severe in his animadversions on this performer, as *Tony Lumpkin*. Mr. BAKER should first consider what disadvantages a performer at a country theatre has to contend against (in being obliged, it may be said, to appear in characters entirely out of his line of acting, for such was the case of Mr. D.) and then pass sentence upon him. This part being given to Mr. D., he delineated it in the best manner he could, and was very much applauded in it. Mr. BAKER calls him, "A performer without one spark of comic genius in his composition." What do you think of this, MR. DRAMA? His singing also displeases Mr. B. Poor man, we pity him very much, that he is so hard to please!—The next night of performance after this volume of abuse was published, Mr. D. was loudly called for by the audience, and requested to sing the very song that so displeased Mr. B., in which he was rapturously *encored*;—so much for Mr. B.'s opinion. It is not only Mr. D. that he handles in this way, but Miss JARMAN and many others. We would advise Mr. B. not to use *his* pen too freely, for

to it. The rest of the characters were but poorly represented.

Oct. 7.—Mrs. and Miss JARMAN took their farewell benefit. The play was “*Rich and Poor*,” in which the former played *Miss Chatterall*, and the latter *Zorayda* with great *éclat*. “*Is he Jealous?*” followed. *Harriet*, by Miss JARMAN; *Rose*, Mrs. JARMAN; *Mr. Belmour*, Mr. SHALDERS, who were much applauded. The “*Mayor of Garratt*” concluded the whole, and seemed to give great satisfaction. The house was well filled, and the audience seemed much hurt that they were not to see Mr. J. after this night.

I am, &c.

Oct. 9, 1822.

FREDERICA CLOSE.

### TUNBRIDGE WELLS THEATRE.

MY DEAR DRAMA,

Doubtless you are aware how particularly pleasant it is, after a few months of *ruralizing*, to meet with either a private friend or a public favourite, to whom one has been indebted for many an hour of innocent and intellectual enjoyment. This is a pleasure which I have just been fortunate enough to experience. After bewildering myself among the intricacies of the Sussex woods, and risking my neck on “*Harrison's*” and the “*High Rocks*,” you may imagine the delight which the singular contrast had no small share in producing with which I found myself seated last evening in the snug little theatre of Tunbridge Wells. DOWTON—the natural, the unaffected, the inimitable DOWTON! was to make his first and only appearance this season, for the benefit of his son. (1) I was happy to perceive that the announcement of the appearance of their old friend

these kind of rebukes sometimes do much mischief. As for ourselves, we shall for the future, treat these remarks with perfect *nonchalance*.

(1) Mr. W. DOWTON, Jun., the manager and proprietor, whose unassuming and truly respectable demeanour towards the performers and the inhabitants, having procured for him the very estimable reputation of being an *honorable actor*.

and fellow inhabitant(1) had aroused the little theatrical spirit that remains in the Wells, and had attracted to the house a large and genteel audience. All the fashionable visitants on this occasion, honoured Mr. D. with their patronage, and among them I observed the Dowager Countess of STANHOPE, who deserves particular mention, having, from the commencement of the season, exerted herself strenuously, though unsuccessfully, in favour of the theatre. The amusements of the evening commenced with the old and admired comedy, (compressed into two acts) of the "*Wedding Day*." DOWTON was, of course, the *Sir Adam* Contest of the piece, and it were a work of supererogation to attempt a description of his personation of the part. His warm yet comic manner of expressing his affection for his young and apathetic wife, produced an irresistible effect. The tortures he endured on discovering in her every word and look that she could not love him as "ladies love their lords," were exhibited in that quiet but forcible manner for which he is so celebrated. The intense vexation which overpowered him, and which he in vain endeavoured to express, when informed that his first wife, (whose virtues and worth he had been continually eulogising as opposed to the frigidity of his new bride *while he believed her dead*) was yet living and anxious to fly into his arms, was expressed with a quaint pleasantry, and a serio comic feeling that powerfully affected the audience. Miss DAVIES, her second appearance at this house, played the heroine, and her *Lady* Contest was a tolerable portraiture of a hoydenish and thoughtless young woman, married against her own inclination to an old man, for whom she felt the most perfect indifference. She has an arch smile, which frequently told well while teasing the amorous *Sir Adam*, and particularly so, when in answer to an enquiry from him as to the extent of her affection, she declared that she "*almost*

(1) It may not be generally known that this place witnessed the first dawns of the brilliant histrionic genius of Mr. DOWTON. It is now nearly thirty years since he first won their plaudits, and it is really delightful to hear how affectionately he is spoken of by the older inhabitants. His public ability and private integrity seem to be duly and equally appreciated.

loved him as well as her *father*!" On the whole Miss D. was successful, and met with much applause.

"*Peter Fin; or, a New Road to Brighton*," followed the "*Wedding Day*," and DOWTON, as the retired fishmonger, again convulsed the audience with laughter. His ludicrous anxiety to behold the sea—his constant application to *Harriet's* telescope—and the disappointment attending his exertions, in consequence of what he believes to be "*a thick mist*," were exceedingly amusing. He was well supported by Messrs. HAINES and JULIAN, the former as *Harry Turtleton*, and the latter as *Frederick Gower*. Miss PAYNE, (who is something of a favourite here) played *Harriet* very prettily, and introduced one or two songs, which she sang with much taste and feeling. Miss MARSHALL, as *Mary*, contributed to the amusement of the audience—and the same may be said of Mrs. BREWER, as *Sally*. After some comic songs from Mr. W. DOWTON, we had "*John of Pâris*," an after-piece which they have got up exceedingly well, and which seemed to give general satisfaction. A Mr. BARRY enacted the said "*John*," and as he possesses a commanding and majestic figure, he looked the character remarkably well; his action is distinguished by graceful ease, he possesses a powerful voice, and his enunciation is finely clear and articulate. Mrs. GOULD played *Vincent*, and her acting elicited much applause; her songs were, indeed, eminently successful, and she was several times encored. I am ill-qualified for a critic, but her intonation seemed to me remarkably pure, and her shake is certainly even, regular, and truly scientific. Miss DAVIES was the "*Princess of Navarre*," but unfortunately she seemed to forget that she was no longer *Lady Contest*, and by this want of versatility, her performance was rendered totally ineffective. Miss PAYNE, as *Rosa*, lisped herself into the good graces of the audience, and was honoured with no small portion of applause. I must not forget to mention the *Pedriga Potts* of Mr. W. DOWTON. It was a performance full of comic power, and drew forth reiterated marks of approbation.

I am, &c.

Oct. 10, 1822.

J.W. DALBY.

## PENZANCE THEATRE.

MR. DRAMA,

Travelling through this part of England, I was surprised on going to the theatre, at finding a company equal to any Minor theatre in town can boast; with your leave I will exemplify.

On Monday, Sep. 30, was performed OTWAY's tragedy of "*Venice Preserved*." The part of *Pierre*, by a Mr. WILTON—to say he did it well, would be injustice, his personation of the gay gallant rebel was excellent; in fact, though prepossessed against Itinerant theatricals, I left the theatre highly delighted. The *Jaffier* of Mr. DYER, displayed a sound knowledge of his author, and his scene with *Belvidera* where she describes the agonies his friend *Pierre* was doomed to, came like an electric shock on the audience. The *Belvidera* of Miss SCHOLEY, was on a piece with the whole play, (with one exception) this lady has a fine voice, a good delivery, and a happy conception of her author—but unfortunately walks across the stage, as though she was practising dancing, hop, step, and go one. The farce of the "*Maid and Magpie*," had nothing to recommend it, except the *Martin* of Mr. J. DAWSON, which was very funny—though I shrewdly suspect our laughter was provoked more by *his own* witticisms than those of his author. On Wednesday, I witnessed GOLDSMITH's Comedy of "*She Stoops to Conquer*," and "*Raising the Wind*." The *Young Marlow* of Mr. WILTON, did him great credit—the *Hastings* of Mr. DYER was vile—and the *Tony Lumpkin* of Mr. J. DAWSON very good, although he here again forgot SHAKESPEARE's advice—"Let your fools say no more than is put down for them." Mr. DAWSON, in *Old Hardcastle*, and Mrs. DAWSON, as *Mrs. Hardcastle*, were really fine pictures of the parts they personified. Miss SCHOLEY, (who, should I remain here, would I foresee, become a great favourite of mine) played *Miss Hardcastle* with becoming *naïveté*, but that unfortunate stamp of her foot spoiled all. Mrs. LEWIS, as *Miss Neville*, was—but, as I can say no good, gallantry forbids my saying what I think of her. "*Raising the Wind*," finished the evening's entertainment.

October 6, 1822.

PHILO.







MISS PATON,  
AS LYDIA IN  
MORNING, NOON & NIGHT.

# THE DRAMA;

OR,  
*THEATRICAL*  
**POCKET MAGAZINE.**  
 NOVEMBER, 1822.

“The play, the play’s the thing.”—HAMLET.

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EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF  
 MISS PATON.

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 paid, are to be addressed.

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## NEW DRURY LANE THEATRE.

MR. DRAMA,

Allow me to point out one slight defect in the most elegant and complete theatre in England. What is the object of the very deep passages on each side of the Pit in New Drury Lane? They are not at present what is called in the theatrical phraseology "standing-room," for it is impossible to have a distinct view of the stage from them.—They are very awkward, particularly for females, who have to clamber a height of three or four feet to get to their seats. The occupiers of the private boxes are also greatly incommoded, and the audience disturbed by persons climbing and planting themselves with their backs against the sides of the house, in order, though most uncomfortably placed, to get a glimpse of what is transacting on the stage. Let me hope as the space now occupied by these passages is lost both to the manager and the public, they will be filled up to within a foot or fourteen inches of the level of the Pit. This is particularly called for at present, since the whole play-going world are on the tiptoe of expectation, and hundreds would be perfectly content with *standing*; if there was also *seeing room*, when those two first of tragedians of England, Mr. KEAN and Mr. YOUNG, unite their transcendant talents for the gratification of the public. I am confident no inconvenience will result to the private boxes from attending to my suggestion, and that the company in them will be able to see over the heads of persons standing in the Pit, whereas now they are often completely shut out from a sight of the play, by the cause I have already assigned. Your insertion of this letter may perhaps lead to an early remedy of the only possible complaint that a reasonable man can urge against New Drury, either *before or behind the curtain*, for it has triumphed over the many assaults of malevolence and folly, and risen like a Phoenix out of the ashes, with renewed splendour and a well-grounded expectation of a glorious result.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

PARBAYA.

New Hummums, }  
Nov. 21, 1822. }

# THE DRAMA;

OR,

*THEATRICAL*

POCKET MAGAZINE.

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No. VI.      NOVEMBER, 1822.      Vol. III.

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MISS PATON.

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“Then PATON—with her sweet enchanting strains,  
Steals to our hearts, and o’er our senses reigns,  
With ravish’d ears, we hear the pleasing sounds,  
And heavenly joys the vaulted roof resounds.”

---

A nutshell would almost comprize the whole of our “sayings” on this lady, for the short period of time she has been before the public eye, and in which she has risen to the highest honours of her profession, together with her youth, preclude the possibility of our making “much do about nothing.” The few particulars we have been able to glean, are we have every reason to hope, correct, as they have been before the public in various ways, and have not met with contradiction.

Miss P. is a native of Edinburgh, where she was born in October, 1802. Her father, who is a gentlemen of dis-



tinguished professional eminence, much devoted to the fine arts, and highly celebrated for his classical knowledge, was at her birth, the respected proprietor of a mathematical seminary, and discovered in his daughter, even when a babe, the most singular musical talent. When only two years old she could name any tone, or semitone, on hearing it sounded—which was frequently ascertained by musical professors at the time. When four years of age, she played the piano, and a small harp, and also sung not only with some execution, but with a style peculiar to herself. Before her fifth year, she extemporised with surprising ability on the piano-forte, and published some fantasias and rondos entirely of her own composition. Miss P. had also discovered a talent for recitation equal to that for music; and due attention was paid to the former as well as the latter. Accordingly when eight years of age, she gave (under the patronage of the DUCHESS of BUCCLEUGH) six public concerts, in Edinburgh, in one season, where she played the piano-forte and harp, sang and recited "*Alexander's Feast*"—COLLINS's "*Ode to the Passions*," and other principal pieces. Her performances in those various departments were so remarkable as to procure fashionable and overflowing audiences on every occasion. When Miss P. was about ten years old, her father was induced by promises of powerful patronage, both in his profession, and that of his daughter, from several of the Scotch nobility, and particularly the late DUCHESS of GORDON, to remove his family wholly to London. Here having a wider field for the exercise of her talents, she became a great favourite with the musical world, and sang at several of the nobility's concerts with much applause. She had also an annual public benefit, the last of which was attended by a numerous and brilliant assembly, including COUNT PLATOFF and other distinguished personages. (1) After this, her father with a degree of dis-

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(1) Here an interesting anecdote has been related. The grandmother of Miss P. like herself, was born a musician, she lived at the village of Strathbogie, [now Huntly] in Aberdeenshire. She played the violin, and although never professional, her fame was so great, that the DUKE of CUMBERLAND on his way to Culloden Field, went with

interestedness and parental affection, perhaps unprecedented in the history of such concerns, wisely withdrew her from public life until her judgment was matured and her taste confirmed, and she lived secluded from the world for near six years. By this judicious course of proceeding she was enabled to study under the best masters, and cultivate those superior talents which nature had so lavishly bestowed upon her. Having attained these objects, she has appeared for above two years at public and private concerts, universally admired. Public concerts have, of late, however, been monopolized by a few principal vocalists of established repute, together with the pupils of such masters as could secure their success. There was therefore no place for a young independent performer, who, without a great name, could not overtop the former, and was led to hope for something not entirely below the latter, who on their part, perhaps, did not wish to see her thwart their path. However in 1820, she sang at several concerts at Bath, and divided the applause of the audience with that musical phenomenon CATALANI;—Mr. BRAHAM also kindly lent her his powerful assistance, and finding that a full and fair hearing by the public in this as in other matters, was the best way to obtain impartial justice, and as concert singing generally produced only applause without adequate compensation, she entered into an engagement with the proprietors of the Haymarket theatre, and made her *débüt* on those boards in August last, as *Susannah*, in "*Figaro*." Her success is well known. She completely realized the expectations that had been excited of her. She sang with delicacy, feeling, and richness—and acted with surprising

some of his officers and musicians to hear her. His Royal Highness and company were so surprised and delighted with her performance, especially of Scotch airs, that he presented her with a superb scarf of silk tartan. This same scarf has been preserved almost unworn for nearly a century, until another distinguished personage, the HETMAN PLATOFF, honoured Miss P. with a similar present of Indian manufacture. These testimonials of genius we understand, are now occasionally worn by Miss P. with what may be considered a feeling of honest pride.

case and correctness. Of her voice she seems to have complete command, and to which she appears capable of giving innumerable graces. Her turns and finishings are beautiful, combining true taste, with correct expression,—she in fact, wantons in melody. She does not attempt too great a luxuriance of ornament, but by a chaste simplicity of style, seeks to *please* rather than *astonish*, for which her rich and mellow tones seem most peculiarly well adapted. It is of that soft round quality which daily improves. It may also be observed, the more she draws it out, the richer is its sound, contrary to most other voices now before the public, and a very little more practice may reasonably be expected to give it all the fluency, delicacy, and not improbably the power exhibited by the greatest singers which have appeared. She is engaged at Covent Garden for three years at a rising salary.

### MR. KEAN.

[Resumed from Page 214.]

We shall next give Mr. BUCKE's letter to the sub-committee of Drury lane, when he finally withdrew his tragedy.

*"To the Committee of Drury Lane Theatre.*

"GENTLEMEN,

"When you were pleased to accept my tragedy, you promised to bring it forward immediately, and to support it with the whole strength of the theatre. Mr. KEAN, too, promised me the best assistance of his powerful talents.

"This pledge, I understand, is now at last about to be redeemed.—The redemption comes too late !

"The scene witnessed, the other evening, at the representation of Miss JANE PORTER's tragedy, can never be forgotten. It forms an epoch in theatrical history ; and the name of Mr. KEAN must ever be pronounced, with indignation, by all admirers of those prides of civilized life—elegant and accomplished women.

"The conduct of Mr. KEAN on that occasion, exhibited such a contemptuous disregard to the common decencies of society, that I scorn to be in any way obliged to him !

“Miss JANE PORTER is nothing to me :—I only remember having once passed a very agreeable evening in her society ; —that is all the personal knowledge I have of her ; but her character is well known to the estimable ; and her talents, as a writer, are universally acknowledged. That she has not been able to write a tragedy is no great matter of disgrace, seeing that the art appears to be entirely lost.—But to wound,—deliberately,—the feelings of such a woman, and that, too, before one of the most brilliant audiences ever assembled at a theatre, surely could not have proceeded from a man of courage !—It is, indeed, so gross, that language is powerless, when it would presume to visit it with commensurate condemnation.

“You may, gentlemen, continue to suffer the establishment of Drury Lane Theatre to become a martyr to Mr. KEAN’s ambition and caprice, if you please ;—I shall have nothing more to do with him !—Therefore, with every sentiment of respect towards you, individually, I beg leave to withdraw my tragedy of “*The Italians*” entirely from the stage.

Feb. 18, 1819.

“I am, gentlemen, &c. &c.”

Mr. BUCKE having thus dexterously excited the public attention to his tragedy, now thought proper to publish it, with a preface, which drew from Mr. KEAN an angry, and perhaps an injudicious answer.

“A lie—an odious lie, a damned lie—  
Upon my soul, a lie—a wicked lie.”

*To the Editor of ——— (1)*

SIR,—My hours are at this moment too much, and, I am proud to say, too well occupied, to be devoted to such unworthy subjects as “*The Italians*” and its author ; but to confute the malicious propagations, emanating only from a corrupt heart and little mind, I think it necessary to state, through the medium of your paper, that no such conversation ever passed between Mr. BUCKE and myself as the public prints have specified ; and that Miss KELLY (whose talents I look on with enthusiastic admiration) never was to my

---

(1) This letter was published in several papers.

knowledge, allotted any character in the play. Mr. PETER MOORE, one of the Drury Lane Committee, excited, with some ability, my personal compassion for Mr. BUCKE; in consequence of which, I undertook to act in his play; and, had it been produced, should have done my utmost to have fulfilled my duty to that public, whose name I teach my child to bless—to whose protection my gratitude alone is due—and over whose unprejudiced mind malevolence can never have an influence.

On reading the tragedy of "*Deranged Intellect*" (for that was the name it was known by in the Green Room) to my professional brethren, the only feelings it excited were uncontrollable laughter, and pity for the author. From this criterion, I took the liberty of suggesting to the Management the impossibility of producing a play, which must have been attended with considerable expense, when there was not in it one gleam of success. There is certainly some pretty poetry in the character which was to have been sustained by Miss CUBITT; and after that I will say, in good set terms, Mr. BUCKE's tragedy is the worst of the bad. In this opinion I am joined by the whole of the dramatic corps that were to have been concerned in it; and particularly by the present Acting Manager, whose judgment as an artist, and conduct as a man, form an impregnable bulwark in my defence. The publication of "*Deranged Intellect*" is all the answer necessary to the author's attack upon my judgment; and for his inventive fabrication, I publicly tell him that he has not uttered one word of truth in the whole of his aspersions; and I then leave him to his contemplations, with disgust for his falsehood, and pity for his folly.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

EDMUND KEAN.

P. S. I shall enter into no public contentions; if Mr. "*Deranged Intellect*" wishes to indulge his malice further, he knows where I am to be found.

No. 12, Clarges Street, March 17, 1819."

To this Mr. BUCKE replied as follows:—

"*To the Editor of the Morning Herald.*

SIR,—Observing a letter in your paper this day, signed



"EDMUND KEAN," I beg leave to state, that I shall wait a short time, in order to see whether that letter was written by him or not. I have still too good an opinion of Mr. KEAN to suppose that it was. It is impossible that such language can have proceeded from the first tragedian of the day. If, after the expiration of two or three days, Mr. KEAN does not disown it, I shall naturally conclude that he *did* write it; and answer it in a manner at least, I hope, becoming a gentleman to write and a gentleman to read.

I am, Sir, &c. &c.

Friday.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE ITALIANS."

[*To be resumed.*]

## FLORES HISTRIONICI.

### V.—*SEDUCTION; OR, THE TEARS OF A FATHER.*

#### SCENE—*A Garden.*

*De Malfort. (Alone.)* Oh, what a conflict rages here;—  
my soul,

Shrink not from the task! have I consented?  
Can these eyes, that watch'd her in her childhood,  
Behold her form, bereft of all its beauty?  
Oh, as her young life advanced in joy,—  
When virtue smil'd and spread the fleeting scene  
That seem'd to mock the envious wiles of guilt;—  
Ah, 'twas illusive all!—the morn arose  
Smiling and cheerful—but night spread her shade!  
The sun of hope had sunk, and all was fled  
That lit my soul to happiness!—this tear—  
Yes, I will meet her—still I fear to look  
If yet she is approaching—

*Enter IRELIJA.*

*Ire.* Father, father!—

*De M.* Her voice!—Irelia—

(*He rushes towards her—she sinks at his feet faintly articulating*)

Oh, curse me not,  
My heart will break !

*De M.* Curse thee, my girl ?—my curse—  
Oh no, it must not fall on thee :—look up—  
Embrace thy father :—while I hold thee thus,  
Thus to my heart, I feel a tide of love  
Glide softly through my veins, and fill my soul  
With fond paternal ardor !—oh, this form,  
Lovely e'en in its wreck—the heart it held  
Was not more heavenly ! these tears—alas !  
All then was joy :—I gazed upon thy face,  
And thought I saw the face of virtue, deckt  
In gaiety !—I listen'd to thy tones,  
As thou would'st sometimes tune thy harp at eve,  
And breathe thy plaintive notes upon my ear,  
And then I thought of happiness !—and hope  
Would oftimes tell me of thy future hours—  
That this glad scene would be perpetual—  
No after years of sorrow—but alas !  
The dark fiend rose, and saw us in our joy ;—  
Then came he, as the wily serpent came,  
That kill'd the germ of innocence on earth,  
And gave to man his early lesson—sin ;  
He saw and blighted—oh, how keen his fang,  
That left me but the mockery of life !

*Ire.* Oh, speak not thus, my father ;—if the tie  
Of nature be indeed indissoluble,  
If 'tis not sever'd by your daughter's crimes  
Accord me not this deep and dreadful anguish !

*De M.* Ireliia, oh, forgive thy poor worn father :—  
But the great pang that is within me, gives  
A phrenzy to my words ;—mine is a grief  
In which no heart may e'er participate ;—  
My honor fall'n, and my last dear hope  
Pass'd silently away—all gone, all fled—  
I fondly thought—again my mind recurs  
To days gone by—such feelings mock our sorrow !

*Ire.* Oh, banish them, my father, for they drink  
My very lifeblood, and I yet would live  
To ask your dear forgiveness !

*De M.* Ah, my child,

Heav'n sees my heart—I do forgive thee!  
I curs'd thee in my wrath, but heaven's mercy  
Will erase the guilty stain—if yet he lives,  
He, girl, whose hand I oftimes held in friendship—  
That hand bereft me of my child—

*Ire.* He lives !

*De M.* The black destroyer lives ! oh, may his life—

*Ire.* My father utter not the dreadful words ;  
It ill becomes the breath of man to urge  
His fellow's condemnation !

*De M.* Tell me, girl,  
The process of your guilt—oh, 'twould impart  
Serenity to sorrow, but to learn  
Thou wert less guilty than thy paramour !

*Ire.* I yet have strength to tell the tale :—oh, shame,  
To tremble thus—'tis past—I will be sudden :—  
From the first hour that Geraldine came  
Into my presence, he had sought to win  
The secret that oppress'd my heart—I lov'd him—  
For his whole soul seemed guileless—he would dwell  
With fervor on his passion, and his eye  
Seem'd to betray the struggles of a heart,  
O'erfraught with tenderness ;—then as he spoke  
A throb of strange delight confirm'd his pow'r—  
The artless blush that play'd upon my cheek,  
A blush of pleasure, told him how I lov'd !  
Yet still he urg'd me to conceal from thee  
His fatal pleadings :—I believ'd his vows,  
I listen'd—and was happy ;—for my heart  
Was then unconscious of a crime—but soon  
How chang'd the being whom I lov'd :—his brow  
That seem'd to glow with virtue, was array'd  
In all the colors of destructive guilt !  
I shudder'd as he turn'd his eye upon me,  
And shrunk in terror from his with'ring glance !  
'Twas in these moments thou would'st sometimes ask  
The cause of my disgust, but I fear'd  
To hide my secret in a father's breast !—  
I thought him noble, and I pledg'd my vow  
Never to be another's—I had deem'd  
That all of honor centred in his heart,

But he was faithless !—As the gen'rous day,  
 On whose pure light these eye-lids soon must close,  
 I hail'd his coming with the look of love ;  
 But when he first implanted on my lip,  
 The young and glowing kiss of fond desire,—  
 I felt the throb of ecstasy !—a sigh,  
 But not of sorrow, would escape my heart,  
 As with a trembling wildness in his eye,  
 He press'd me to his bosom—oh, my father,  
 Had but one friendly dream arous'd my soul,  
 From the deep lethargy of passion's hour,  
 If but a thought of all the after-horror,  
 'The agony of peril and remorse—  
 My breath grows clammy—

*De M.* Nay, croak out the tale  
 In hoarser accents to a father's ear ;  
 Let not the winds deprive me of one sound ;  
 Come, speak it ; for 'tis precious as the rain  
 That falls to nourish the dry earth in summer !

*Ire.* Oh, be less frantic :—on that dreadful morn,  
 When, desolate, I fled a parent's arms,  
 To seek a shelter in a desert clime,  
 Where dwelt but misery, all nature wore  
 A livelier aspect, and the joyous east  
 Welcom'd her coming guest ;—the bird of morn  
 Was sporting in the heavens—earth was still—  
 The dew-drops glisten'd in the glowing light,  
 And the green trees were brighter to my eye !  
 My heart was fill'd with sorrow, and the scene  
 Appear'd to mock me in its pride of beauty ;  
 Advancing thro' the garden, I beheld  
 The little rose-tree—planted by my hand ;—  
 Oh, never had it shed its sweets 'till then !

*De M.* My child—Irelia, speak,—oh ! speak of him,  
 Of him who has destroy'd thee !—

*Ire.* I am faint,  
 And feel the chill of death ;—one effort more :—  
 He bore me to a land, far, far from hence,  
 And strove to win me into smiles ;—alas,  
 The sounds of festive mirth were not for me ;  
 For melancholy, pictur'd on my brow,

Had spread her gloomy trammels all around,  
 And marr'd each thought of pleasure—'till at length,  
 My love—the idol of my soul—the man  
 In whom I trusted—he, Gerald, fled—  
 My heart is bursting—left me to despair;—  
 Alone—unpitied—friendless—

*De M.* Miserable girl!  
 Forsaken!—friendless!—and the monster lives!

*Ire.* Aye, lives full blest within another's arms—  
 The husband—of a gay and blooming bride!

*De M.* His bride!—wedded—great heav'n!—I cast  
 aside

All bonds of brotherhood to men!—alone,  
 I imprecate huge thunders on the world!—  
 For him—may heaven breathe an atmosphere  
 Engend'ring pestilence—may years of pain  
 Be minutes in th' account of time!—may death  
 Scoff at his pangs!—may the bright sun be black,  
 And loathsome in his madly starting eye!  
 May darkness yield no shelter, and dismay  
 Be ever in his heart!—his love a bane—  
 His joys—the tortures of the damn'd!—a curse  
 For ever scorch him—may his children bear  
 The form of hideousness, and emulate  
 The actions of their father!—may his voice  
 Be hellish discord in the ears of men!—  
 May ruin be around him, and the cries  
 Of bleeding victims sound his harmony!

*(Irelia falls at his feet.)*

*Irelia!*

*Ire.* Oh, farewell, farewell, my father!

May all your after life—I yet wou'd breathe

A pray'r—but 'tis late;—oh, mercy—heaven! *(Dies.)*

*De M.* Gone, gone—my child!—*Irelia!*—nay, I'll love

And guard thee as a precious relic!—breathe—

Oh, breathe, my girl!—my dear girl!—dead—

*(He falls upon the body.)*

Oct. 7, 1822. S. L. B.



## A PLAY WRITER

*(By the Author of Hudibras.)*

OF our times is like a fanatic, that has no wit in ordinary easy things, and yet attempts the hardest task of brains in the whole world, only because, whether his play or work please or displease, he is certain to come off better than he deserves, and find some of his own latitude to applaud him, which he could never expect any other way; and is as sure to lose no reputation, because he has none to venture.

Like gaming rooks, that never stick  
To play for hundreds upon tick;  
'Cause, if they chance to lose at play,  
Th'ave not one halfpenny to pay;  
And, if they win an hundred pound,  
Gain, if for sixpence they compound.

Nothing encourages him more in his undertaking than his ignorance, for he has not wit enough to understand so much as the difficulty of what he attempts; therefore he runs on boldly like a fool-hardy wit; and Fortune, that favours fools and the bold, sometimes takes notice of him for his double capacity, and receives him into her good graces. He has one motive more, and that is, the concurrent ignorant judgment of the present age, in which his sottish fopperies pass with applause, like OLIVER CROMWELL's oratory among fanatics of his own canting inclination. He finds it easier to write in rhyme than prose; for the world being overcharged with romances, he finds his plots, passions, and repartees, ready made to his hand; and if he can but turn them into rhyme, the thievery is disguised, and they pass for his own wit and invention without question; like a stolen cloak made into a coat, or dyed into another colour. Besides this, he makes no conscience in stealing any thing that lights in his way, and borrows the advice of so many, to correct, enlarge, and amend, what he has ill-favouredly put together, that it becomes like a thing drawn by council, and none of his own performance, or the son of a w—— that has no one certain father. He has very great reason to prefer verse before prose in his compositions; for rhyme

is like lace, that serves excellently well to hide the piecing and coarseness of a bad stuff, contributes mightily to the bulk, and make the less serve by the many impertinencies it commonly requires to make way for it; for very few are endowed with abilities to bring it in on its own account. This he finds to be good husbandry, and a kind of necessary thrift; for they that have but a little, ought to make as much of it as they can. His prologue which is commonly none of his own, is always better than his play; like a piece of cloth that is fine in the beginning, and coarse afterwards; though it has but one topic, and that is the same that is used by malefactors when they are to be tried, to except as many of the jury as they can.

## LINES,

*Written on the Anniversary of SHAKSPEARE'S Birth,  
Friday, April 23, 1820.*

Poet of Nature and the human heart,  
Unrivalled master of a hallowed art!  
Or rough or polished—lowly or sublime—  
Creeping or soaring—'tis the same to thee  
“*Who wert not for an age—but for all time*”  
And what thou hast been—evermore shalt be—  
The enchanter and amender of the mind,  
That seeks instruction or delight to find!

I dare to lay before thy hallowed shrine  
This uninspired and worthless verse of mine,  
And mingling with the proud enthusiast throng  
To whom it doth with kindred power belong  
To give their mighty master tribute due,—  
I haste to pay my humble worship too,  
And kneeling at this holy altar prove  
The courage that has sprung from ardent love!

The paltry tribute my heart offers here,  
May not be wholly worthless—other times  
Which, being gone, are rendered doubly dear—  
Knew me a visitant of SHAKSPEARE'S sphere,

Ere in this strange life's follies, cares, and crimes,  
 This heart became an actor ;—in the day  
 Which flew, alas, too transiently away,—  
 That little day of the soul's solitude  
 When hopes, thoughts, fears and feelings were endued  
 With the enchanting halo which is thrown  
 Upon the mind, all peopled, yet alone—  
 Which makes and rules o'er kingdoms of its own !

J. W. DALBY.

## SHAKSPEARE AND THE EARLY DRAMATISTS.

MR. DRAMA,

The following lines enumerative and descriptive of our early dramatists are extracted from HEYWOOD'S "*Hierarchy of the blessed Angells, their names, orders and offices*," fol. 1635. Many of your readers will probably regard them as valuable from the incidental notice of SHAKSPEARE, but the whole deserves to be re-printed for the sake of other writers, and the whimsical reason which led to their composition.

" Our modern poets to that passe are driv'n,  
 Those names are curtail'd which they first had given ;  
 And, as we wish to have their memories drowned  
 We scarcely can afford them halfe their sound.

GREENE, who had in both academies tane  
 Degree of Master, yet could never gaine  
 To be called more than *Robin* ; who, had he  
 Profest—ought saved the muse, served, and been free,  
 After a seven years' 'prenticeship, might have  
 (With credit too) gone *Robert* to his grave.

MARLO, renown'd for his rare art and wit,  
 Could ne're attain beyond the name of *Kit*,  
 Altho' his '*Hero* and *Leander*' did  
 Merit addition rather. Famous KIDD,  
 Was call'd but *Tom*. TOM WATSON, (tho' he wrote

Able to make Apollo's selfe to dote  
 Upon his muse;) for all that he could strive,  
 Yet never could to his full name arrive.  
 TOM NASH, (in his time of no small esteeme)  
 Could not a second syllable redeeme.  
 Excelent BEWMONT, in the formost ranke  
 Of the rar'st wits, was never more than *Frank*.<sup>(1)</sup>  
 Mellifluous SHAKE-SPEARE, whose enchanting quill,  
 Commanded mirth or passion, was but *Will*,  
 And famous JONSON, tho' his learned pen  
 Be dipt in Castaly, is still but *Ben*.  
 FLETCHER and WEBSTER, of that learned packe  
 None of the mean'st, yet neither was but *Jacke*.  
 DECKER's but *Tom*: nor MAY; nor MIDDLETON;  
 And he's but now *Jacke Foord*, that once were *John*.

Nor speake I this, that any here exprest,  
 Should think themselves lesse worthy than the rest,  
 Whose names have their full syllable and sound,  
 Or that *Franke*, *Kit*, or *Jacke*, are the least wound  
 Unto their fame and merit. I, for my part  
 (Thinke others what they please) accept that heart  
 Which courts my love in most familiar phraze;  
 And think it takes not from my pains or praise.  
 If any one to me so bluntly com,  
 I hold he loves me best that calls me *Tom*."

HEYWOOD was a man of much ability, and totally free from that pitiful envy of other writers, which is too often the companion of genius. He never omits an opportunity of panegyrising, in the warmest terms, the merits of his contemporaries.

MALONE says, "there is reason to believe that SHAK-SPEARE performed the part of *Old Knowell*, in "*Every Man in his Humour*,"<sup>(2)</sup> the only reason for that supposition is,

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(1) In a collection of Epigrams, by J. DAVIES, called "*The Scourge of Folly*," 1611, is one addressed to BEAUMONT, commencing thus;—

"Some that thy name abbreviate call thee *Frank*."

(2) Supplement to SHAKSPEARE, 1780, vol. 1, p. 50. BEN JONSON's Works, 1640, vol. 1.

that the name of SHAKSPEARE stands first on the list of comedians, as *Old Kno'well* does of the characters in this play. The date of his performance seems more certain than the part, as in the title we find that it was "acted in ye yeere, 1598, by the then Lord Chamberlaine his servants."

"WILL SHAKE-SPEARE" occurs among the performers of JONSON'S "*Sejanus*"—"first acted in the yeere 1603, by the King's Majesties servants, with the allowance of the Master of the Revells." This name stands fifth on the list, and tallies to *Caligula*, who scarcely, if ever, opens his mouth during the play.

When was the first single edition of SHAKSPEARE'S "*Julius Cæsar*" printed? I have now before me "*Julius Cæsar*," a tragedy as it is now acted at the Theatre Royal. Written by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. London. Printed by H. H. Jun. for HENRY HERRINGTON and R. BENTLEY, in *Russell Street, in Covent Garden*, and sold by JOSEPH KNIGHT and FRANCIS SAUNDERS, at the *Blew Anchor*, in the Lower Walk of the *New Exchange* in the *Strand*," no date, (but about 1670. 4to. pp. 64.) I do not recollect any earlier 4to. edition than this.

Yours, &c.

Lambeth, 1822.

GLANVILLE.

## PORTRAIT OF MRS. EGERTON.

Dipp'd in a thousand glowing dyes,  
My pencil now a Portrait tries,  
I fear beyond my art ;  
How shall I, EGERTON, dare trace,  
Thy varied skill, thy matchless grace,  
Which touches every heart?

If in *Meg Merrillies* I seek  
To pourtray *all*, her sorrows speak  
For *Ellengowan's* heir ;  
I see such energies of mind,  
No touches of the heart I find  
Can fix a likeness there.



The heroine *Helen* should I try,  
 And on strong *light* and *shade* rely,  
 I am discourag'd still ;  
 Such character is there display'd,  
 Would make the brightest colouring fade,  
 And baffles TITIAN'S skill.

*Madge Wildfire* too, again forbear,  
 A GUIDO'S hand is needed there  
 To bid the canvass live ;  
 Such wild expression—so much soul  
 Breathes through, and animates the whole  
 As *I* despair to give.

Tho' "last not least," behold advance  
 The noble patriot Maid of France,  
 In whom *these* powers unite.  
*Meg's* gen'rous ardour, *Helen's* mien,  
*Madge Wildfire's* pathos, there are seen  
 To interest and delight.

I yield the task while thus I view  
 Genius that's still to Nature true,  
 Eliciting a spark  
 Of that bold, bright Promethean fire,  
 Which seems the actress to inspire  
 In conq'ring—*Joan of Arc* !

Clerkenwell.

T. G.

## MRS. GARRICK.—HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Mr. DRAMA,

From your natural disposition to be just, kind, and indulgent, I am buoyed up with hope that you will generously allow me, through your liberal pages, to correct a highly (erroneous and prejudicial report which has got abroad to the above amiable mother of the representative of the English *Roscus*—DAVID GARRICK.

It is publicly reported, and as generally believed, that this lady has merely assumed the name of that celebrated man to answer her theatrical purposes. The truth is, Sir,

she is the *widow* of the late GEORGE GARRICK, Esq. formerly of Lincoln's Inn, and nephew of the celebrated actor, by whom she is the mother of a fine family, the eldest of which is eighteen years of age. Owing, however, to the embarrassments of her late learned husband, this amiable woman has been reduced from a state of affluence to exert her musical talents, which are of a superior order, for the support and education of her young family, which she does in a manner that proves her at once to be prudent, exemplary, and in the possession of all the finer affections of our nature. To conclude, the friends of her "*better days*" continue their kind and friendly communications with her and her family, well-knowing that her life has been blameless and useful. More I need not say, and less would be unworthy of a man who has been honoured with her acquaintance from childhood up to the present time ; through which period he has been witness of conduct which would at all times command the plaudits of a British public. If you think proper, use my name ; otherwise,

Yours, &c.

Queen-square, Oct. 3, 1822.

VERITAS.

## ADDENDA AND CORRIGENDA.

### TO "*THE DRAMA*."

BEING NOTES FOR THE EDITOR AND HIS READERS.

### LEAF THE SECOND.

["*Dirce*," vol. i, page 94.]—"Demofonte"—the original of this opera, (which was stated in the bills to have been brought forward with a view of rendering serious recitative opera a popular species of amusement in England) was originally played at Vienna, in 1733, with music, composed by CALDARA. This was its first appearance on the English stage ; but it had been produced at the King's Theatre about fifty years ago, when MANSOLI made his *debut* in England, and by his fine singing rendered it popular. I am well persuaded, however, that it is a species of performance

which will never become permanently attractive at our theatres. It has, I think, often been tried; but has never retained possession of the stage except in a single instance. The first attempt of the kind was made by THOMAS CLAYTON, a very indifferent composer, who had visited Italy, and fancied that he was equal to the task of reforming our national taste in music. An opera, in recitative, composed by him, was produced at Drury Lane, in 1705, and from its novelty, became for a time very popular. In the "*Daily Courant*" of that period, it is styled "a new opera, after the Italian manner, all sung; being set to music, by Master CLAYTON; with dancing and singing, before and after, by Signora MARGARITA DEL'EPINE." It is also noticed by ADDISON, in No. 18, of the "*Spectator*," who was so ill-advised as to employ CLAYTON to compose his "*Rosamond*."

"*Henry IV.*" vol. i, p. 99.]—This play was produced by RICH, at this theatre, on the coronation of his late Majesty. While it was in preparation, a strong contest arose between Mrs. BELLAMY and Mrs. HAMILTON, the two great actresses of the day, as to which of them should personate the Queen. RICH terminated the dispute by assigning the part to Miss HALLAM, afterwards Mrs. MATTOCKS, whose countenance greatly resembled her Majesty's—but who, at that period, was almost perfectly unknown to the town. RICH died during the run of this piece. In a volume of Miscellanies, by one WIGNELL, a performer at Covent Garden, we find, written upon it the following

#### IMPROMPTU.

"Fancy and Taste have been employ'd  
By RICH in various ways;  
His sportive scenes our sires enjoy'd,  
And gave their warmest praise.  
In Triumphs(1) and in Funeral Rites,(2)  
All others he outshone;  
But here to add to our delights,  
He has *himself* outdone."

"*Don Juan*," vol. i, p. 378.]—"Don John; or, the Feast of the Statue," a comedy, in five acts, in prose, was first

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(1) *Alexander's Entry.* (2) *Juliet's Procession.*

acted in Paris, at the theatre of the Palais Royale, Feb. 15, 1665. It was not through choice that MOLIERE wrote on the subject of *Don Juan*. The Italians who borrowed it from the Spanish, had brought it upon their stage in France with vast success. A villain odious for his crimes and hypocrisy; the silly miracle of a moving and speaking statue; and the extravagant scene of hell, did not disgust the vulgar, who are always fond of wonders. In 1660, VILLERS, a comedian of the Hotel de Bourgogne, acted it in verse; and MOLIERE performed it in prose, 1665. His company who had set him upon this work, were sufficiently punished for their bad choice by the little success it met with; which might be occasioned; perhaps, either by the prejudice, (which then prevailed against comedies in five acts, written in prose) being stronger than the spirit of whim which had drawn the public in crowds to the Italians and to the Hotel de Bourgogne, or else by their being offended with some hazardous passages in it, which the author suppressed on the second representation. A company, (formed in 1637, out of that of MARAISE, and the Palais Royale, which were both dissolved) performed MOLIERE'S "*Feast of the Statue*" after T. CORNILLE had turned it into verse, at the Hotel de Guenegaud, in 1677, under which form it drew a prodigious number of spectators.

Mrs. INCHBALD, vol. i. p. 403.] The remains of this celebrated lady were deposited in the *new burying ground* attached to the parish church of Kensington, and not in the church as there stated: and there has been placed over the grave a large and substantial but plain grave stone, with the following inscription. Neither in the form of the stone, nor in the character of the letters is there the least ornament.

*Gloria in excelsis Deo !*

Sacred to the Memory of

ELIZABETH INCHBALD,

whose writings will be cherished while truth,  
simplicity, and feeling, command public admiration;  
and whose retired and exemplary life

closed as it existed,  
in acts of charity and benevolence.

She died Aug. 21, 1821. Aged 68.

*Requiescat in Pace !*

The new burying ground is divided into compartments, which several divisions are numbered; and it may not be uninteresting to add, that at the end of Mrs. INCHBALD'S grave, are the figures 142, and that it is next to the grave of GEORGE CHARLES CANNING, eldest son of the Right Hon. GEORGE CANNING, over which there is an elegant marble monument.

*Latin Spoones*, vol. i, 346, vol. ii, 324.]—This anecdote of SHAKSPEARE and JONSON is from the *Harleian MSS.* 6395, in the British Museum. It is a small octavo vol. fairly written, containing 606 curious stories, carefully numbered, with a few since added by another hand. A valuable index is subjoined, assigning in every instance, the person from whom the collector received the tale, but with a modesty by no means peculiar to anecdotists, (excepting perhaps the "*Brothers SHOLTO and REUBEN PERCY of the Benedictine Monastery of Mount Bengier*") he has omitted his name. The name at the end of the above anecdote of our bard is "*Mr. Dun.*" It is certainly a curious scrap, and as it is unnoticed by all his Biographers, although there is no higher authority for the anecdote than the MSS. yet still as a little addition to his history, I think it very valuable. (1)

The meaning of *Latin Spoones* inquired for by GLANVILLE, although little known in the greater part of England, is not quite obsolete. *Latin*, (or *latten*) is used in the stannaries of Cornwall for *tin*, and in this place will easily admit of the same signification: the double meaning of *translate* is sufficiently obvious.

*King's Visit*, vol. i, 42, &c.]—The visits of royalty to the theatre, are so unfrequent, that scarcely any thing attracts so strongly a crowd as the king going to the play-house. Then "all London seems in arms and eager for the squeeze." The following account of his late Majesty's first visit to the theatre after his first accession, may, I think, be appropriately offered to the readers of a Theatrical Magazine, while newspapers and all other periodical publica-

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(1) WINSTANLAY, the original biographer of SHAKSPEARE, mentions in his "*England's Worthies*," 1684: Artic. SHAKSPEARE, the intimacy between him and JONSON.



tions are eagerly collecting anecdotes of the late king's actions at every period of his life. I have extracted it from the "*London Chronicle*," Nov. 22, 25, 1760:—

"His MAJESTY was attended in the stage-box of Drury Lane Theatre, on Friday night, Nov. 22, by his Grace the DUKE of DEVONSHIRE, Lord High Chamberlain, bearing his wand, and the EARL of BUTE. Her Royal Highness the Princess Dowager of WALES, the DUKE of YORK, LADY AUGUSTA, and the rest of the Royal Family were seated in the opposite box to his Majesty. As soon as the King entered the play-house at the stage-door, the music shifted from the tune they were then playing to that of "*God save the King*." His MAJESTY entered the box, making a low reverence to the Royal Family, (who came some time before him) and then bowed to the audience who received him with loud acclamations of joy, clapping, huzzaing and bearing chorus with the music. The managers had on this occasion, erected very elegant new canopies over the seats of the Royal Family; that over his MAJESTY's was particularly superb—the wood work at top being highly carved, gilded, and painted; from whence hung in the Venetian taste a fine crimson velvet curtain, richly adorned with gold lace, fringe, and tassels. His MAJESTY was seated on a very curious new carved and gilt chair, covered with crimson velvet, with the royal arms and crown, with G. III. R. beautifully embroidered in gold at the back. The crowd was so great, that many were almost suffocated in the *subterraneous passages* leading to the pit. One lady, it is said, had her arm broken; several lost the skirts of their gowns, coats, &c. but we do not hear of any deaths, though it was strongly reported at one time among the crowd that two lives were lost. Many persons not being able to get back through the multitude, pushed forward under the Rose Tavern passage(1) to the boxes, and in the throng and hurry, many of them, we fear, paid nothing."

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(1) The Rose Tavern stood at the side of the front door of the theatre, in Brydges Street. In digging the foundation of the lately erected portico at D. L. T. the workmen discovered the remains of the walls of this ancient tavern, through which was formerly the entrance to the boxes.

*Dramatic Necrology*, 1821, p. 400.]—As an *Addenda* to this article, the death of Mrs. ALSOP may be noticed. The statement of the American newspapers I have never seen contradicted, I think we may therefore conclude the account to be a true one. I have extracted the report and comment from the "*British Stage*," for August, 1821.

" 'We are sorry to learn,' (says the '*Advocate*') 'that Mrs. ALSOP, the celebrated actress, died yesterday morning. Her death is attributed to taking too much laudanum by mistake. She had been sick for several days previous to this unfortunate occurrence.' "

"No date is assigned to this event, and we presume it took place, (if it took place at all) about the end of May or the beginning of June. We hope, however, the announcement will prove incorrect. Mrs. A. landed at New York, in the Autumn of 1820, and was styled in the American papers—the *grand-daughter of the late king of Great-Britain*."

Page 408.]—I think instead of Mr. GUINN, we should read Mr. F. J. GUION.

"*Blue Beard*," vol. ii, p. 12.]—The silly romance of "*Blue Beard*," has been often dramatized. It was formerly *endured*, but it is now *enjoyed*; because as the world gets older, the human understanding becomes more enfeebled, and embraces those objects with delight which should only be satisfactory to children! "*Blue Beard*" was first dramatized at Paris, in 1746, when "*La Barbe bleue*" was thus announced "Pantomime représentée par la troupe des Comédiens Pantomimes, Foir St. Laurent." It was since dramatized at the late EARL of BARRYMORE'S theatre, at Wargrave, in Berks, in 1791, with every accompaniment that taste, science, and a noble mind could administer; after that the subject was produced at C. G. T. as a pantomime; and on Mr. KELLY'S return from Paris, he brought with him the present plot, which he consigned to the adoption of Mr. COLMAN, who gave it those touches of brilliancy which it now possesses; when it was enacted at the late Theatre Royal Drury Lane with the greatest *eclat*.

"*Gammer Gurton's Needle*," vol. ii. p. 62.]—The passage alluded to by GLANVILLE, as proving that music anciently entertained the audience between the acts, is this—

“ *Diccon* into the towne, will I, my frendes to visit there,  
 “ And hether straight again to see th’ end of this gere :  
 “ In the mean time, felowes pype upp your fiddles, I saie  
   take them,  
 “ And let your freyndes here such myrthe as ye can mak  
   them.”

Nov. 5, 1822.

G. CREED.

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SONNET TO MR. MACREADY,  
 ON HIS PERFORMANCE OF “ *CORIOLANUS*.”

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“ This is the noblest Roman of them all ; ”  
 And he shall wear the victor crown, and stand  
 Distinct amid the genius of the land,  
 And lift his head aloft while others fall.  
 He hath not bowed him to the vulgar call,  
 Nor bid his countenance shine obsequious, bland,  
 But let his dark eye keep its high command,  
 And gathered from “ the few ” his coronal.  
 Yet unassuming hath he won his way ;  
 And therefore fit to breathe the lines of him  
 Who gaily, once, beside the Avon river,  
 Shaped the great verse that lives, and shall live ever.  
 But HE now revels in eternal day,  
 Peerless amongst the earthborn cherubim. SYBILLA.

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CHECK TICKETS.

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MR. DRAMA,

I should be glad if some of your *learned* readers would  
 favour me with their opinion upon the following question,  
*viz.* whether a person who pays for admission to a theatre,  
 and leaves it during the time of performance, has not an  
 undoubted right to transfer to any one he may think fit, the  
 ticket he receives from the check taker, and whether should  
 the check taker, if he happen to discover the transfer, be  
 justified in refusing admission to the person to whom it has  
 been given ?—This is a point which has frequently been  
 argued, but never that I am aware satisfactorily determined.

In Edinburgh and Paris the practice is common, and its justice tacitly assented to by the managers; since upon presenting a *return check* you are instantly admitted without having any doubts or difficulties started: but in London the case is widely different; the check takers turn back without any ceremony any one who has not received his *check* in the regular way; and even the person who has actually been in the theatre stands in great danger of not being readmitted by these gentry, should he happen to remain so long out of the house, that they have forgotten his person or the period of his egress. At all events he is closely questioned and examined; a process somewhat galling I should think to the feelings of any one.—This inquiry is not made with the view of putting in practice this *transfer* should the right to do so be clearly established; but the insolent manner in which I have seen these “Jacks in office” exercise their “little petty authority” has induced me to inquire into the justice of their proceedings. When a man has paid 7s. for a “seat in the house,” it seems to be a very hard case that he may not send his proxy to occupy it during his absence; and the managers should be contented with being once *paid* for a place without wishing to *let* it to three or four different persons in the course of an evening.

I am, sir, &c.

C. G. C—D.

## THE DRAMATIC SKETCHER.

No. XII.

BY J. W. DALBY.

*GARINO; OR, THE PATRIOT OF NAPLES.*

SCENE—*A bed chamber.*

GARINO and his son FRANCISCO.

*Garino.* I feel that I am dying fast, Francisco!  
And 'tis no time to die when Naples asks  
The arm and heart of every son she has;—

But I have no strength now,—the feeble rays  
 Of yonder sinking sun dazzle these eyes  
 Grown dim with age and tears—tears for my country,  
 Long grovelling in the mire of slavery,  
 And only lately lifted up by minds  
 Superior and aspiring,—now to be  
 Cast down again from its commanding height  
 By tyrants and their slaves, who come in arms  
 Thousands on thousands, to appal the bold  
 And bind the free again ;—Almighty God !  
 If thine own work be dear to thee—blast those  
 With heaven's lightning, whose infernal arts  
 Would mar what thou hast made, and render life  
 A weary and intolerable load !  
 Would crush the feeble—chain the fearless soul  
 Which thou to man hast given !—I am faint—  
 Francisco, I am faint !—I would have said  
 A few words more—indeed, I have not said  
 What I at first intended,—but I'll rest  
 For I am weak my son. *(Lies down on his couch.)*

*Francisco. (Walking to the front of the stage.)* To leave  
 him thus—

Thus—thus abruptly in the hour of death,  
 Is maddening !—but my country's cause demands it !  
 The cause—the sacred cause of liberty—  
 Of liberty ! for whom her sons must leave  
 All else that they hold dear, for her the dearest,  
 Most precious good that man have or know—

*Garino. (Rising hastily from his couch.)* Hark ! heard'st  
 thou not that shout ? It is the cry  
 Mighty, majestic, powerful ! of men  
 Resolv'd to battle for their rights, and die,  
 Or conquer and maintain them !—bring my sword,  
 Rusted with blood of foemen in past days,  
 And I will send thee forth to death, my son,  
 A willing and a virtuous sacrifice  
 Upon thy country's altar ! or if death  
 Await thee not, why then to victory,  
 To freedom, glory, happiness,—a name  
 Beloved in life, immortal after death,  
 On which thy country's blessings will be poured



When thou shalt be no more ! no more—as I  
Shall shortly be——

*Francisco. (Affectionately embracing his father.)* Oh,  
talk not thus, my father !

For thou shalt live to see what hearts and hands  
In freedom's cause united can achieve.

I'll bring thee back some trophies too shall yield

Joy to thine aged heart, and prove thy son

Worthy so great a sire, and proud to boast

A portion of thy spirit ! fearless, bold

To combat for the right !—I kneel, dear father !

Give me thy blessing.

*Garino. (Laying his hand upon Francisco's head.)* Li-  
berty and God !

Thy father's and thy country's fervent prayers

Attend upon and prosper thee, my son !

I bless thee ! and repeat the benediction

Which thou must ever bear in mind,—'tis God—

'Tis God and Liberty !

*Francisco. Father, farewell !*

*(Garino overcome by the intensity of his feelings, sinks  
down, and Francisco goes out.)*

J. W. DALBY.

Brighton, Sep. 28, 1822.

## DRAMATIC EXCERPTA.

### No. I.

#### 1.—ACTORS OFF THE STAGE.

In the last volume of his "Table Talk," Mr. Hazlitt discusses the question "whether actors ought to sit in the Boxes" with delightful ease and vivacity.—Mr. H. pronounces in the negative, because the presence of an actor in any other conspicuous place except the stage is wholly destructive of that fine illusion which constitutes the great charm of dramatic entertainment. "Actors," he says, "belong to the public: their persons are not their own

property. They exhibit themselves on the stage : that is enough, without displaying themselves in the boxes of the Theatre. I conceive that an actor, on account of the very circumstances of his profession, ought to keep himself as much *incognito* as possible. He plays a number of parts disguised, transformed into them ‘by his so potent art,’ and he should not disturb this borrowed impression by unmasking before company more than he can help. Let him go into the pit, if he pleases, to see—not into the first circle, to be seen. He is seen enough, without that ; he is the centre of an illusion, that he is bound to support, both, as it appears to me, by a certain self respect that should repel idle curiosity, and by a certain deference to the public in whom he has inspired certain prejudices which he is covenanted not to break. He represents the majesty of successive kings ; he takes the responsibility of heroes and lovers on himself ; the mantle of genius and nature falls on his shoulders ; we ‘pile millions’ of associations on him, under which he should be “buried quick,” and not perk out an inauspicious face upon us, with a plain-cut coat, to say—“what fools you all were ?—I am not *Hamlet* the Dane !”—After various illustrations of these observations, he concludes the paper with the following summary of the argument :—“What I would insist on, then, is this—that Mr. KEAN, or Mr. YOUNG, or Mr. MACREADY, or any of those that are ‘cried out upon in the top of the compass’ to intrude themselves voluntarily or ostentatiously on our notice, when they are *out of character* is a solecism in theatricals. For them to thrust themselves forward before the scenes is to drag us behind them against will, than which nothing can be more fatal to a true passion for the stage, and which is a privilege that should be kept sacred from impertinent curiosity. Oh ! while I live, let me not be admitted (under special favour) to an actor’s dressing room. Let me not see how CARO painted, or how CÆSAR combed ! Let me not meet the prompt boys in the passage, nor see the half-lighted candles stuck against the bare walls, nor hear the creaking of machines, or the fiddlers ; nor see a Columbine practising a pirouette in sober sadness, nor Mr. GRIMALDI’s face drop from mirth to sudden melancholy as he passes the side-scene, as if a shadow

crossed it, nor witness the long-chinned generation of the pantomime sit twirling their thumbs, nor overlook the fellow who holds the candle for the moon in the scene between *Lorenzo* and *Jessica*! Spare me this insight into secrets I am not bound to know. The stage is not a mistress that we are sworn to undress. Why should we look behind the glass of fashion?—Why should we prick the bubble that reflects the world, and turn it to a little soap and water? Trust a little to first appearance—leave something to fancy. I observe that the great puppets of the real stage, who themselves play a grand part, like to get into the boxes over the stage: where they see nothing from the proper point of view, but peep and pry into what is going on, like a magpie looking into a marrow-bone. This is just like them. So they look down upon human life, of which they are ignorant. They see the exits and the entrances of the players, something that they suspect is meant to be kept from them (for they think they are always liable to be imposed upon;) the petty pageant of an hour ends with each scene long before the catastrophe, and the tragedy of life is turned to farce under their eyes. These people laugh loud at a pantomime and are delighted with Clowns and Pantaloons. They pay no attention to any thing else. The stage boxes exist in contempt of the stage, and common sense. The private boxes, on the contrary, should be reserved as the receptacle for the officers of state and diplomatic characters, who wish to avoid, rather than court popular notice!"

## 2.—A NOVEL PROLOGUE.

We proceed to lay before the reader a Prologue, which, if spoken by a pretty actress, with a due sprinkling of nods and becks, and a judicious management of the pauses, would have an effect equally novel and triumphant. The reader is aware that a Prologue is generally made up of some observations on the Drama in general, followed by an appeal in favour of the new one, some compliments to the nation and a regular climax in honour of the persons appealed to. We scarcely need observe, that the rhymes should be read slowly, in order to give effect to the truly understood remarks in the intervals.

## PROLOGUE.

Age	Fashion	Applause
Stage	British Nation	Virtue's cause
Mind	—	Trust
Mankind		Just
Face	Young	Fear
Trace	Tongue	Here
Sigh	Bard	Stands
Tragedy	Reward	Hands
Scene	Hiss	True
Spleen	Miss	YOU.
Pit	Dare	
Wit	British Fair	

Here we have some respectable observations on the advantages of the Drama in every age, on the wideness of its survey, the different natures of tragedy and comedy, the vicissitudes of fashion, and the permanent greatness of the British empire. Then, the young bard, new to the dramatic art, is introduced. He disclaims any hope of reward for any merit of his own, except that which is founded on a proper sense of the delicacy and beauty of his fair auditors, and his zeal in the cause of virtue. To this, at all events, he is sure his critics will be just; and though he cannot help feeling a certain timidity, standing where he does, yet, upon the whole, as becomes an Englishman, he is perfectly willing to abide by the decision of his countrymen's hands, hoping that he shall be found

——— to sense, if not to genius, true,  
 And trusts his cause to virtue, and——— to you,  
*“ The Liberal.”*

## 3.—BRIEF CORRESPONDENCE.

While QUIN, the celebrated actor, was under an engagement with RICH, the then manager of Covent Garden Theatre, he took umbrage at what he considered to be the presumptuous behaviour of that gentleman, and suddenly retired to Bath. The parties remained mutually indignant, preserving an inflexible silence until the beginning of next season, when QUIN, whose generous heart began to upbraid him for having treated an old acquaintance so caval-

ierly, determined to sacrifice his resentment to his friendship, and accordingly wrote the following laconic epistle:—"I am at Bath, QUIN." To which, RICH, who does not appear to have sufficiently appreciated either the delicacy or generosity of its contents, returned an answer in almost as laconic though by no means in so polite a strain:—"Stay there, and be damned—RICH." This ungracious treatment lost to the town an excellent actor, and to the manager a sincere friend, for he made a vow never again to engage with "so insolent a blockhead," and he kept his word.

#### 4.—SALARIES OF PUBLIC PERFORMERS.

It has been usual to raise a very unjust clamour against the enormous salaries of public singers, actors, and so on. This matter seems reducible to a *moral equation*. They are paid out of money raised by voluntary contributions in the strictest sense; and if they did not bring certain sums into the treasury, the managers would not engage them. The sums are exactly in proportion to the number of individuals to whom their performance gives an extraordinary degree of pleasure. The talents of a singer, actor, &c. are therefore worth just as much as they will fetch.

HAZLITT'S "Table Talk."

#### 5.—SEDITIONOUS INTERLUDE.

In the year 1527, a Christmas Interlude was performed at Gray's Inn, of which the argument was that *Lord Governance* was ruled by *Lady Dissipation* and *Lady Negligence*; by whose misrule *Lady Public Weale* was put from *Governance*, which caused *Rumor Populi* to rise *vi et armis* to expel *Negligence*, and restore *Lady Public Weale* to her castle. This piece was greatly applauded, but the author was seized by order of the government of Henry VIII.; which, of course, proved that the satirist was in the wrong!

YBLAD.

Nov. 11, 1822.

[*This Paper will be resumed occasionally.*]



SONG,  
ADDRESSED TO MISS FOOTE,

*On seeing her as Fair Star, in "Cherry and Fair Star."*

When sorrow oppresses  
And freezes the heart,  
Oh ! what can one feeling  
Of rapture impart ?  
When dangers surround us,  
And friends prove unkind,  
Oh ! whither poor mortals  
A balm can ye find ?

Lo ! from the dark clouds that our happiness mar,  
Bright bursting in beauty, appears—a *Fair Star*.

When round goes the goblet  
And friend pledges friend—  
And hearts long at variance,  
In one feeling blend.

Can aught give that moment  
A still higher zest,

And which the heart wanting,  
Still trembles unblest ?

Oh ! yes, e'en *that* moment were lovelier far,  
With charms like thine blest too enchanting *Fair Star*.

Oh ! women's aye welcome,  
For still she delights,

In beauty if failing—

With wit she requites.

But when thus possessing

Both beauty and mind,

Oh ! woman's a treasure,

No equal can find.

And be the heart banish'd, the banquet afar,  
Whose goblet's unfill'd, and the pledge—a *Fair Star*.

G. J. DE WILDE.

Mary-le-bone, 1822.

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THEATRICAL INQUISITION.

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“Unwarped by fondness, and unswayed by spite,  
We'll judge with freedom and with boldness write.”

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NEW DRURY LANE THEATRE.

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*Journal of Performances, with Remarks.*

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Oct. 18th.—School for Scandal—Poor Soldier.

19.—Road to Ruin—Agreeable Surprise.

A Mrs. HUGHES, from the Exeter theatre, made her *debut* in the really difficult character of *Sophia*, in the comedy. Her figure is of the second size, well proportioned, her countenance animated and agreeable; her voice sweet and natural, and her whole demeanour simple, yet graceful. She played delightfully, and was received throughout with unmixed approbation. In the after-piece, we were agreeably surprised by her performance of *Cowslip*. It was marked with all the artless indescribable traits of nature and simplicity which are the very essence of the part. Her acting was excellent—her singing pleasing—and she looked and dressed the character charmingly.

21.—Pizarro—Giovanni in London.

22.—Road to Ruin—Paul and Virginia.

Mr. MUNDEN appeared for the first time this season, in the character of *Old Dornton*. On his entrance he was received with three rounds of enthusiastic applause, a just compliment to his talents, the value of which he appeared to feel deeply. The veteran was nearly overcome by this grateful acknowledgment of his long and meritorious services. Mrs. HUGHES appeared with increased success in *Sophia*; her performance was accompanied by well-deserved applause.

23.—Hamlet—Monsieur Tonson.

24.—Wild Oats—Agreeable Surprise.

25.—Pizarro—Giovanni in London.

26.—Suspicious Husband—Paul and Virginia.

Mrs. DAVISON was introduced in the comedy as *Clarissa*,

and was received with all the cordiality of an old favourite. ELLISTON's *Ranger* was full of "quips and cranks." It is a performance that bids old time defiance. A Mr. MERCER, from Liverpool, appeared for the first time, as *Bellamy*. It is not a character that demands more than a gentlemanly demeanour and correct denunciation, both of which this gentleman possesses.

28.—Pizarro—Giovanni in London.

29.—Road to Ruin—What Next ?

30.—Macbeth—Past Ten o'Clock.

31.—Wild Oats—VENETIAN NUPTIALS ; or, *The Guardian Outwitted*—[1st time]—Rendezvous.

It was with pleasure we saw on this evening the ballet restored to the distinguished place which it was wont to hold at this theatre, more particularly as it has re-commenced what promises to be a very brilliant career, under the auspicious superintendence of Mr. D'EGVILLE, who has exerted his ability with his usual success in the composition of this new divertissement. The scene, of course, is in Venice.

*Lorenzo*, a young nobleman, [NOBLE] is enamoured of *Rosina*, [Mrs. NOBLE] an heiress, and ward of *Rivaldo*. [WILLMOTT] who is endeavouring to change the title of guardian into that of husband. The scene opens with the landing of *Lorenzo* and his favourite, *Pedrillo*, [OSCAR BYRNE] from a gondola, close to the house of *Rivaldo*. They are discovered by his servant *Antonio*, who gives an alarm. *Rivaldo* and *Antonio* leave the house in pursuit, and *Lorenzo*, with his confidant, taking advantage of the opportunity, makes his way to the apartments of *Rosina*. *Zerbina*, [Mrs. OSCAR BYRNE] her attendant, makes a conquest of the light-hearted *Pedrillo*. They are soon alarmed by the arrival of the guardian, and the lovers take refuge behind a screen. They are thrown into still greater alarm by the appearance of a notary, who had been sent for by *Rivaldo*, and who brings with him a document, drawn up in the necessary form, preparatory to the marriage of *Rosina* with her guardian. The lovers contrive to substitute a paper of a very different purport, to which *Rivaldo* signs his name, and this unwittingly contributes to the happiness of *Lorenzo*, in unison with his fair *Rosina*.

Such is the outline which is filled up in a very fanciful

manner. Few will be found willing, and none able to draw any comparison between the artists who appeared in this ballet, and those of France or Italy, to the disadvantage of the former. They all experienced a most flattering reception. Mr. and Mrs. O. BYRNE were greeted with the warmth of distinguished favourites. The former never appeared in more complete enjoyment of his powers. There was a loud burst of applause when he first soared, as it were, with a "foot of fire" above those whose clay cold spirit confined their movements to this narrow sphere. He displayed astonishing activity and precision. His movements were full of life and energy, yet polished and defined. In the dancing of the latter there was the same "grace in all her steps"—the same airy lightness of movement and neatness of execution which have long since established her claim to the first honours of her profession. Mr. and Mrs. NOBLE, (the latter of whom attained so enviable a degree of celebrity when Miss LUPPINO) were also honoured with frequent applause. Mrs. N.'s dancing was extremely graceful, she seemed to aim at the production of a pleasing more than of a striking effect, and her efforts were crowned with success. Mr. N. evinced a great deal of spirit, and proved himself no unworthy member of so distinguished a corps. The combined movements were very elegantly and skilfully performed, and the whole ballet went off with excellent effect. The lesser attractions, the scenery, &c. are capitally good.—The distant view of the Adriatic, and the appearance of the houses of the guardian and the notary, surrounded with gardens, in which the flowers are in their first bloom and freshness, are well imagined, and executed with a corresponding vigour. The motion of the illuminated gondolas on the water had a novel and pleasing effect.

Nov. 1st.—School for Scandal—Ibid—Ibid.

2.—Suspicious Husband—Ibid—Love in Humble Life.

4.—Macbeth—Giovanni in London.

5.—Wild Oats—Venetian Nuptials—Rendezvous.

6.—Pizarro—The Two GALLEY SLAVES—[1st time.]

This is an importation from our Gallic neighbours, and was got up in great haste in order to be brought forward on the same evening as that at Covent Garden Theatre. The outline of the plot is briefly this:—

Young *Delville*, [COOPER] is second cashier in the banking house of his uncle at Paris; his elder brother, who is the chief cashier, to indulge his passion for play, embezzles a large sum of money; but suspicion falling on the younger brother, he is taken up, tried, convicted upon strong apparent proof of guilt, and sentenced to the galleys, being first branded on the shoulder with the letters C. F. signifying convicted felon. Unwilling to stigmatize his brother, he keeps silence, and bears the punishment with patience. From the galleys he makes his escape with another slave, from whom, however, he soon separates, and conceals himself from the researches of the police in the neighbourhood of Auvergne, where, under the assumed name of *Francois*, he gains the affections of *Clara*, [Mrs. W. WEST] a rich young widow, and the commencement of the piece is the day appointed for the wedding. Young *Delville* has studiously guarded the secret of his adventures from his bride and her relations; but in the midst of the festivities consequent on the marriage, it is in danger of being disclosed by the sudden appearance of the *Galley Slave*, [TERRY] who had escaped in company with *Delville*, and who now being chased by the police, takes shelter in the house of *Clara*, where he immediately recognizes the pretended *Francois*, and is only prevailed on not to betray him by a large sum of money which he receives, but afterwards giving way to the native villainy of his character, he breaks open a casket in the chamber where he had been concealed, and is about to escape with his plunder, but is discovered by *Blaize*, [KNIGHT] the servant of *Clara*, who gives the alarm to the guests assembled to celebrate the wedding. *Delville* meets him alone shortly after, and offers to facilitate his escape on his restoring what he had stolen, but he refuses to part with his plunder. *Delville*, enraged, attacks him with a sword, but the ruffian draws a pistol, which he fires, wounds *Delville* in the shoulder, and escapes. *Delville* having fainted from the loss of blood, on opening his coat the ignominious mark of the galleys is discovered on his shoulder, and the second act then closes. In the third act the *denouement* is brought about by the means of the uncle of *Delville*, who arrives just as the villainous galley slave, again in the toils of the police, is denouncing *Del-*



*ville* as a convicted felon. The uncle discovers him to be the wretch whose perjury procured the sentence against *Delville*, but his innocence having been subsequently made apparent, his sentence has been reversed, and he is restored to his station in society; whilst the villain who had been so active in endeavouring his ruin is delivered over to the strong arm of the law.

Out of these materials the author has contrived to construct a most interesting piece, which was received throughout with high approbation. Indeed the exertions of that delightful actress, Mrs. WEST, as *Clara*—TERRY, as the *Galley Slave*—and COOPER, as *Delville*, in the serious parts of the piece, lightened by the comic humour of Mr. HARLEY, as *Maximilian Macaroon*, the village postmaster, and Mr. KNIGHT, as *Blaize*, would have insured success to a much inferior production. Some delightful dancing, by the NOBLE's and BYRNE's was introduced into the second act. The Scenery was pretty, and the piece was given out for second representation without a dissentient voice.

7.—Wild Oats—Ibid.

8.—Road to Ruin—Ibid.

9.—School for Scandal—Ibid.

11.—Richard III—Ibid.

Mr. KEAN made his first appearance this season, as *Richard*. His performance was marked with all the energy which has ever characterised it, and the applause which followed, was of course, immense.

12.—Provoked Husband—Giovanni in London.

13.—Pizarro—Two Galley Slaves.

14.—Wild Oats—Venetian Nuptials—Is He Jealous?

15.—Othello—Two Galley Slaves.

A Mr. YOUNGE of the Liverpool theatre, made his first appearance on London boards, as *Iago*. He appeared to have well conceived the character, and performed it with much judgment. He enacted it with less outward appearance of the villain than has generally been given to it, and was, in many instances, deservedly and loudly applauded. KEAN's *Othello* was a *chef d'œuvre*. TERRY's *Cassio* was sensibly played, but it is somewhat out of his line. Mrs. WEST's performance of the gentle *Desdemona*, was truly captivating, and deserving of the highest commendations

Her address commencing "*My noble father*," was given with an affecting tone of reverential awe, which at the same time conveyed most beautifully the duty she owed her husband. Her solicitation to *Othello*, for *Cassio's* restoration, and the vacant gaze and burst of grief after the Moor had accused her of infidelity, were delightful.

16.—New Way to Pay Old Debts—Ibid.

18.—King Richard III—Giovanni in London.

19.—Provoked Husband—Paul and Virginia.

20.—Othello—Two Galley Slaves.

### COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

#### *Journal of Performances, with Remarks.*

Oct. 22nd.—Wonder—Ali Pacha.

Ali Pacha we understand, is the production of Mr. HOWARD PAYNE. Some alterations were made by Mr. PLANCHE for the furtherance of stage effect, which Mr. PAYNE had not time to accomplish.

23.—Two Pages of Frederick the Great—Beggar's Opera—Ibid.

24.—Douglas—Poor Soldier—Ibid.

Mrs. W. CLIFFORD who appeared on the Haymarket stage at the commencement of last season, (vide p. 75) sustained the character of *Lady Randolph*. This lady possesses considerable *tact*, and is skilful in managing and availing herself of all those "appliances" which conduce to stage effect. She also evinces capabilities of no ordinary stamp in exciting the feelings of the audience, which were not suffered only "to emit an hasty spark, and straight grow cold again," but accompanied the noble mourner to the last scene of her desolation. A young gentleman, named MASON, (nephew of C. KEMBLE) made his first appearance as *Norval*, but apparently his timidity overcame his better judgment, and we can scarcely therefore give an unbiassed opinion of his powers. He was most successful in what may be termed the dramatic part, as in the interview with *Glenalvon*, there he played with much effect, and the fiery blood mantled in his cheek as if he possessed a congenial

spirit with the *Douglas* so proud of noble birth and warlike fame. We must however, observe, that the whole performance was one of great promise, and any "trivial fault" may, we think, be fairly ascribed to inexperience. He was received with considerable approbation, and the youthful and interesting appearance of "the shepherd *Norval*," which accorded so well with the author's poetical fancy, contributed in some degree, perhaps, to his favourable reception. Mr. KEELEY, of Sadler's Wells, made his first appearance in the farce, as *Darby*. He possesses a small quantity of dry humour, which he endeavoured to display as often as possible, and which afforded some merriment, but we can hardly fancy him good enough for this stage. His reception was cordial.

26.—*Douglas*—Poor Soldier—Ibid.

28.—*Beggar's Opera*—IRISH TUTOR; or, *New Lights*—[1st time.]—Ibid.

This little piece met with the same favourable reception as it experienced at Cheltenham. It is a translation from the French, is an agreeable trifle, and was exceedingly well acted. As we have already given the plot, (vide p. 203) our remarks, at present, will be confined to the actors. *The Irish Tutor*, [CONNOR] has almost a monopoly of the piece. He displayed a great deal of chastened comic humour, and was deservedly applauded. The manner, more than the matter, in which he answered *Doctor Flail* relatively to the different systems of education, was extremely laughable: indeed he was the "head and front" of the brief abstract, and supported his prominent station with spirit and success. Mr. BLANCHARD, as *Doctor Flail*, had very little room for the display of his talent. Miss SCOTT, as *Rosa*, looked the young love-sick girl extremely well, and Miss LOVE was almost too delicate for even a sentimental housemaid.—This entertaining little piece was received throughout with laughter and applause, and will always serve as a pleasing relief to the "pomp and circumstance" of a tragic representation. The piece is the production of the EARL of GLENGALL.

30.—*Clandestine Marriage*—Ibid—Ali Pacha.

31.—*Jealous Wife*—Ibid—Ibid.

Nov. 1st.—*Way to Keep Him*—Ibid—Ibid.

2.—Clandestine Marriage—Poor Soldier.

4.—Isabella—Cherry and Fair Star.

5.—Wonder—Irish Tutor—Ali Pacha.

6.—Soldier's Daughter—The Two GALLEY SLAVES ; or, *The Mill of St. Aldervon*—[1st time.]

This piece is from the same original as that we have already mentioned, and the plot and characters are exactly similar. The acknowledged abilities of Mr. T. P. COOKE imparted an intense degree of interest to the character of *Henry*. Mrs. CHATTERLEY, as *Louisa*, was very interesting—her appeal to Major DE LISLE against the intention which she imagines he entertains of delivering *Henry* up to punishment, was pathetic and impressive. FARLEY's excellence in melo-drama, is well known—his *Unknown Fugitive* was given with reckless effrontery and daring boldness. FAWCETT, as *Benhomme*, brother to *Louisa*, expressed the blunt sincerity of a heart warm with sincerity and fidelity. The Scenery was beautiful, and the marriage festival afforded an opportunity for the introduction of some joyous groupes of children, whose dancing well accorded with the idea of a rural entertainment. The piece was well received.

7.—Rivals—Ibid.

8.—Isabella—Irish Tutor—Ibid.

9.—Stranger—Ibid—Ibid.

11.—Jane Shore—Ibid—Ibid.

A young lady, named JONES, made her first appearance in the repulsive character of *Alicia*. Her stature is above the middle size, and her countenance pleasing, both from the regularity and expression of the features. Her voice is deep and clear, and with this advantage her delivery of some passages proved she possessed both taste and feeling. She was peculiarly happy in some of her earlier scenes with the "gentle *Shore*." Her reception was favourable, and we think her talent may be made useful to the establishment. Miss LACY played *Jane Shore*, and it afforded another opportunity for the developement of those powers, which, in the first instance, served to stamp her reputation as an actress. The general character of her performance of the guilty but repentant wife, (repentant it is true, when too late,) was the expression of that deep melancholy which the loss of peace of mind "without which there is no peace,"

mingled perhaps with a sorrowful recollection of faded splendour and a monarch's love was calculated in her situation peculiarly to excite. In the scene with *Glo'ster*, (the only one where it is admissible) she displayed a becoming animation—and her dying scene evinced an observance both of art and nature which rendered it painfully affecting.

12.—Don John—Two Galley Slaves.

13.—Othello—No Song No Supper.

Mr. MACREADY made his first appearance this season, as *Othello*. He was received with enthusiastic applause by a scanty but genteel audience. We know not whether the thin state of the house had the effect of depressing his feelings, and preventing that powerful display of mind which has on other occasions distinguished his *Othello*, but be the cause what it might, the performance was languid, particularly the two first acts. He made some good points in the scene with *Iago*, where the villain confirms the suspicion which he had at first artfully insinuated. The succeeding interview with *Desdemona* was acted with much force. YATES was a tolerably good *Iago*—C. KEMBLE imitable as *Cassio*, and Miss FOOTE tender, gentle and affecting. Her performance was truly pleasing.

14.—Romeo and Juliet—Two Galley Slaves.

It has rarely occurred in theatrical annals to record such brilliant success as attended the first appearance of Miss F. H. KELLY in the tragedy. This young lady was a great favourite with the Dublin audience, who, (as it has been observed, that the valour and exploits of the warrior would soon be forgotten, or perhaps their fame never circulated if the poet did not render them immortal) may justly take credit to themselves for having recognized as they deserved, those talents and accomplishments which promise to shine with extraordinary lustre. Her figure is of the middle size, and possessed of all the attractions with which youth and gracefulness invest the form. Her voice is peculiarly sweet, flexible, and powerful—and her intonation of the purest kind. Her features are regular, and their expression suited extremely well with the character of the gentle *Juliet*. The balcony scene, the first in which her abilities were put to the proof, at once relieved the anxiety of her



friends if any could have been entertained, and assured the audience they would have no occasion for the exercise of their "usual indulgence." Her manner now playful, now earnest, fond, and yet not devoid of anxiety—and the tones of her voice which finely corresponded with the emotions of a true and passionate love, were delightfully varied and expressive. The news of *Romeo's* banishment, dreadful indeed to one subdued by a tender and devoted attachment, served to display a correct and ardent conception, successfully aided by physical powers, which, considering her youth and sex, are uncommonly great. The soliloquy, after receiving the "medicinal" drug from the *Friar*, (a still more arduous trial of intellectual spirit) was given with great force. It was highly wrought, yet never deviated into an extreme. The intrusive fear lest it might be a deadly poison, and the shuddering horror with which it is natural that one full of youthful beauty and healthful spirit should contemplate even a momentary consignment to a dreary tomb, gave this scene a melancholy and fearful effect. In the "last sad act," the eager embracing of her much loved lord, which met no sweet return, and the short struggle for mastery between life and death, after she had stabbed herself, called forth plaudits, both "long and deep" and of long continuance. These were no more than she deserved—they were not the verdict of a packed jury, but the spontaneous effusions of those who admired the wonderful efforts of youthful genius, and who would think it "poor indeed" to withhold the tribute which was due. C. KEMBLE's *Romeo* is too well known to require mention. The tragedy was announced for repetition amidst loud cheering.

15.—Way to Keep Him—Irish Tutor—Ibid.

16.—Stranger—Two Galley Slaves.

18.—*Romeo and Juliet*—Cherry and Fair Star.

The appearance of the house this evening, and the repeated bursts of applause which set a distinguishing mark on those scenes in which she chiefly excelled, proved the rapidity with which Miss KELLY has won both the "hearts and voices" of the public by her admirable personation of a character over which her youth, and her vivid but delicate imagination shed a pure but brilliant lustre. There was

some little alteration in the minute detail of the performance, but the grand and striking features of the character were developed in the same beautiful style of their original conception, any deviation from which indeed could scarcely be an improvement. The scenes on which we dwell with the greatest pleasure, as affording the most decisive proofs of genius of feeling, and (in a colder sense) of judgment, were that at the balcony, where she makes known her love; the next, when she receives the news of *Romeo's* banishment; and lastly, that where "*to preserve herself a pure and spotless wife to her true love,*" she swallows the draught prepared by the *Friar*. The first of these was highly wrought; the hesitating apprehensiveness with which she speaks of the fond passion which possessed her bosom, her dread "*lest he sho'd think her 'haviour light,*" and the fluttering eagerness with which she "*sipp'd the honey of his words*" all combined, left so delightful an impression, that 'twas a pity it should have been disturbed by the rude plaudits which echoed through the house. The grand source of interest in *Juliet's* character is the devoted love which fills her soul for *Romeo* (to use her own emphatic language) "*the god of her idolâtry.*" This heartfelt passion, the very spring of her life, is expressed with so much truth, and so strikingly pervades every passion of her sad career, (for "*the course of true love never yet ran smooth*") that Miss KELLY's performance must continue to enchant and be admired, till some "new light" introduce another system of thought and feeling.

A nobleman has, it is said, presented an elegant and superbly bound copy of JOHNSON and STEVENS'S *Shakespeare*, to Miss KELLY, in testimony of his admiration of the genius she has displayed in embodying this most difficult and beautiful conception of the bard. It is related that she was encouraged to pursue the study of the dramatic art, by TALMA. Four years since in Paris, where she had been sent to complete her education, she rehearsed several scenes of SHAKSPEARE before the French ROSCIUS, who expressed his estimation of her talents in the most flattering terms and confidently prophecied her future celebrity. There is scarcely an instance on record in theatrical annals of so successful a *debut* at so tender an age. At her first

performance it is said she was not 14, and at present she is only 17. (1)

We also take this opportunity of stating that two or three years back when Miss KELLY was performing for a short time at the Brighton Theatre, Mr. SHIEL accidentally saw her, and was so struck by the great talent which she then displayed, that on his suggestion, Mr. HARRIS immediately engaged her for the Dublin stage. Mr. SHIEL likewise prevailed on his friend Mr. MACREADY to give Miss K. some instructions before she proceeded to Ireland, and is said to have done every thing in his power to develope her genius during her engagement in the sister country.

Since her truly successful appearance at C. G. T., the pens of several of our best poets have not been unemployed—the two following have appeared from the brilliant and powerful pen of BARRY CORNWALL—the other from the no less elegant one of HARRY STOE VAN DYK, the successful author of the Theatrical Portraits.

(1) The following appeared in a daily paper the morning succeeding her performance.

### THE REMONSTRANCE.

To Miss F. H. KELLY, as *Juliet*.

Fair *Capulet*, the Public say,  
And none so good a judge as they—  
For all the sensibility  
That dwells within that gentle eye;  
For all thy soul-entrancing tone—  
Sad as the parted ring-dove's moan.  
Spite of thy mind illumin'd feature,  
Thou art a very cruel creature.  
For 'tis a barbarous thing they say,  
To cheat and cozen at a *play*;  
And all too plainly it appears,  
That thou not only stol'st their tears,  
But by thy wiles and witching arts,  
Hast also robb'd them of their hearts;  
And hence most justly they complain,  
They cannot get their hearts again.

## LINES,

*Written after seeing Miss F. H. KELLY, as Juliet, by*  
BARRY CORNWALL.

Oh ! Lovers of Verona, fair and young,  
Are ye *indeed* returned ?—What spell sublime—  
What effort, like the backward glance of time,  
Hath borne thee hither,—passionate still, and hung  
Round with enchantment, like the days of yore,  
When joy was one large dream, and life no more.  
Hail ! ever and for ever, lovers' dear,  
Gentle magicians, whom the starting tear  
Obeys,—as water felt the prophets' rod,  
And music haunted where Apollo trod :—  
First thou,—fine amorist, whose deep *talk* betrays,  
The better wisdom of life's earlier days,—  
Stamped like the breathing marbles, with an air  
Which sculptors toil to win, and still despair :—  
And thou—oh ! earth, if still there lies

Quiet in thy shadowy breast,  
Another such, (or in the skies)

Gently let her rest.

For with perils armed she comes,  
Though no cymbals sound nor drums,  
Yet, with love about her spread,  
And by music heralded—

(Tones that *sting* the heart, and eyes

Wandering like the stars along,  
Passion-bright)—and oh ! such sighs,

Burthen'd with the soul of song !  
How white and like the cygnet sailing  
She comes, o'er every breath prevailing,  
As Dian glances on the waves, until  
All is dumb and still :

And, as the echoes of the night  
Are startled by the rich delight

Of some sweet bird which shouts from out its sleep,  
So thousands on her charmed voice  
Hang, and when she smiles rejoice,

And when she weeps they weep.

—Oh ! Pity in what gentle hour

Was this, thy lady, born ?

O Love, thy vestal's eyes have power

Beyond the lights of morn ;

Dreams she that *all* the sighs she hears

Are uttered from the Italian's tears ?

Ah ! say that some are breathed for her,

Thine own immaculate Minister.

## LINES

*Written after seeing Miss KELLY, as Juliet.*

BY HARRY STOE VAN DYK.

“ I warrant an I should live a thousand years

I never should forget it.” SHAKESPEARE.

I mark'd her step, and I thought of a fawn,  
That sports in the forest at early dawn,  
When the sun rays fall on the foliage dark,  
And the streams are awakened from sleep by the lark.

I gaz'd on her cheek, which a maiden flush,  
(Too deep to be pale, yet too faint for a blush)  
Stole lightly along, and I thought of the line  
Of a lily's fair leaves, with the sun shining through.

I heard her voice, and at every word  
I thought of the plaintive and dulcet toned bird,  
Who welcomes the moon, and who sings her to rest,  
With a song of pure love on Endymion's breast.

I marked her tremulous hope and fear,  
At the masquerade, when her lover drew near ;  
And the downcast glance, and the smile of bliss,  
When her hand received the “ *Palmer's kiss* ;”  
And it seem'd so yielding, and ah ! so white,  
That I envied the *Palmer* his brief delight.

I saw her too when the pale moon kept  
Her watch in the heav'ns whilst nature slept ;



When the tone which she gave to her *Romeo's* name  
To the heart on wings of the night-breeze came——  
So "silver-sweet" that each bosom around  
Felt love was embodied and liv'd in the sound.

I mark'd her well, when with fond caress,  
And with open-hearted gentleness,  
And eloquent smile (that best of charms !)  
She crept in her petulant *Nurse's* arms.

The scene was chang'd when I look'd again,  
Her *Romeo* banished, and *Tybalt* slain ;  
And sorrow seem'd dimly, and coldly, to dwell,  
In the face which a smile had oft lighted so well.  
The potion was rais'd to her lips, and she sank  
On her couch, like a pale wither'd flower on its bank !  
And at length, when aroused from the dreary tomb,  
With eyes of new lustre, and tears of fresh bloom,  
She fell in despair where her *Romeo* lay,  
And breath'd on his corse her lone spirit away.

I have seen,—I have heard her, and cannot forget,  
That form and those accents are haunting me yet ;  
And my heart will acknowledge, until it shall fail  
To find grandeur in mountains and peace in the vale,  
And beauty in ocean, and light in the sun,  
That the *Juliet* of KELLY, and SHAKSPEARE are one.

---

*The following Lines have been sent to us from a  
Correspondent.*

---

*On Miss KELLY's Juliet.*

---

Who is the nymph with winning air,  
And features so divinely fair—  
An angel's form, Minerva's mind,  
A taste unerring and refined—  
Of manners mild, and modest mien,  
The *first* that treads the tragic scene—  
With eyes so eloquent and bright,  
Souls find Elysium in their light ?

The temper'd lustre of those eyes—  
Like fair Italia's summer skies,  
Soft, bright, and blue—hath witching beams  
To prompt a poet's fondest dreams!

Who is the maid, of pow'r to move  
The soul to tears, or mould to love—  
Whose imitative woes impart  
A real pang to ev'ry heart;  
Or who, when joy her grief beguiles,  
Smiles—and excites our answering smiles?

In gentle mood, or passion wild,  
Still NATURE's true and lovely child—  
Her artless *Juliet*, frank and fond,  
*My feeble praise* so far beyond—  
In ev'ry breast can rapture raise,  
And win her *Universal praise*!

Oh! there is in her utterance  
A spell of pathos to entrance;  
And in her soft expressive looks  
We gaze on NATURE's brightest books,  
Wherein without the aid of heart,  
We learn their lessons all *by heart*;  
For well can she each heart control,  
And in a stoic wake a soul!

Herself all feeling, we must feel  
Whate'er her eyes and voice reveal;  
That voice—whose thrilling tones can charm  
E'en stern DESPAIR and GUILT disarm—  
Breathes music in each accent sweet,  
The echoes languish to repeat,  
And, ling'ring on her lips soft bloom,  
Blends with their balmy rich perfume,  
Where HARMONY itself reposes,  
Like Philomel embower'd in roses!

Who is the nymph?—Go ask of FAME,  
She points to—gentle KELLY's name.

Nov. 22, 1822.

T—.

19.—Don John—Irish Tutor—Two Galley Slaves.

20.—Romeo and Juliet—Ali Pacha.

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MINOR DRAMA.

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SURREY THEATRE.

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Nov. 25th.—The SEA DEVIL! or, *The False Beacon*.—Of the story of this melo-drame, which is from the pen of Mr. MORETON, the following is a slight sketch.

*Arnolf*, is the chief of a band of marauders, whose wild and reckless deeds have acquired for him the appalling appellation of the *Sea Devil*. His mind appears to be of the same description as those generally possessed by heroes of this order, and though not so intellectual or dignified as the *Corsair* of the illustrious BYRON, he has the same thirst for danger—the same disregard of death. There is another point of similarity; the *Conrade* of this Drama possesses or rather seeks a *Medora* in the person of a kind-hearted and beautiful girl, called *Rosa*, the daughter of *Ambrose*, a distressed fisherman, whose destitute situation exposes him to various temptations. After a deal of suffering of the most dreadful kind, unable to see his beloved child perish for want of food, he determines to join the marauders under *Arnolf*, and communicates to *Rosa* his fearful resolution. *Rosa* dissuades him with warm and earnest feeling, and powerfully represents the risks and horrors of the situation into which he is about to plunge himself. She fails, and he proceeds to join the banditti, thus exposing the child he loves to the machinations of the detested *Arnolf*. The latter, whose object is much forwarded by the absence of *Ambrose*, obtains admission into the fisherman's cottage, disguised in the habiliments of a benevolent Jew (*Shadrack*) who had a few moments before parted with *Rosa*, and on his journey homewards had been stripped of his clothes and his box and valuables, by a dependant of *Arnolf*. After some conversation the imposture is discovered by his intended victim, and at the most critical moment, his evil intentions are frustrated by the interference of *Ambrose*, a neighbouring farmer, and *Henry*, a youth, who has been shipwrecked on the coast of Cornwall, and who, *we are told in the bills*, is in love with *Rosa*, but how he came so, and other matters connected therewith, we are left to con-

jecture. A combat of a curious nature commences, which of course ends in the discomfiture of *Arnolf*. In the mean time, poor *Ambrose* has become quite dissatisfied with his new companions, and a good deal of the interest of the piece centers in his endeavours to escape ; in which he eventually succeeds. Our space and leisure will not permit us to enter into any further detail of the ensuing captures and escapes, and we will conclude this brief account by stating that the destruction of the SEA DEVIL is finally effected, when in his own strong hold, he is on the point of being *legally* united to *Rosa*, (for this fiend is conscientious, and wishes his connection with the wretched girl to be hallowed by the *priest*) by the *discriminating* broadside of an English man of war, which sweeps off only *Arnolf* and his adherents, though many of the persecuted and innocent personages of the Drama appear to stand but an indifferent chance of escaping from its terrors.

Mr. H. KEMBLE, as the hero of this piece, exhibited his usual ability, and certainly answered our *beau-ideal* of a ferocious plunderer. His conferences with his gang were managed with spirit, as were all his interviews with *Rosa*, and his acting while disguised as the *Jew*, *Shadrack*, merits the highest praise. He dressed the character remarkably well ; and in eye, mien, and voice, was the very being that the imagination of the author had embodied. Mr. BENGOUGH personated the kind-hearted *Jew* in so excellent a manner, that we had only to lament that the character was not more worthy of the talent he exhibited. He could not have been fairly blamed had he done less with the scanty materials on which he had to work—he deserves the author's thanks for having done so much. *Maurice*, the farmer, was rendered rather amusing in the hands of Mr. LAWRENCE, and his son *Robin*, Mr. J. KNIGHT, particularly delighted us. The poor fisherman, *Ambrose*, found an efficient representative in Mr. JARVIS ; and Mr. BLANCHARD, in the part of *Henry*, certainly contributed to procure for this piece the distinguished success with which it was crowned. Mrs. POPE, as *Rosa*, was honoured with much applause, and certainly performed her part with energy ; but we think she is less calculated for such characters as the one now under consideration than for the loftier and more imposing dam-

sels of romance. Mrs. MEYER, as *Maurice's* wife, was respectable; and Mrs. DAVIDGE's *Winifred*, was a pleasant and unaffected performance. The duties of the *Horde* were well sustained by Messrs. AULD, GALE, LLOYD, and BRUNTON.

We have now to speak of that to which it will be difficult for any powers of eulogy which we possess to do adequate justice: we allude to the entire *getting-up* of this piece, and more particularly to its truly splendid and correct scenery. The latter does particular credit to the united talents of Messrs. TOMKINS, KIRBY, and PITT. In the first act, the retreat of the *Sea Devil* among the *Rocks on the Cornwall Coast—The Lands End, Cornwall*, (from a view taken on the spot) and *A tremendous Sea Storm* elicited the most flattering testimonials of approval—tributes at once to their beauty and their truth. In Act II, an extensive view on the coast of Cornwall, by moon-light, and in the last act, a view of a town on the same coast, rank among the finest specimens of the art that we have ever seen. Were it destitute of any other merit, the scenery of the "*Sea Devil*" alone would prove an irresistible attraction.

## COUNTRY THEATRICALS.

### PENZANCE THEATRE.

#### MR. DRAMA,

This being the nearest to the Lands End it ought to be enrolled in your list, I therefore beg to inform your readers that it opened on the 16th of last month:—this delightful place, being then a scene of gaiety, as well as the "*Garden of Cornwall*." Young DAWSON the Manager, is a favourite here in the comic department, and will find it worth his while to pay us a visit now and then; they have performed with tolerable success, "*Meg Murnock*" from "*Guy Mannering*,"—" *Warlock of the Glen*"—" *Lady and the Devil*"—" *Maid and Magpie*"—" *She Stoops to Conquer*"—" *Raising the Wind*," and that slang medley of "*Tom and Jerry*;" and "to crown the whole"—they bungled most



wretchedly "*Venice Preserved*:"—this "butchery" took place on the 30th of September. *Jaffier* by Mr. DYER,—had he took his *name* for a *trade*, and followed it, or even *any* other, he must have succeeded *better* than in his present occupation, for which I pronounce him totally unfit:—added to a thick, clumsy figure, and a huge head and face, he has a head of hair so prolific, that it would in one cutting, serve to make wigs for all the company:—this fellow "has no feeling of his business:"—in tragedy he is miserable;—in comedy even worse than that—as I shall have to shew further on. Mr. WILTON took *Pierre*; he is about KEAN's height, and being endowed with a hoarse voice, he attempts imitations of that gentleman's manner of speaking; but is as far different as it is possible to be. *Priule* by Mr. ROGERS, a boy with a round muffin face, who generally plays old men, a sort of squeaking voice between that of a child and an old apple woman. *Bedamar* by old DAWSON was respectable, as all his performances are, he often puts me in mind of DOWTON. *Renault* by Mr. SAUNDERS, was played in his usual footman-like stile:—I think this young man must have been waiter to an inn, for his motions are always as though he had the bells ringing in his ears—with "coming—coming." Young DAWSON, played as well as his comic abilities would allow him. *Belvidera*, Miss SCHOLEY—very well considering she is like Miss KELLY—made "Actress of all Work."—In the "*Maid and the Magpie*" she played *Annette*: which much better suited her talent. Mr. WILTON mouthed the *Jew*;—*Gerald* by old DAWSON,—*Martin*, young DAWSON, and the *Dame* by old Mrs. DAWSON cannot be excelled in any provincial company;—*Malcour* by Mr. ROGERS, *Everard* by SAUNDERS, the worst that can be possibly.

SAM SAM SON.

Penzance, Oct. 30, 1822.

[*To be Continued.*]

\* \* \* The Coburg and Royal Amphitheatre shall be particularly noticed next month.

---

*Printed by T. and J. Elvey, Castle Street, Holborn.*





T. Wageman del<sup>t</sup> T. Woolnoth sculp<sup>t</sup>

MADAME VESTRIS,  
AS  
PAUL.

# THE DRAMA;

OR,

*THEATRICAL*

POCKET MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1822.

“The play, the play’s the thing.”—HAMLET.

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EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF  
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## DRAMATIC ORACLE.

Mr. BLANCHARD's pieces shall positively appear in the first No. of our next Vol. Private Theatricals (once more) are inadmissible.—If a CONSTANT READER can forward us any *authentic* Memoirs from the "*Minors*," we shall have no objection to them.—The *Lines to Vale*, are not bad, but for heaven's sake, why does not the author turn his attention to the "mighty names" of C. G. T. or D. L. T. ?—Scarce one in a hundred, we believe, ever heard of so insignificant a personage as Mr. VALE. He is not worth the trouble W. H. C. has taken with him.—To VINDEX, we merely answer, *Poo!h!*—STAGE STRUCK has been in our possession some time.—AMICUS shall be attended to.—The subject on which AN OBSERVER from Edinburgh writes, cannot at present be avoided.—We have received Theatrical Intelligence from Penzance, SAM SAMS SON;—Edinburgh, (in answer to PETER PRY) M. M. M.;—Aberdeen, WYNERS;—Newark, M. G.;—Tewksbury, a SUBSCRIBER;—Cheltenham, D. D.;—Cheltenham, JONATHAN OLDBUCK; and full accounts of the Winchester and Southampton Theatres, by F. CLOSE, the whole of which, though containing a mass of information, we are at present under the necessity of postponing: to the latter Correspondent, we beg to return our thanks for her attention; which has been duly appreciated. The whole of her letters came safely to hand.—PHILO DRAMATICUS is requested to accept our acknowledgments, his kind corrections shall be attended to.—LUDOVICO will perhaps appear.—Selections from *My Scrap Book* will be made.—We shall be happy to hear again from Miss HILL.

### INTENDED FOR INSERTION.

*Lines to Miss Stephens*, G. J. DE WILDE;—*On the Merits of Actors*, DANGLE;—*Dramatic Fragmenta*, GLANVILLE;—*Dramatic Novels*, Shaksperiana, G. CREED;—*On Dramatic Costume*, C. G. C—D;—*Evelyn and the Hag*, a Sketch, from the German;—*Elegy written in Drury Lane Theatre*;—*The Fugitive*, a Sketch;—*Lines to Miss Copeland*, J. B. B.;—*Theatricals Extraordinary*, E. DURHAM;—*Parody on Shakspeare's Hamlet*, C.—*On a passage in Othello, and on Check taking*, PHILO KEAN;—*Comparative Review of the acting of Kean, Young, and Macready*, DAGGERWOOD;—*Parallel Pictures*, No. I.;—*Dramatic Reflector—Dramatic Excerpta*, No. II.; Mr. DALBY;—*Lines to Miss Foote*; and the *Vision of the Ulfred*, Mr. BLANCHARD.



# THE DRAMA;

OR,

## THEATRICAL POCKET MAGAZINE.

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No. VII. DECEMBER, 1822. Vol. III.

---

### MADAME VESTRIS.

A woman of quick sense.

———"Fie, fie upon her!

There's language in her *eye*, her cheek, her *lip*,  
Nay, her foot speaks."—*Troilus & Cresoida*, iv. 5.

———"What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley of provocation: when she speaks 'tis an alarm to love. She is, indeed, a most exquisite lady, and I'll warrant her *full of game*."—*Othello*, ii. 3.

THIS Lady (who has become so renowned from her personation of the celebrated rake *Don Giovanni*,) was born in London, in 1797. She is of foreign parentage, her father being an Italian, and son of BARTOLOZZI, the well known engraver: her mother is a German lady, formerly a skillful professional performer on the piano.

Miss BARTOLOZZI was not educated with a view to her adopting the stage as a profession, nor is it probable that her inclination would ever have led her to take that step, had not accident thrown in her way M. ARMAND VESTRIS, then principal dancer at the King's Theatre. This gentle-

man, the pupil and rival of AUGUSTE VESTRIS, his father was born in Paris, on the 3d of May, 1787, and made his first appearance as a Dancer on the Stage of that Capital, at the age of 13 years. He was presented to the public by his father and grandfather. The latter who was entitled "*the God of Dance*" had quitted the Stage some time before, on account of his advanced age, but came forward again on this gratifying occasion. All Paris repaired to the Theatre to see the three VESTRIS's in the same ballet, and ARMAND was by unanimous consent adjudged the crown. He continued for several years to eclipse all rivals in most of the Capitals of Europe, and at length made his débüt on the 6th of January, 1809, in a *pas de deux* with Madame ANGIOLINI, at the King's Theatre, where he was the load-star of the season. The renown and attentions of this gentleman captivated the youthful heart of Miss BARTOLOZZI, and she was married to him at St. Martin's in the Fields, on the 28th of January, 1813, ere she had attained the age of 16 years. This union has not been productive of any children.—Notwithstanding the nature of M. VESTRIS's profession, he for some time had no intention of introducing his wife to the stage as a performer; but after the lapse of a year or two finding that his circumstances were not in a very flourishing condition, he determined upon bringing her forward as a candidate for public favour. She accordingly received a few lessons in singing, from M. CORRI, and made her first appearance, for her husband's benefit, at the King's Theatre, on Thursday the 20th of July, 1815, as *Proserpina*, in WINTER's beautiful Opera "*Il Ratto di Proserpina*." This was a bold undertaking, since the part had been composed expressly for GRASSINI, and her excellence was still vividly recollected by the town. The youth and beauty of Madame VESTRIS atoned, however, for her deficiency in point of talent, and she made a most favourable impression upon a crowded audience. She repeated the character on the following Saturday, when the Princess CHARLOTTE of WALES honoured the Theatre by her presence, and was so enraptured at the performance of the trio "*Mi Lasci*," by Madame VESTRIS, Madame SESSI, and Signor GRAAM, that she joined heartily in the plaudits of the house. So delighted, indeed, was Her Royal Highness with the youthful *débutante*, that she again visited the

house on Tuesday the 25th, when the same Opera was given a third time, and, in fact, Madame VESTRIS so charmed the frequenters of the Opera House, that the piece was played repeatedly till the close of the season. Yet it was sufficiently easy to discover that the *talents* of the young performer had done little towards exciting this feeling in her favour. To confess the truth, they were at this period of a very humble order. Her voice by no means possessed the richness and volume it has since acquired, and her acting was still less admirable, being limited to crossing her arms gracefully upon her bosom, looking like a pretty piece of still life, or giving an occasional gentle wave of her right hand during the execution of a song. Her defects became more obvious in the course of the next season, when she appeared in "*Così Fan Tutte*," *Susannah* in "*Figaro*," and one or two more characters. It was then seen that though she had been tutored to go through her original character, *Proserpina*, respectably, she was not possessed of talents or experience sufficiently extensive to enable her to retain possession of the station she occupied. She remained, however, in the Company till the close of the season, 1816, when she proceeded with her husband to Paris. On the 7th of December, 1816, she made her appearance at the *Théâtre Italien*, in that City, where she performed her favourite character *Proserpina*, to the *Ceres* of Mrs. DICKONS. The Parisian critics, however, were less indulgent than those of London, they would not suffer their judgment to be warped by the fascinations of youth and beauty: and accordingly Madame VESTRIS quickly assumed her due rank in the estimation of the public.

From Paris her husband proceeded to Naples, where he is now ballet master, but he was not accompanied on his Italian journey by our heroine, who preferred the fascinations of Paris to a trip across the Alps. We are unable to state the exact number of her performances in the French Capital, which she quitted in the winter of 1819, and having returned to London was engaged by Mr. ELLISTON, and made her first appearance at Drury Lane Theatre, on the 19th of February, 1820, as *Lilla*, in the "*Siege of Belgrade*." She afterwards played *Adela*, in the "*Haunted Tower*," *Artaxerxes*, and *Dolly Swiss*, in "*Shakspeare*

*versus Harlequin*," but although she was well liked by the town, her attraction was not very powerful until the manager hit upon the ingenious expedient of decorating her with breeches, and bringing her forward as *Giovanni* in the musical Burletta of "*Giovanni in London*," which piece has put scores of pounds into the treasury of the Theatre, and ten, as we are informed, into the pocket of its author, Mr. MONCRIEFF. The bait succeeded; the town ran in crowds to see Madame VESTRIS's legs, though they had been somewhat lukewarm about her singing, and hundreds "who made mouths at her" while attired in the becoming dress of her own sex; discovered that her proportions were most captivating when set off to advantage by a tight pair of elastic pantaloons. Her fame spread rapidly; she was engaged by the Haymarket Managers during the summer; by Mr. BUNN for Birmingham; and by Mr. MURRAY at Edinburgh.

No one can deny that Madame VESTRIS has wonderfully improved since she performed at the King's Theatre. Her voice, which is a *contr'alto*, is become much more rich, mellow and powerful: and she has evidently made music her study, greatly to her advantage. Her acting is still more strikingly amended; the timidity which formed so great a drawback upon the effect of her early exertions has entirely vanished; and no actress of twenty years standing, upon the stage, is more perfectly free and unembarrassed in her manner than is Madame VESTRIS. This confidence, not to say boldness of demeanour, is of advantage to her in male parts, but it detracts from the charm of her female personations. Madame VESTRIS is short in stature but well formed; her face is handsome, and her arch dark eyes are capable of the most animated expression. She has moreover a bewitching mouth which she is well aware of, and takes care to play off the charms of her lips upon the youngsters in the boxes without mercy. To conclude, she has every requisite for the formation of an excellent actress, and may, if she think fit, become one; but the incessant performance of gross rakish characters will, by degrees, completely *vulgarize* her style, and for ever prevent her attaining to great eminence.

## MR. KEAN.

[Resumed from Page 267.]

This remaining unanswered, Mr. BUCKE then published the following.—

*“To the Editor of the Morning Herald.*

SIR,—Mr. KEAN has not disowned the letter; I am, therefore reluctantly obliged to believe, that it emanated from himself, rather than from one of those enemies, who, conscious of their own insignificance, are ever active in their malice against celebrated characters. In fact, I really thought that some one had assumed Mr. KEAN's name, for the purpose of doing him the short and little injury of a day; instead of which it appears to be his own, and the injury must last for years.

Circumstantial evidence, Mr. EDITOR, is, sometimes, far better than positive. Mr. KEAN knows, and every one must know, that I cannot, by any associations, have *positive* proof of what passed, many months ago, in *private* conversation. But the following extract from a newspaper, of this day, furnishes such a fortunate commentary on my text, that I think no argument will be esteemed necessary to prove, at least, *the probability* of my statement.

I have stated in the preface to *“The Italians,”* that a gentleman having sent a letter relative to a tragedy he had written, to Mr. KEAN, Mr. K. returned for answer, that unless the entire interest centered in the character designed for him, it *would neither suit his reputation nor the interests of the theatre that it should be accepted*. This assertion Mr. K. *denies*; and yet it does most unfortunately happen, that the very gentleman who told me this, has, in a Journal of this day,(1) given the following statement:—

“The letter sent to Mr. K. indicated that there were two characters in the piece, as it then stood, either of which might be so written up as to render it the principal; and Mr. K. *without waiting to see the MS.* wrote back ‘*unless*

(1) *The Champion.*



*the character allotted to me is the chief object of the Play, it will not be consistent with my reputation, or the interest of Drury Lane Theatre, to accept it.*' Now the chief object was to make a good Play ; and the story required that the three female, and two of the male characters, should be such as would require good acting, though the author was prepared to give conspicuous prominence to whichever of the latter Mr. K. might most affect.'

If, after this confirmation of what I have asserted in one instance, Mr. K. should deny the substance of our conversations, I shall think myself justified, much against my will, in putting him to the test, from which his better judgment must recoil. And yet, surely the man, who is not to be believed upon his word, is not to be believed upon his *oath* !

Hitherto, in the midst of many difficulties and injuries, I have been fortunate enough to command a considerable portion of personal respect ; and I am proud to say, that, to the best of my belief, I have never lost a single *friend*. But I give public notice to all my friends, numerous and respectable as they are, that I shall have a contempt for any one of them, who may hereafter, shake me by the hand, if I do not come successfully out of this controversy. And I now call upon the more active portion of the Subcommittee of last year, not only to lose all friendship for me, as a man, but, for the sake of public justice, for the interests of the proprietors of the theatre, and out of respect to the acknowledged talents of Mr. KEAN ;—I call upon them instantly to come forward and convict me publicly of a falsehood, if I am wrong in stating, that Mr. K., previous to his journey into Scotland, gave a distinct and positive pledge, that nothing on his part should prevent my tragedy from succeeding "*The Jew of Malta*," and that too, *without any reference to compassion.* (1)

That Mr. MOORE, when he found the conduct of Mr. K. was operating to my disadvantage, might *two or three months afterwards*, plead the great expenses I had been put

(1) Mr. KEAN modestly says, " Mr. P. MOORE excited with some ability my personal compassion for Mr. BUCKE, in consequence of which I undertook to act in his play."

to, and the loss in time and money I should sustain, if after the solemn pledges that had been given, my tragedy should not be performed, is very possible. For having long been in the habit of reading SENECA and BOETHIUS, I felt no shame in confessing to Mr. MOORE, nor do I now in publicly confessing to the world,—that, from several persons not keeping their engagements with me, my truly excellent wife, my children, and myself, were, for the time, in great comparative want.

From the second month of my marriage, up to the moment in which I am writing, I have been visited with such a series of afflictions as are I think, scarcely to be paralleled in the annals of private life!—but I am too proud to excite even the sympathy of the public, much less the *compassion* of Mr. KEAN. I am also too sensible of the beautiful advantages of adversity to repine; though it would be miraculous, did I not sometimes, feel impatience and disgust.

Mr. KEAN, I understand, is occasionally in the habit of doing generous actions to persons of his own profession; but for him to presume to the consequence of exercising compassion towards me, would have been a subject of my ridicule, were I not so far advanced in the knowledge of human nature to know that *ridicule is the weapon of degenerate minds*.

By the more active portion of the Sub-Committee, I, of course, mean PETER MOORE, Esq. member for Coventry, and Col. DOUGLAS, of York Place, Baker-street. These gentlemen are of high consideration in the country, and I call upon them, as men and as gentlemen, to do that justice to Mr. KEAN, which I should wish, were I placed in Mr. KEAN's situation, to have administered to myself. Should they be silent, their silence must, of course, be construed to my benefit.

Mr. KEAN states, in his unfortunate letter, that when he read my *worst of all bad tragedies*, the only feelings it excited among the performers were *uncontrollable laughter and pity for the author*! Now this is either a curious fact, or an alarming accusation. I am, therefore, resolved, that the public shall know the actual truth, or untruth of the assertion; and I call upon Mr. RAE, Mr. POPE, and Mrs.

GLOVER, (1) to state *publicly*, in a *body* and *with as little delay as possible*, whether they did or did not commit that most disgraceful *outrage* on private feeling, of which Mr. KEAN so roundly has accused them ! if they did, the public will have a sure criterion by which to judge of *them* ; if they did not, something better than my assertions will be afforded to the world, by which they might judge the veracity of Mr. KEAN.

THE AUTHOR of the PHILOSOPHY of NATURE."

March 21, 1819.

The merits of this controversy may be summed up in few words. Mr. BUCKE is not perhaps a very excellent poet, but he is a shrewd man of the world, accustomed to periodical actions, and handles his weapons with no little dexterity. His withdrawing the "*Italians*," at the moment the public indignation was high against KEAN for his conduct towards Miss PORTER, and his calling upon RAE, POPE, and Mrs. GLOVER to "state whether they did or did not commit that most disgraceful outrage on private feeling," are plain proofs that he is no novice in literary warfare. His greatest defect is egotism ; his preface will "awaken extraordinary sensations in the public mind ;" his cause "involves interests of the first magnitude to the establishment ;" of his tragedy, "the catastrophe is never once foreseen ;" (2) and further, he constantly reads SENECA and BOETHIUS. With all this, however, his cause was certainly a just one, and the public, with few exceptions, were on the side of justice : but though the tide of popularity might ebb for a time from KEAN, yet the period of that ebb was short, and the flood was the higher on its return. A few weeks, and KEAN was again the idol of the people, and when, in 1820, he left England for America, his absence left a void, which could not be filled, even by the rivals of his genius.

The only occurrence, from this period until his departure

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(1) The excellent Mrs. BARTLEY and Mr. WALLACK are in America ; but I request them to take the earliest opportunity of favouring me with their testimonies likewise.

(2) This last passage occurs in his preface.

for America, worth recording, is, the presentation to him of a *Sword of State* by some of his admirers at Edinburgh, through the medium of Sir JOHN SINCLAIR, to be worn by him whenever he enacted the part of *Macbeth*. The present was accompanied by a Letter from Sir J. SINCLAIR, which from the information it contains will, we think, be read with pleasure. The following is a Copy.

“ Sir—Some of your friends in the City, (Edinburgh,) became extremely desirous of presenting you with a mark of the high estimation which they entertain for your talents as an actor: more especially after having witnessed the very superior manner in which you performed the character of *Macbeth*. After considering the subject, it was at last resolved to present you with a *Sword of State*, to be worn when you appear upon the Stage, in that Tragedy, as *The Crowned King of Scotland*. I have much pleasure in sending you the Sword, which is prepared by some of our ablest artists, for the purpose of being transmitted to you. ‘*It is of the true Highland make,*’ and ornamented with some of the most valuable precious stones that Scotland produces.—‘*Macbeth*’ is, on the whole, the greatest effort of dramatic genius the world has yet produced; and no one has hitherto attempted to represent the Scottish Tyrant, who has done, or could possibly do more justice to the character, than the Gentleman to whom I have now the honour of addressing myself.

“ The presentation of this Sword reminds me of two particulars.—1. The swords in ancient times were large and weighty, and the scabbards broad at the point. Hence, in SHAKSPEARE, *Hotspur* describes himself (*Part I. ‘Henry IV.’ Act 1, Scene 3.*) ‘*Leaning upon his sword,*’ that is to say, resting upon it in the scabbard. The sword also was not carried in belts attached to the person, (which with a large and heavy sword would have too cumbersome,) but was either held in the right hand, or carried on the left arm, the elbow being bent for that purpose. In battle, when the sword was drawn, the *scabbard was thrown away*, to imply, as the phrase denotes, that the combat was to terminate with the death of one of the parties. 2. There is reason to believe that SHAKSPEARE collected materials for the tragedy of ‘*Macbeth*,’ on the spot where many of the trans-

actions took place. It is recorded in 'GUTHRIE's *History of Scotland*,' that Queen ELIZABETH sent some English actors to the Court of her successor JAMES, which was then held at Perth; and it is supposed that SHAKSPEARE was one of the number. This idea receives strong confirmation by the following striking circumstance:—The Castle of Dunsinane is situated about seven or eight miles from Perth. When I examined, some years ago, the remains of that Castle, and the scenes in its neighbourhood, I found, that the traditions of the country people were *identically the same as the story represented in SHAKSPEARE*:—there was but one exception. The tradition is, that *Macbeth* endeavoured to escape, when he found the Castle no longer tenable. Being pursued by *Macduff*, he ran up an adjoining hill, but instead of being slain in single combat by *Macduff*, (which SHAKSPEARE preferred, as being a more interesting dramatic incident) the country people said, that in despair, he threw himself over a precipice, at the bottom of which there still remains '*The Giant's Grave*,' where, it is supposed, *Macbeth* was buried. When you next visit Scotland, it would be interesting to take an early opportunity of examining these classic scenes.

"With my best wishes, that you may long continue an ornament to the British Theatre, I remain, Sir, your obedient Servant,

JOHN SINCLAIR."

To this epistle, Mr. KEAN made the following reply:—

"Sir—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, announcing the transmission of a valuable sword, which you teach me to receive as a token of the flattering estimation, in which my professional exertions in the Northern Capital are held by yourself, and a portion of that public, to whose fostering indulgence I am already bound in lasting gratitude. To those unknown Patrons, in whose name you have been pleased, in such gratifying terms, to address me, I beg you will convey the assurance that their kindness has not been lavished where it is not duly appreciated and deeply felt.

"I am happy in the conviction, that I shall only do justice to their intention, in receiving the sword as at once a



record of National Liberality, and a pledge of Scottish patronage of the Stage; may I not recognize this as their object, by the selection of the distinguished pen which has honoured me with the communication, as well as in the costume of the present itself, which you are pleased to inform me, is strictly national, both in its character and in its ornaments? Permit me to add, Sir, that my own feelings could feel no higher gratification than to be instructed in the belief, that I have been the fortunate instrument of increasing the number of Patrons of our art, the difficulties of which may in some measure be appreciated by the variety and instability of success; and in which we but too sensibly feel, how necessary is Public protection to encourage and sustain us, even in our least chequered and unclouded career.

“ I have the honour to be, with grateful respect,

Your obedient Servant,

E. KEAN.”

The annexed Inscriptions appear on the Sword.—

*(On the Front.)*

To EDMUND KEAN, Esq.

As a tribute of admiration

To his splendid talents;

From

His Friends at

EDINBURGH.

Presented November, 1819.

*(On the Reverse.)*

This Sword was presented

To

EDMUND KEAN, Esq.

When he appears on the Stage

As

Macbeth,

The King of Scotland.

*(To be concluded in the Supplement.)*

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 DRAMATIC REVIEW.
 

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 WERNER ; A TRAGEDY. BY LORD BYRON.
 

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WE are not surprised that LEE's "German's Tale," *Kruitznier*, published many years ago in the "*Canterbury Tales*," should be a favourite with LORD BYRON ; for it is one of the most intensely interesting, and powerfully written stories in the English language. The singular compliment which the noble bard pays it, of taking it without a single alteration, as the ground work of his Tragedy, preserving in most instances, the names of the personages drawn, and not unfrequently *using the very language*, prove that his lordship entertains the same opinion of this tale as we have just expressed. We will not attempt a detailed analysis of the Drama, but will introduce a few remarks and extracts, while we carry on the thread of the story.

"*Werner*, the son of *Seigendorf*, was in his two and twentieth spring," barred from his father's house ; for his

"Own nature

In youth, was such as to unmake an empire,  
Had such been his inheritance."

He had held an important commission in the wars ; but his rash conduct had occasioned his recall, and while in a retreat which this disgrace had induced him to seek out, he marries *Josephine*, a poor but lovely and lofty souled Italian. This alliance rivets the bar of separation which had been placed between him and his father. They have a son, however, (*Utric*) who does not share in their proscription, but is received and brought up in the castle of *Baron Seigendorf*. The daring spirit of this youth eventually induces him to leave the halls of his grandsire, and unite himself to, and become leader of a horde of banditti which infested the forests of Silesia and Lusatia. *Werner's* father dies, and he hurries, pursued by the enmity of *Stralenheim* (the next heir to the possessions of *Seigendorf*,) to his paternal estate. Sickness detains him on the northern frontier of Silesia, where he obtains shelter in an old and deserted pa-

lace. His illness increases his poverty. In the hall of this palace, the wretched man, in great distraction of mind, is first introduced, venting his bitterness of soul : *Josephine*, in an affectionate endeavour to lessen the agony that is maddening his soul, unwittingly increases it by an allusion to their son. This melancholy scene is interrupted by the entrance of the *Intendant*, who informs them that a great personage, in attempting to cross the overflown stream, had been nearly drowned, but had escaped, and was now at the palace. The stories which the stranger hears of *Werner*, excite his suspicions, and induce him to fear that *Werner* is the heir to the domains which he himself intends to take possession of. On the other hand, *Werner* is convinced that the stranger is *Stralenheim*, and, fearful of being seized, meditates immediate flight ; but he found himself—

“ Sick, poor, begirt too with the flooding rivers,  
 Impassable, even to the wealthy, with  
 All the appliances which purchase modes  
 Of overpowering peril with men’s lives—  
 How can I hope ! An hour ago methought  
 My state beyond despair ; and now, ’tis such,  
 The past seems paradise. Another day,  
 And I’m detected ; on the very eve  
 Of honours, rights, and my inheritance,  
 When a few drops of gold might save me still,  
 In favouring my escape.”

The Baron’s suspicions induce him to send a dispatch to the Governor, respecting *Werner*. The latter on hearing this becomes phrenzied, seizes a knife, and after communing within himself, says—

“ I’ll to the secret passage which communicates  
 With the—no ! all is silent—’twas my fancy !  
 Still as the breathless interval between  
 The flash and thunder : I must hush my soul  
 Amidst its perils. Yet I will retire,  
 To see if yet be unexplored the passage  
 I wot of.”

He reaches the chamber in which the Baron sleeps. His deadliest enemy lies beneath his arm—the knife is lifted !—

'tis withdrawn—and *Werner* seizing a *rouleau* of gold, returns suddenly to his own room. Here he informs *Josephine* that he has not shed the blood of *Stralenheim*, but that he has taken his gold. This scene is brief, but is full of that knowledge of the human heart which the author has so frequently exhibited.

The Baron's loss excites among the inmates of the palace great commotion. Many are suspected; *Ulric*, who had preserved the Baron when struggling amid the waters, joins *Fritz* and the *Intendant* in search of the person who has stolen the gold. Rather abruptly we find *Josephine* and *Ulric* together—she has recognized him as her long lost son. Her maternal happiness at this moment, is finely told in the following sentence:—

“ I know it,

*But cannot think of sorrow now, and doubt*

*If I e'er felt it, 'tis so dazzled from*

*My memory, by this oblivious transport.*

*My son !”*

They are joined by *Werner*, and a scene of highly wrought interest ensues. *Ulric* speaks of the robbery, and says that he has pledged himself to trace the “ villain.” *Werner* asks him how he dare apply to any unknown being a word so opprobrious? and at last avows himself the perpetrator of the robbery: *Ulric* starts, looks earnestly at *Werner*, and then says, slowly—

“ And you avow it ?

**WERNER.** *Ulric*, before you dare despise your father,  
Learn to divine and judge his actions. Young,  
Rash, new to life, and rear'd in luxury's lap,  
I sit for you to measure passion's force  
And misery's temptation ! Wait—not long,  
It cometh like the night and quickly—Wait !  
Wait till, like me, your hopes are blighted—till  
Sorrow and shame are handmaids of your cabin ;  
Famine and poverty your guests at table ;  
Despair your bedfellow—then rise, but not  
From sleep, and judge ! Should that day e'er arrive,  
Should you see then the serpent, who hath coiled

Himself around all that is dear and noble  
 Of you and yours, lie slumbering in your path,  
 With but his folds between your steps and happiness ;  
 When he, who lives but to tear from you name,  
 Lands, life itself, lies at your mercy, with  
 Chance your conductor ; midnight for your mantle ;  
 The bare knife in your hand, and earth asleep,  
 Even to your deadliest foe ; and he as 'twere  
 Inviting death, by looking like it, while  
 His death alone can save you : Thank your God !  
 If then, like me, content with petty plunder,  
 You turn aside—I did so."

This is perhaps one of the most powerful speeches in the whole range of the Drama ; but in justice to Miss LEE, we must show for how great a part of it she may justly put in her claim to credit. In page 187 of the "*German's Tale*," *Seigendorff* says: *Conrad*, before you thus presume to chastise me with your eye, learn to understand my actions !—Young and inexperienced in the world—reposing hitherto in the bosom of indulgence and luxury, is it for *you* to judge of the force of the passions, or the temptations of misery ?—Wait till, like me, you have blighted your fairest hopes—have endured humiliation and sorrow, poverty and famine—before you pretend to judge of their effect on you ! Should that miserable day ever arrive—Should you see the being at your mercy, who stands between you and every thing that is dear or noble in life !—Who is ready to tear from you your name—your inheritance—your very life itself—congratulate your own heart, if, like me, you are content with petty plunder, and are not tempted to exterminate a serpent, who now lives, perhaps, to sting us all !"

*Gabor*, being accused by *Ulric*, fights with him; but is disarmed, and afterwards escapes being seized, having been provided by *Werner* with a refuge in the secret passage. *Strahlenheim* endeavours to induce *Ulric* to practise against *Werner*, being ignorant that he is his son. *Ulric* affects to assent to his wishes, learns his plans, and communicates them to his father. The *Intendant* is bribed by a ring to facilitate the escape of *Werner*. *Gabor* remains for some hours in the secret passage, and is made to utter a soliloquy,



which, though very beautiful, is certainly misplaced. *Werner*, unable to sleep, is walking before day-break in the garden, when *Ulric* leaps from a terrace, and demands in a short, perturbed manner, if his father had killed *Strahlenheim*? his father indignantly disclaims the dreadful deed. (1) The Hungarian *Gabor* had fled. *Werner* had found the pannel open. After some consultation with *Ulric*, he hastily departs with *Josephine*. *Ulric's* character becomes more developed, and the sudden transition to the castle of *Seigendorf*, where *Werner* is the lord, and *Ulric* the count and heir, increases the mystery, and of course heightens the interest. *Ida*, the lovely daughter of *Strahlenheim*, has been betrothed to *Ulric* by her father, who tenderly loves him.

After a day of great rejoicing at Prague, for the long desired peace, *Werner*, the now Baron *Seigendorf*, (who was attended by his countess, *Ida*, *Ulric*, and his vassals.) sees the Hungarian, and is overcome by the unexpected apparition. He consults with his son, and they cause diligent search to be made for the supposed assassin. *Gabor*, however, makes his unforced appearance before the man whom he had last known as the destitute *Werner*, and *Ulric*, who now appears in the dignified dress befitting his high rank. In this scene *Gabor* boldly accuses *Ulric* as the assassin.

*Gabor*. You remember, or  
If not, your son does—that the locks were changed  
Beneath his chief inspection—on the morn  
Which led to this same night : how he had entered,  
He best knows—but within an antichamber  
The door of which was half ajar—I saw  
A man who washed his bloody hands, and oft  
With stern and anxious glance gazed back upon  
The bleeding body—but it moved no more !

*Seigendorf*. Oh, God of my fathers !

*Gabor*. I beheld his features

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(1) This, by the bye, is another *literal* copy from the original tale. We mention these facts not in disparagement. On the contrary, we consider only that they reflect equal honour on the Novelist and the Poet.

As I see yours—but yours they were not, though  
 Resembling them—behold them in Count Ulric's !  
 Distinct as I beheld them—though the expression  
 Is not now what it then was ; but it was so  
 When I first charged him with the crime so lately."

During this speech, *Ulric* leans with an undaunted and contemptuous air against an adjacent pillar. He is finely described in Miss LEE's tale, as "detaching his sabre from his side, and occupying himself in forming fantastic lines with it on the marble below. Now and then he half unsheaths it, and seems curiously to examine its polish."

*Seigendorf*, after overcoming the first dreadful chaos of ideas and feelings into which *Gabor's* tale has thrown him, perceives the necessity of securing his son's safety and his own, by silencing the formidable witness and accuser who stands before them. He proposes that *Gabor* shall trust himself in a turret for the present ; to which the latter, after some hesitation and suspicion, consents. *Seigendorf* and his son are now left together ; and *Ulric* without hesitation acknowledges the truth of *Gabor's* narrative, and insinuates his intention of releasing himself from further danger by the murder of the relator. This wretched depravity of heart awakens the indignation of the unhappy *Seigendorf*, who exclaims—

Oh, my dead father's curse, 'tis working now !

*Ulric*. Let it work on ! the grave will keep it down !  
 Ashes are feeble foes : it is more easy  
 To baffle such, than countermine a mole,  
 Which winds its blind but living path beneath you.  
 Yet hear me still ! if *you* condemn me, yet  
 Remember who hath taught me once too often  
 To listen to him ! who proclaimed to me  
 That *there were crimes made venial by the occasion* ?  
 That passion was our nature ? that the goods  
 Of heaven waited on the goods of fortune ?  
*Who showed me his humanity : secured*  
*By his nerves only ? Who* deprived me of  
 All power to vindicate myself and race  
 In open day ? By his disgrace, which stamp'd  
 (It might be) bastardy on me, and on

Himself, a *felon's* brand ! *The man who is  
At once both warm and weak, invites to deeds  
He longs to do, but dare not.* Is it strange  
That I should *act* what you could *think* ? We have done  
With right and wrong ; and now must only ponder  
Upon effects, not causes. *Stralenheim,*  
Whose life I saved from impulse, as, *unknown,*  
I would have saved a peasant's or a dog's, I slew  
*Known,* as our foe—but not from vengeance. He  
Was a rock in our way which I cut through,  
As doth the bolt, because it stood between us  
And our true destination—but not idly.  
As stranger I preserved him, and *he owed me  
His life* ; when due, I but resumed the debt.  
He, you, and I stood o'er a gulph wherein  
I have plunged our enemy. *You* kindled first  
The torch, you showed the path ; now trace me that  
Of safety—or let me !"—(1)

(1) We must be indulged with *one* more extract from Miss LEE's admirable tale, in order to prove our assertion relative to the closeness with which Lord BYRON has followed this delightful authoress :—" Father, father," interrupted *Conrad* abruptly, and his form seemed to dilate before the astonished eyes of the Count, "beware how you rouse a devil between us that neither may be able to controul ! We are in no temper nor season for domestic dissension. Do you suppose that while *your* soul has been convulsed, *mine* has been unmoved ? or that I have really listened to this man's story with indifference ?—I too can feel for myself ;—for what being besides did your example ever teach me to feel ?—Listen to me !" Silencing the Count with a savage and alarming tone :—" If your present condemnation of me be just, I have listened to you at least once too often !—Remember *who* told me *that there were crimes rendered venial by the occasion* : *who* painted the excesses of passion as the trespasses of humanity : *who* held the balance suspended before my eyes between the goods of fortune and those of honour : *who* aided the mischief stirring spirit within me, by showing me a specious probity secured only by an infirmity of nerves. Had not your own conduct, by

*Seigendorf*, past all power of replying, motions to his son to leave him. But, although the unhappy Count speaks not, that active faculty which, defying time, space, debility, every thing but death, combines, arranges, and tortures at the same moment, was busy within. Suddenly awakening to a recollection of the danger in which the Hungarian now stands, from the blood-thirsty nature of his son, he determines upon instantly liberating him from the tower, and, actuated by an impulse of honourable desperation, not wholly unmingled, however, with an indistinct hope of silencing the accuser, he tears the jewels from his bosom and hat, and mounts the steps. The danger that could thus alarm *him*, was manifestly too imminent, the prize he offered too valuable to leave the Hungarian room for hesitation, and he flies.—*Ulric*, upon learning the escape of *Gabor*, in sullen madness quits the castle, after acknowledging to the affectionate *Ida* that he is her father's murderer, on hearing which, the latter emphatically says,

“ And I have loved this man ! ”

The Tragedy closes with a finely drawn picture of the overwhelming misery which now envelopes the souls of *Seigendorf*, *Josephine*, and *Ida*.

*Werner* is dedicated “ to the illustrious GOËTHE.” Dramatically speaking, we will not hesitate to say that this Tragedy is the finest that Lord BYRON has written. We have given two specimens of its unencumbered and energetic

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stamping you with disgrace, and your son with the illegitimacy, deprived me of all power openly to defy *Stralenheim*, and were you so little skilled in human nature as not to know that the man who is at once intemperate and feeble, sanctions the crimes he does not commit ? Was it wonderful then that I should dare to act what you dared to meditate ? I have now nothing to do with its guilt or innocence. It is our mutual interest to avert its consequences. *We stood on a precipice down which one of the three must inevitably have plunged*: for I knew my own situation with the state to be as critical as yours.—I therefore precipitated *Stralenheim*!—You held the torch!—You pointed out the path!—Show me now that of safety ; or let me show it you ! ”

style ; but in these the author was scarcely any thing more than the adapter and improver of Miss LEE's language ; in the following we have the noble bard speaking his own sentiments, and clothing them with words and images from his own peculiar and inexhaustible mental stores :—

*Josephine. (Solus)* “ What a state of being !  
In Tuscany, my own dear sunny land,  
Our nobles were but citizens and merchants :  
Like Cosmo, we had evils, but not such  
As these ; and our all ripe and gushing vallies,  
Made poverty more cheerful, where each herb  
Was in itself a meal, and every vine  
Rain'd, as it were, the beverage which makes glad  
The heart of man ; and the ne'er unfelt sun  
(But rarely clouded, and when clouded, leaving  
His warmth behind in memory of his beams.)  
Makes the worn mantle, and the thin robe, less  
Oppressive than an Emperor's jewelled purple.  
But here the despots of the North appear,  
To imitate the ice-wind of their clime,  
Searching the shivering vassal through his rags  
To wring his soul—as the bleak elements  
His form.”

This is genuine poetry ; there are many other passages equally beautiful, which we should be tempted to extract ; but that we have already exceeded our limits, (we cannot help at times forgetting *the size* of our work, when dwelling on a favourite subject,) and are reminded that every body reads BYRON.

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## DON CARLOS ; OR, PERSECUTION.

### A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.

BY LORD JOHN RUSSELL

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THIS play is dedicated to Lord HOLLAND ; and in his prefatory remarks, Lord JOHN exhibits his historical authorities, maintaining at the same time, his right to depart from these whenever it may suit his purpose. As



this is a right which no sensible man ever disputed, we will waste no words on the subject, but proceed to enrich our pages with some of the beauties of this production. *Suspicion* is thus poetically painted :

*Valodéz.* Fear not ;

The king has got a dæmon : 'tis suspicion ;  
Whose senses are refined to pain, whose ears  
Are stung to madness by a cricket's chirp ;  
Whose jaundiced eyes in every sheep perceive  
A covert wolf ; and, mark you well, Lucero,  
*He who reposes not in confidence*  
*That men are somewhat better than they are,*  
*Conceives them worse ;*—————

(The king himself, in a soliloquy, thus farther and finely pursues the same theme :)

—————the boy !  
How have I tended him from infancy  
To be my age's staff ; thinking to rest  
On him my heavier cares, and curtained schemes  
Big with the glories of a future age ;  
And now he is a vulture hovering o'er me,  
Watching my death to feed on my remains !  
The people cry ; " there is the prince shall reign  
When Philip is no more ; " old nurses bless  
His beardless face, and silly children toss  
Their tiny caps into the air ; while I  
Am met by frigid reverence, passive awe,  
That fears, yet dares not own itself for fear ;  
As though the public hangman stalked behind me.  
And this it is to reign—to gain men's hate.  
*Thus for the future monarch, Fancy weaves*  
*A spotless robe, entwines his sceptre round*  
*With flowery garlands, places on his head*  
*A crown of laurels, while the weary present,*  
*Like a stale riddle or a last year's fashion,*  
*Carries no grace with it. Base, vulgar world !*  
*'Tis thus that men for ever live in hope,*  
*And he that has done nothing, is held forth*  
*As capable of all things ; poor weak herd !*  
*Heaven save me from the breath of your applause !*

The lines in the above quotation which we have distin-

guished by italics appear to us to breathe something of the spirit and energy of our elder dramatists, and are highly creditable to their noble author.—The *pure love* of the queen is also pourtrayed with great beauty, by Donna Leonora, interrogated by Philip :

If Don Carlos in her presence stands,  
Then, *like a statue starting into life*,  
Her cheeks blush deep with rosy streams ; her eyes  
Glow with unusual fires ; her arm, her hand,  
No longer move with langour ; all her frame  
In animated gesture speaks the soul ;  
Though still her timid modesty of mind  
Tempers with grace the beauty of her mien.

*Philip.* She welcomes him ?

*Leonora.* Yes, sire, such welcome gives  
As when upon the dark blank world the sun  
Pours forth his beams ; *when undistinguished space*  
*Grows rich with meaning* ; hill, and lake, and plain,  
Glitter in new-born light, and hail the day :—  
Such is the queen, when to our quiet hours  
Don Carlos gives his leisure.

*Birth-day gifts* are mentioned by the Spy, and Philip, displaying a clear insight into the human heart, says—

Madam, it is well :

Such gifts are but the bonds of courtesy,

That add civility to kindred ties ;

(*Aside.*)

Yet like I not such tokens always worn ;

Love oftentimes that dares not lend his march

Direct from heart to heart, by such bye-paths

Conducts his enterprize ; and warm desires

That would shrink back from looking on the life,

Are yet excited by the fond caress.

[*Fortitude.*]———Fortitude

Rewards itself, and dries the stream of grief

In its own source, the mind.

[*A Portrait.*]———Carlos is hot,

Sudden in anger, eager in discourse,

His feelings come all struggling to his lips

Unmarshalled by the wand of Prudence ; hence

His enemies catch up a wayward phrase

Or thoughtless word, and dress it in a shape  
That makes it monstrous.

[*The same, self-drawn.*] My faculties but ill become a  
prince ;

Our mother Nature with a strange caprice  
Fits us for other parts than those we play ;  
A priestly robe covers the brawny limbs  
And lion-heart that should have been a soldier's ;  
While many a delicate fibre that seems formed  
To be for ever wrapt in silken bonds  
Is torn by peasant toil, or wastes itself  
Beneath the scorching Phœbus, or night-storm,  
In guarding camps ; I, even I, was framed  
To wander idly all the day in woods,  
To gather flowers, to feed on the wild grape,  
To drink the natural spring, to list to birds,  
And find my joy in breathing balmy air—  
I was not made for courts or camps.

[*The cares of Royalty.*] Ill do you know the spectral  
forms that wait

Upon a king ; care with his furrowed brow,  
Unsleping watchfulness, lone secrecy,  
Attend his throne by day, his couch by night .  
He stands the guardian of a beacon tower ;  
If storms arise, they rage around his head ;  
If lightnings fall, they strike upon his roof ;  
And in the gladness of a summer-day,  
As in the tempest of winter's night,  
He walks apart, companionless, to watch  
If 'gainst the common-weal a foe appear,  
And call the world to arms.

[*Justice.—Osma at the Inquisition.*] Gracious sire,  
Here Justice sits alone—a frowning power,  
Whose presence is too terrible for man,  
Unless, her sister, Mercy, standing by,  
Temper the ruthless rigour of her brow.

[*Procrastination.*] Our greatest actions, or of good or  
evil,

The hero's and the murderer's, spring at once  
From their conception : *oh, how many deeds*  
*Of deathless virtue and immortal crime*

*The world had wanted, had the actor said  
I will do this to-morrow!*

[*A wicked Priest.*] *Valdéz.* Canst thou not see?  
The feebleness of common man proceeds  
From hosts of appetites that tear the soul  
With mingled purpose: his resolves are weak,  
His vision clouded; but my appetites  
Were in one potent essence concentrate;  
I neither loved, nor feasted, nor played dice;  
Power was my feast, my mistress, and my game.  
Thus have I acted with a will entire,  
*And wreathed the passions that distracted others  
Into a sceptre for myself.*

Lord JOHN's principal error, we conceive to be the following: he accounts for Cordoba's hatred of Don Carlos thus:

Don Carlos then was choleric; he struck  
In some short fit of passion his attendant;  
Forgot it, and believed it was forgiven;  
But this same Cordoba, ignobly framed,  
Of base low hatreds, and mean coward fears,  
Has panted ever since for treble vengeance,  
Yet dares not ask his own right arm to do it.

This is too close an imitation of *Zanga*, and other dramatic personages with whom we are familiar; and is also, in our judgment, a mistaken view of humanity; *revenge*, such as here described, must be *rooted* in a nobleness of mind, however erroneous—the affront could not be felt sufficiently by a low and grovelling soul.—*Valdéz* calls *Leonora* “the sharpest tool of all,” which *Polonius* might pronounce “a vile phrase.” *Philip* addresses the Inquisitor “old priest,” which is out of keeping. Page 21, “Heaven” is a dissyllable, or the verse halts for it. 28, an expletive—

The king with his own voice, gave out the order.

But, in spite of these trivial errors, and others, even more trivial, which we will not point out, this tragedy will increase the well-deserved fame of its patriotic and amiable author. He has clearly shown himself to be possessed of true poetic feeling; but his subject shackles him, and we

look forward to yet higher efforts from his pen, when with a more judicious choice of story, and with more experience, he shall once more tread the proud path of the tragic muse.  
D....

### RETRIBUTION.

(Resumed from page 217.)

*Sir Albert.* My grateful thanks to Him who from on high  
Threw his protecting power around thy form.  
Shall still be offered up.—Proceed my sire.

*Sir Hugh.* Soon as we attain'd the chalky cliffs  
(Of happy Albion, we bent our steps  
To Pomfret's Halls; to thank Sir Allan for  
His care, to press you to my beating heart,  
And to resume our high baronial sway.  
'Twas near the hour when with a crimson hue  
The ling'ring beams do faintly tinge the clouds,  
That we arriv'd at the frequented cross  
Of stone, that overlooks the castle's vast  
And clust'ring turrets; both joy and grief  
Alternate shed their influence o'er me;  
And as I saw the setting sun illumine  
The proud majestic pile, and bring to view  
Each well remember'd spot, the burning tears  
Did scald these furrow'd cheeks. Whilst musing on  
This scene, an aged man had faintly climb'd the steep,  
Whom as he slow approach'd I recogniz'd  
As my huntsman Hubert. Instantly he knew  
Me for his lord, and thought the yawning grave  
Had belch'd me forth again, to hover round  
The long deserted but still valued spot.  
But soon I undeceiv'd his faithful mind,  
And ask'd in anxious tone, how far'd my son?  
Significant he shook his head, and  
Strait reply'd, 'Sir Allan best could tell,  
'For since he sail'd for Holy Land, no tongue  
'Declar'd his welfare or his woe. E'en his  
'Very name could not be breath'd unless in



' Secret, so much the fear of punishment,  
 ' Had operated on the oppress'd and  
 ' Driven vassals. And listen to thy faithful  
 ' Hubert's prayer (the old retainer ardent spoke.)  
 ' That when you're bound for yonder walls, go not  
 ' Therein, if you would wish to save the life  
 ' That heav'n once miraculously preserv'd.  
 ' Suppress, my honor'd lord, the impetuous  
 ' Burnings of revenge, and condescend to hear  
 ' The advice of one, whose true, tho' feeble heart,  
 ' Would shed its life blood in defence of thee.  
 ' Enfoliag'd by Needwood's clust'ring boughs,  
 ' And quite impervious to strangers eyes, there stands  
 ' St. Cuthbert's ancient cell, where thou may'st rest  
 ' Awhile, unknown, unnotic'd, unobserv'd;  
 ' Meantime I'll sound the gath'ring tenantry,  
 ' And fire their souls by news of your return,  
 ' Till headed by their lawful chief, they drag  
 ' The traitor to the dust. But when that hour  
 ' Arrives in pity spare the virtuous scion  
 ' Of a deadly race, his only child, the  
 ' Maid Elvira; fragile as the lily,  
 ' Blooming as the rose—excellent in mind,  
 ' Symmetrical in form, and heavenly in work.'  
 Thus spoke the ancient man;—armour and steeds  
 Without delay we rais'd to aid us in  
 Our direful enterprize By the relation  
 Of your life last night, I knew thee for my  
 Long lost son, and oft my yearning soul did  
 Wish to clasp thee in a close embrace.  
 These strong emotions I o'ercame and waited  
 Till the morning light should bring my Selim  
 With the accusom'd hour. Whilst thus engag'd  
 Unnotic'd you departed. Instantly  
 We arm'd with quick dispatch, and guided by  
 A hand all powerful, though unseen, most  
 Opportune arriv'd in time to rescue thee. [Enter SELIM.  
*Selim.* Sir Allan's soul hath left its earthly cage;  
 But e'er he died, he this confession made—  
 That he, assisted by his 'squire Bernardo,  
 Were the sole formers of the ambuscade,

By which ye were ensnar'd—that false retainer,  
 Had warn'd Sir Allan of your near approach.  
 But he has likewise paid the weighty debt  
 Of all his sins : shrouded in death he lies.

*Sir Hugh.* Unheard of treachery !—My children come,  
 The aged Hubert we will seek, and show  
 Our long lost forms to our astonish'd serfs. [Exit.

SCENE V.—*The chamber of Lady Elwina.*

LADY ELWINA, *sitting*.—ALICE, *embroidering*.

*Lady E.* How is my soul, oppress'd with anxious thought,  
 The weight of sad suspense lies heavy here.

*(Placing her hand on her heart.)*

My Alice take thy harp, and may its tones  
 Harmonic, waft soft comfort to my breast.  
 But let thy lay be mournful, or 'twill mock me.

*Alice.* I'll instantly obey thy lov'd commands,  
 And if my feeble pow'rs shall draw but one  
 Soft sympathising sigh, the notes will not  
 Vibrate in vain.

SONG.—ALICE.

Oh ! lady chase that pearl away,  
 That dims thine eye of blue,  
 And let the azure beaming ray,  
 Be full disclos'd to view.

Whoe'er did glide on life's dark stream,  
 When hope was waning fast,  
 But some sweet vision still would beam  
 With radiance to the last.

Then lady cease to drop those tears,  
 Thy cherished grief forego,  
 Joy shall hereafter chase thy fears  
 And turn thine heart from woe.

*[To be concluded in the Supplement.]*

## DRAMATIC NOVELS.

## III.—MAJOR PARLBY'S "REVENGE."

THE TRAGICAL STORY OF LUDOVISIO CARANTANI, AND HIS  
TWO DAUGHTERS.

LUDOVISIO CARANTANI, a native of Varesa, a city of the Milanese, had only two daughters by a wife who had brought him a considerable fortune; but that parental affection which ought to have been divided between them; was confined to the eldest, whose name was VICTORIA, though she was not near so amiable as OLYMPIA, her younger sister. This capricious preference was evident even in their infancy. VICTORIA enjoyed all the caresses of her father, nor could her sister obtain the smallest token of his tenderness or affection. Her mother's love, indeed, made her some amends for this indifference; but death having deprived her of this consolation, she was exposed to numberless contradictions, and suffered continual ill-treatment. VICTORIA's beauty, and the fortune which she might expect from the wealth and partiality of her father, soon drew about her a great number of suitors; and CARANTANI, that he might marry his favourite with the greater advantages, was determined to sacrifice to *her* interest the happiness of OLYMPIA, whom he, accordingly, put into a convent, and caused a report to be spread that she had resolved upon a religious life. This report gaining credit, increased the number of VICTORIA's lovers, among whom were gentlemen of the best families in the country.

The father already congratulated himself upon the success of his scheme. As he had always treated the amiable OLYMPIA with severity, he was persuaded that she would be soothed by the tranquillity of a convent, and think herself happy to have escaped the rudeness and neglect which she suffered at home. Nor was he altogether mistaken: for at the solicitation of several of her relations, who were devotees, and had been gained over by her father, she consented to take the habit of a novice, or probationer, in the monastery of San Martino. But there is a time of life when nature speaks a language very different from that of

monastic devotion. OLYMPIA, though young, lively, and of a complexion naturally amorous, was on the point of becoming the victim of her father's ambition, and her own inexperience; on the very day, however, of the ceremony, she saw amongst the company assembled, as usual on those occasions, an amiable cavalier, who had made a deep impression on her heart. Immediately the thoughts of a convent became intolerable; and she reflected with horror upon the sacrifice which she was just about to make, of all those advantages which the world gave a promise of affording her.

The nuns, and her devout relations, who soon perceived the change, endeavoured, in vain, to bring her back to her first resolution. All the answer they received from her was, that her circumstances being equal to those of her sister, she did not feel inclined to sacrifice herself to her ambition, or to the partiality of her father; that her design was to marry, and that she intreated them to promote her union with a young cavalier of very good family, by whom she knew she was beloved.

It is easy to imagine the astonishment of CARANTANI, when he became acquainted with a resolution which quite frustrated the scheme he had formed for raising the fortune of his dear VICTORIA. He earnestly intreated the nuns and his kinswomen to redouble their endeavours to make OLYMPIA alter her determination. But those endeavours only inflamed her passion, and increased her disgust for a monastic life; nor did she conceal her sentiments even from her father, who came frequently to see her, in order to discover the effect of the remonstrances of his friends; to these he added his own; but perceiving that this expedient did not succeed, he had recourse to menaces, and assured her that if she did not resolve upon a religious life, he would take her home again, where she might expect to be made the most wretched of women.

OLYMPIA, who knew her father's unkindness by a long and cruel experience, did not doubt but he would keep his word. Yet she endeavoured to mollify him by the most tender and pathetic expostulations; but neither arguments, intreaties, nor tears, made the least impression on his heart.

As VICTORIA's match, was, by this change in OLYMPIA's resolution, in danger of being broken off, her lover growing cold and indifferent, in proportion as her fortune became precarious, CARANTANI was so much enraged, that the next time he visited OLYMPIA, he told her, in a transport of fury, that if she did not take the veil as soon as her noviciate expired, he would put her to death with his own hand.—“ If I die,” said his amiable daughter, calmly, “ it shall not be by *your* hand. I have often represented to you my aversion to a monastic life, yet you command me to sacrifice myself to the fortune of my sister, and to that excessive fondness which you have always shown for her; and if it be impossible for me to prevail on you to retract this command, you shall be obeyed, since my obedience will spare you the crime which you threaten to commit against me; but you and my sister will have perpetual cause to regret the cruel sacrifice which you oblige me to make.” Then adding, that he might, whenever he thought proper, order the necessary preparations for her ceremony, she curtsied and withdrew.

CARANTANI, who probably, did not know to what lengths despair might carry a young maid, when love has once seized on her heart, pleased himself with the thoughts of having worked a change in her resolution. He went, therefore, with an air of triumph, to carry the news to VICTORIA and her lover, who exulted exceedingly at it, and deemed themselves arrived at the summit of felicity.

As the time appointed for OLYMPIA to take the veil was now near, Signor CARANTANI made all the usual preparations, and, as if he thought the unhappy victim knew not to whom she was to be sacrificed, he took measures for solemnizing the marriage of his eldest daughter at the same time.

On the day preceding that which was fixed for this double ceremony, OLYMPIA thought it her duty to make a last effort to soften her father, and, if possible, divert him from so barbarous a sacrifice. For this purpose she again reasoned, expostulated, and intreated; but CARANTANI, equally deaf to the voice of reason, nature, and religion, adhered inflexibly to his purpose, and confirmed his threatenings by the most horrible oaths. “ Ah ! my dear



father," said the amiable OLYMPIA, with a look of unutterable tenderness and grief, "consider well what you are about; consider that to me your answer is either life or death; and be assured, that if you sacrifice me to my sister's fortune, you will repent when it is too late: the phantoms that now mislead you will vanish at once; you will perceive, with horror, the effects of your delusion, and feel the pangs of remorse when they are aggravated by despair; but farther conversation will only ratify my fate, by increasing your resentment; permit me, therefore, to withdraw, and do not give your final answer till to-morrow. But remember, that if I perish, *you* will be wretched; and that in refusing mercy to your daughter, you give sentence against yourself." With these words she quitted the parlour. (1)

CARANTANI, whose eyes the last sentence might have opened, disregarded it as one of those wild menaces which are usually the last resource of a passion increased by restraint, and exasperated by despair. The preparations for VICTORIA'S marriage engrossed his attention, and he thought of nothing but how to render it splendid and magnificent. The relations who were invited to this double ceremony were already assembled in the church of the convent, and OLYMPIA was dressed in her richest apparel, and most splendid ornaments, which at these times are put on only to be renounced for ever with the greater solemnity. The dreadful moment arrived in which this blooming victim was to be conducted to the altar; then,

(1) Thus far, as my readers will easily perceive, the present novel has lent considerable aid to the tragedy of "Revenge; or, the Novice of San Martino," a production of Major PARLBY, which has been noticed in the second number of the first vol. of the *Drama*. I have taken this tale of "Ludovisio Carantani and his Two Daughters," from the "Lady's Magazine," for 1779, and now reprint it, to evince the relation it bears to the tragedy just described. The variations of Major PARLBY are those of a poetical mind, and where the priority of his fable may militate against original genius, it will strengthen the more valuable claims of tasteful perception and practical judgment.

G. C.

knowing that she had nothing farther to hope, yet concealing her despair, she asked leave of the nuns who were about her, to go up into her cell, under pretence of recollecting herself for a few minutes, and meditating in private upon the important affair which she was about to transact. This was readily granted, and OLYMPIA went up, not into her cell, but into a room which was over it, and after having deplored her misfortunes, and prayed to God for pardon, she fastened to one of the beams a cord which she had taken from one of the nuns, who used it as a girdle, put it about her neck, threw herself from a little bench on which she stood, and in a few minutes expired.

In the mean time the company, who had been almost an hour assembled in the church, waited with impatience for the beginning of the ceremony.—The abbess was acquainted with it, who was equally surprised at the delay, and asking the nuns the reason of it, was informed of OLYMPIA's request: they waited almost an hour longer, but still OLYMPIA did not appear. They then went to seek her in her cell; but there she was not to be found: other parts of the convent were searched, but without success. At length, after much time spent in a fruitless inquiry, the unfortunate OLYMPIA was found hanging in the fatal cord with which she had put an end to her life.

Seized with horror at the ghastly sight, the nun who discovered her ran precipitately down stairs, and rushing into the choir where the sisterhood was assembled, filled them with terror and astonishment by her outcries and lamentations. The alarm soon spread itself from the choir to the church, where the relatives of OLYMPIA, with the utmost affliction and surprise, received the news of her sudden death, the most shocking circumstances of which the abbess prudently concealed. At first they would not believe it, but demanded a sight of her, and going out of the church in a body, the ladies, and CARANTANI himself, (this privilege being granted to fathers) entered the convent, notwithstanding the resistance of the abbess and nuns. What a spectacle this for a father, for a sister, for a whole family! One of the most amiable young women, the victim of a violent despair, all the horror of which was yet visible in her countenance!

Great as CARANTANI's obduracy had hitherto been, he now burst into tears, and became frantic with sorrow. He accused himself too late as the murderer of his daughter, and stung with this tormenting thought which was but too much the suggestion of truth, he fled from the convent, and even from the city, with the greatest precipitation. He mounted his horse with a design to conceal his shame, his grief, and his remorse, in the obscurity of a country-seat.—But heaven designed him for a public example. He had scarcely ridden six miles, when his horse taking fright, threw him, and his foot hanging in the stirrup, he suffered a death yet more dreadful than his unhappy daughter. Dragged by his horse, which ran full speed, every limb was broken, and his body was covered with wounds and bruises. Divine justice seemed to extend itself even to his carcase after he was dead; for his head and arms were entirely separated from it. The horse did not stop till it got home. Who can conceive the horror and consternation of his family, when they saw the horse furiously galloping, and dragging after him the torn and bloody trunk! VICTORIA, who was an eye-witness of this dreadful event, could not sustain the complicated calamity which was thus heaped upon her, on the very day in which she expected to have been completely blessed. The death of her sister, and of her father, attended with uncommon circumstances of horror, and the loss of her lover, who refused to prosecute his alliance with a family which suicide had dishonoured, made so deep an impression on her mind, that she died two days afterwards, and closed, by her death, a series of disastrous events, which afford instruction of the most memorable kind to parents, with regard to their conduct towards their children.

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### LINES TO MR. J. W. DALBY,

*On reading his Dramatic Sketches, &c. in Vols. I. and II. of the "Drama," and a Volume of Poems, which he has lately published.*

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DALBY! thy strains depict woe too well  
For us to doubt the pensive tale they tell;

Sweet as the melancholy bird, that brings  
 The tears into our eyes, when sad she sings  
 In all that lonely yet all lovely hour,  
 That overflows with mystery and power.  
 Sad as the wail of the worn-bleeding heart  
 That sees each dearly cherish'd hope depart ;  
 Yet in its very sadness sweet and strong—  
 How hath my trembling soul hung o'er thy song  
 With so much wild and passionate feeling filled !  
 How to its inmost core *that feeling* thrilled !  
 Young bard of friendship, feeling, truth, and love !  
 Proud were my destiny could I remove  
 Part of those griefs which with cold fetters bind  
 The aspirations of thy-gentle mind !  
 Heav'n grant they be but sorrows of an hour,  
 And that thy spirit may possess the power  
 That triumphs o'er the influence of ill,  
 And, spite of woe, is *its own sovereign* still !  
 Fulham, Dec. 1822. ISABEL H—

## DRAMATIC PORTRAITS.

No. V.

### MISS BRUNTON.

*The following elegant and truly poetical tribute to the talents of this lovely woman and accomplished actress, we extract from "The Troubadour," No. VI. published this day, having been favoured with "an anticipatory inspection" of its contents.*

If my lyre fail me, 'tis no fault of thine,  
 For thou art inspiration's self, and all  
 Who look upon, and hear thee, feel that flame  
 Glow in their hearts which 'wakens poesy.

Maiden of the matchless eye,  
 Redolent of witchery !  
 Many an enraptured hour  
 Hath it thrilled me with its power ;

Wheresoe'er its glances fell,  
 Still of *mind* each ray would tell.  
 Trusting love—scorn high and bold,—  
 Either it can well unfold ;  
 Each feeling's mirror—but the *best*  
 Still *most* beauteously exprest.  
 Love dwells in thy looks—and all  
 Before the God in worship fall !

Maiden ! in thy voice's spells  
 All the soul of music dwells ;  
 Like thy glances, each dear tone  
 Hath a magic of its own !—  
 Sounds that haunt us in our dreams,  
 Such as th' enthusiast deems  
 Chanted unto seraph ears  
 In their own immortal spheres !  
 Oft, silver toned, it steals along,  
 Oft, it breathes emotion strong ;  
*Now*, it whispers love's warm sigh,  
*Then*, 'tis raised indignantly ;  
 Accents spoken by *thy* tongue,  
 Excel sweet strains by *others* sung.

Wherefore prate of voice and eye ?  
 None their varied powers deny.  
 These are charms that mock the praise  
 Of the poet's ardent lays ;  
 These are beauties that defy  
 The artist's lovely mimicry.  
 Skilful chisels may pourtray  
 Things of less account than they ;  
 Of the form may give each grace,—  
 But the magic of the face,  
 Fine transitions that we prize,  
 No art, however high, supplies.

*Violante*(1)—*Florio*(2)

*Juliana*(3)—things that shew

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(1) In the "*Wonder*." (2) In the "*Forest of Bondy*."

(3) In the "*Honey Moon*."



Feeling, Genius, Nature, Art,—  
 These from memory shall not part.  
 Nor shall the kind but fiery dame,  
*Freelove*(1) fail a thought to claim;  
 Nor poor *Sir Peter's* wayward spouse,(2)  
 Gay, but mindful of her vows  
 Be forgotten, while we see  
 The rich portrait drawn by thee.  
 For thou hast a spell to bind  
 All thou actest on the mind,  
 And each sweet and true endeavour  
 Dwells in memory for ever.

J. W. DALBY.

## STANZAS TO MRS. W. WEST.

BY J. W. DALBY.

“ THOSE happiest smiles  
 That played on her ripe lip seemed not to know  
 What guests were in her eyes, which parted thence  
 As pearls from diamonds dropt. In brief,  
*Sorrow would be a rarity most beloved,  
 If all could so become it.*—SHAKSPEARE.

If I, when *Desdemona* crept  
 Into her soldier's breast,  
 With her, for very rapture, wept,  
 And joyed to see her blest;  
 And if, when that wild passion threw  
 O'er the *Moor's* soul its hellish hue,  
 I shared in her unrest,  
 WEST ! was it not, in weal and woe,  
*Thy* mighty power that moved me so ?

Yes ! waking into life each thought  
 Of our immortal bard—

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(1) In the “ *Day after the Wedding.*”

(2) In the “ *School for Scandal.*”

The portrait was with passion fraught,  
 And truth that claimed regard ;  
*There* was the soul so kind, yet proud,  
 Which to the warrior's history bowed,  
 And did to him award,  
 (Bending beneath love's fond controul)  
 The boundless treasures of her soul !

And *there* was the young heart that knew  
 To spurn mean *Custom's* sway,  
 And ken a bosom brave and true,—  
 A mind of faintless ray,  
 Beneath a murky aspect ;—which,  
 In its own truth and virtue rich,  
 Feared not to disobey  
 The mandate of an erring sire,  
 And *knelt where duty did require.*

Oh, *Belvidera* ! gentle one !  
 Sweet, uncomplaining prey  
 Of griefs which had thy Lord undone,  
 And crushed hope's soothing stay.  
 Our memory will dwell for years  
 Upon thy beauties and thy tears ;  
 Nor shall they pass away,  
 While *woe* or *woman's love* are here,  
 And *this* can irk, and *that* can cheer.

Who hath not with thy *Isabel*  
 In melancholy sighed,—  
 Nor heard bright pleasure's gloomy knell,  
 When she in madness died ?—  
 Who, with *Cordelia* hath not wept  
 While her unhappy father slept,  
 She watching by his side ?—  
 Who hath not felt thy witchery  
 In *Juliet* and *Hermione* ?

Who with thy weak and hapless *Shore*  
 Hath not in penance bowed,  
 When from her false *Alicia's* door,  
 With hope and feeling cowed,

She passed, a poor repentant one,  
 Seeking, with trembling steps, to shun  
 The icy worldling's crowd ?  
 What eye or heart failed to proclaim  
 Deep pity for the tortured dame ?

Queen of the high and tragic bower !  
 Weak is the proudest lay  
 That seeks thy histrionic power  
 And beauty to pourtray.  
 Oh, could these lowly measures tell  
 Of all in which thou dost excel ;  
 The pensive, fond, or gay ;—  
 The true, the trusting and the pure,  
 Long as thy fame they would endure !

My muse may not aspire to this,  
 Nor will it seek to show  
 Thy quiet home's unruffled bliss,  
 Thy bosom's happy glow,  
 When 'mid the children of thy heart  
 Thou act'st the wife's and mother's part,  
 That noblest part below !—  
 The worth—the virtues seen in thee  
 Pronounce their own best eulogy !

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### LINEs,

*Written after witnessing Mrs. W. West's performance of  
 Desdemona.*

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Fair Bride of Venice !—Could not thy soothing tongue  
 One spark of pity draw from him whose breast  
 Labour'd with love and jealousy, which clung  
 Round thee in life—yet hurl'd thee to thy last dark  
 rest ?  
 Could not that glance so full of love and joy,  
 Have turn'd his black and dev'lish jealousy  
 His pale and hideous hate ?—Nor struck one chord  
 Of past affections glow,—from thy hearts lord

And mov'd him to be merciful?—God! hadst thou gaz'd  
on me

With such a glance, of soft, of winning witchery—  
Lost in the spell of radiant brightness,  
Glitt'ring from thine eye with such enchanting lightness,  
All base suspicions from my breast had fled,  
And joy, love, hope, had reign'd triumphantly instead.

G. CREED.

### LINES,

*Written after witnessing Mr. Kean's performance of  
"Othello."*

Heard'st thou that groan,—that agonizing cry,  
That still reverb'rates on mine aching ear?—  
Ah! no!—that dæmon smile—that voice—that eye,—  
Bespeak internal hate, distrust, despair!  
Again!—the fearful sound strikes me with dread,  
It chills *my* very heart blood—yet when I gaze on *thee*,  
Like a firm rock *thou* stand'st amidst the stormy sea  
Unshock'd, unmov'd, unwrung, before the murder'd dead.  
And yet I see the throbbings of a wounded mind  
Like NATURE bursting with convulsive throes—  
When rack'd with anguish'd torment close confin'd  
She thund'ring shakes the world—then seeks repose:—  
Immediate all is hush'd—the mighty whirlwind laid,  
And Nature shudd'ring, feels the desolation she hath made.

Dec. 1, 1822.

G. CREED.

## THEATRICAL INQUISITION.

"If the theatre were to be shut up, the STAGE wholly  
silenced and suppressed, I believe the world, bad as it is  
now, would be ten times more wicked" LA MOTTE.

### NEW DRURY LANE THEATRE.

*Journal of Performances, with Remarks.*

Nov. 21.—Siege of Belgrade—Venetian Nuptials—Ren-  
dezvous.

Mr. BRAHAM appeared for the first time this season in the well-known character of the *Seraskier*. His voice is unimpaired in strength and sweetness, and it follows, of course, that his songs were most applauded by a crowded audience. There has been no change in the cast since last season; it would be impossible to suggest any, without diminishing the more than ordinary effect which the opera derives, from the variety of talent combined in its representation.

22.—Wild Oats—Giovanni in London.

23.—Love in a Village—Paul and Virginia.

A lady, named AUSTIN, (from the Dublin Theatre) made her first appearance here in the character of *Rosetta*. She need not fear any criticism on the score of personal qualifications, and her voice, which is highly cultivated, has two principal recommendations—great sweetness and considerable compass. Her style of singing is very pleasing, not overcharged with embellishment, though, from the facility of her execution, its introduction is attended with the best effect. Her songs were all loudly applauded; indeed in almost every instance there was a demand for repetition.—In the air, “*My hearts my own, my will is free,*” and the duets with Mr. BRAHAM and Mr. HORN, the advocates for an encore were strenuous and successful in their exertions; and in return were liberal of their applause, which indeed the lady’s merits amply deserved.

25.—Richard III—Giovanni in London.

26.—Provoked Husband—Venetian Nuptials—Rendezvous.

✓ 27.—Othello—Monsieur Tonson.

This was, indeed, a proud night for the Drama. Never do we remember so much anxiety evinced by the theatrical world as on this occasion. It was an occasion “big with the fate” of the actors, the managers, and the stage. Never do we remember so great an assemblage of persons. Never did we witness a finer display of historical talent. Mr. KEAN as *Othello*, and Mr. YOUNG as *Iago*, were the magnets of attraction. The performances of each Gentleman, in these respective characters, have so often been made the subject of well merited eulogium, that we need scarcely say any thing on their performances of this evening—than



merely to observe that each enacted with more than usual excellence.

Mr. KEAN seemed to catch new fire from the kindlings of such an *Iago*; his mind appeared wrought to the greatest height of fury by his poisoning words; he was loudly cheered throughout. The *Iago* of Mr. YOUNG was a truly great piece of acting. His quiet and apparently friendly manner of addressing *Othello*, whilst pouring the hated thought of jealousy into his mind, was admirable; his self and inward exultation, in the hopes of realizing his demoniacal design, was pourtrayed with truth and discrimination; and his final exit was attended with loud and continued plaudits. Mrs. W. WEST appeared to great advantage. This lady's voice is most musical, and never was its harmony more conspicuous than in her acting last night; she was loudly received on her *entré*, and during the play elicited every testimony of approbation,

28.—Love in a Village—Two Galley Slaves.

29.—Venice Preserved—Frightened to Death.

30.—Guy Mannering—HALT OF THE CARAVAN.—[1st time.]—Rendezvous.

Mr. RAYNER, of the York Theatre, made his *debut* as *Dandie Dinmont*, and was well received. We do not think this Gentleman fortunate in the character he selected for his first appearance before a London audience. The part is but a meagre one, and, far from lending any assistance to the actor, requires all his skill and ability to fill up what is in itself a mere outline; it is also rough and boisterous, qualities, the delineation of which, suit but ill with an actor's nerves when presenting himself, for the first time, upon the boards of a Theatre Royal. Indeed, a want of sufficient confidence in his own powers was very evident in Mr. RAYNER's performance, which, although it did not display the strength of poor EMERY, afforded a well-grounded hope that he will become a valuable acquisition to the Theatre in this line of parts.

After the play a new divertisement, called "*The Halt of the Caravan*," was produced for the first time. The idea is borrowed from a ballet performed originally at the Opera House. A caravan on its journey halts to refresh, and whilst in this situation, the slaves are required, for the

amusement of their master and of themselves, to dance after the manner of their respective countries. This affords an opportunity of introducing several national dances amongst them.—The *Pas Russe*, the Spanish *Bolero*, a hornpipe à l'Anglaise, and a grand Asiatic *Pas de Deux*, by Mr. and Mrs. NOBLE, Mr. and Mrs. O. BYRNE, and Miss TREE. The Russian dance, by Mr. and Mrs. N. and the *Bolero*, by Mr. and Mrs. B. were loudly applauded ; but the hornpipe à l'Anglaise, by Mrs. B. Mrs. N. and Miss T., was repeated with a general encore. Miss TREE was, on this occasion, subjected to the ordeal of a comparison with her two powerful companions ; and it is due to this charming little sylph to say that she passed through that ordeal most triumphantly. The scenery is pretty, and the dresses and decorations splendid and appropriate. The ballet throughout was most favourably received.

Dec. 2nd.—Othello—Giovanni in London.

3.—Wild Oats—Halt of the Caravan—Spoiled Child.

Miss CLARA FISHER appeared as *Little Pickle*, and was honoured with a most favourable reception. Her appearance has lost none of its interest, nor her acting one particle of its fascination during her rural excursions. The character of *Pickle* is well adapted to the display of her extraordinary powers. With the volatility and archness of youth, some traits of its fondness and sensibility are blended, which she delineated with amazing fidelity. It has been often remarked that age disappoints the promises of premature talents ; but, in the instance of Miss FISHER, there seems to be little ground for such apprehensions, for it can hardly be supposed that even the highest perfection of art alone could enable her to produce such powerful impressions. There are a thousand nameless charms in acting which art can never confer, and which bear the faithful impress of natural endowments. Such are the characters which mark the performance of this dramatic prodigy. She may justly, then, be considered an accession to the strength of this company. Other stars may be more brilliant in their course : none, certainly, can excite more delight and amazement.

4.—Venice Preserved—Halt of the Caravan—Frightened to Death.

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5.—Guy Mannering—Halt of the Caravan—OLD AND YOUNG—[1st time.]

The chief merit of this Farce, indeed, its sole object consists in affording an opportunity for displaying the versatility of that surprising girl, Miss FISHER. Her plot, if so it may be called, is this:—*Mr. Wilton*, a gouty, infirm, precise old bachelor, and admirably personated by *Mr. TERRY*, having been early in life crossed in love, enjoys a life of single blessedness in the delightful regions of Richmond. His next of kin is a beautiful niece, who has, contrary to his consent, married an officer of the name of *Mowbray*, who resides at Lisbon. According to the established and long-cherished custom of such wayward old gentlemen, he considers disobedience to his will a crime of too great enormity ever to be forgiven, and for many years he holds no communication with her or her husband. However, as he descends the vale of years, and his infirmities press upon him, he makes some inquiries after his niece; and by some strange mishap he is informed that she is the mother of ten beautiful children, and in great distress. The old gentleman's heart relents, and he resolves to have the whole family home to live with him, and accordingly writes for them; but it turns out that instead of ten, his niece brings home only one child, a daughter. In order to deceive the uncle, whose heart is fixed upon the ten children, and to humour his whim, little *Matilda* (Miss FISHER) personates the characters of several little boys, her supposed brothers, and plays such tricks and creates such disorder in the house, that when the old gentleman is ultimately undeceived, and finds in reality that instead of nine noisy boys, there is only one quiet and interesting child, nothing can exceed his satisfaction. In order to effect this consummation, so desirable, Miss FISHER appears in a variety of characters and dresses, after the manner of *Mr. MATHEWS*, and comes off with *eclat* in all. It affords a wider range for her juvenile talents than *Little Pickle*, but the character does not contain so many effective points, nor are the tricks so ingeniously contrived. However, her successful performance in an entirely new character, at least proves this, that the extraordinary impressions she creates are not the result of forced instruction, but of high

natural endowments. It was announced for repetition by Mr. TERRY amidst general applause.

6.—School for Scandal—Ibid—Ibid.

7.—Artaxerxes—Liar—Ibid—Ibid.

9.—Othello—Giovanni in London.

10.—Provoked Husband—Halt of the Caravan—Old and Young.

11.—Venice Preserved—Ibid—Paul and Virginia.

12.—Artaxerxes—Liar—Ibid—Old and Young.

13.—Othello—Monsieur Tonson.

14.—Hamlet—Old and Young.

### COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

#### *Journal of Performances, with Remarks.*

Nov. 21st.—Henri Quatre—No Song No Supper.

22.—Romeo and Juliet—Aladdin.

23.—Rob Roy—Irish Tutor—Ali Pacha.

25.—Romeo and Juliet—Cherry and Fair Star.

26.—Two Gentlemen of Verona—Forty Thieves.

27.—Romeo and Juliet—Libertine.

28.—Way to Keep Him—Irish Tutor—Ali Pacha.

29.—Romeo and Juliet—Rosina.

30.—Rob Roy—Roland for an Oliver.

Dec. 2nd.—Romeo and Juliet—Cherry and Fair Star.

3.—MAID MARIAN; or, *The Huntress of Arlingford*.—  
[1st time]—Husbands and Wives.

This piece is founded principally on the incidents, poetry and dialogue of the novel of that name, by the author of "*Headlong Hall*:" but the latter part of the opera is considerably aided by the adoption of some undramatised portions of "*Ivanhoe*," and the whole composition is assisted by reference to the legends and ballads collected by RITSON and others, concerning "*Robin Hood and his Merrie Men*." The "adapter" (as Mr. PLANCHE terms himself in the advertisement before the songs) states these particulars, but in dramatising the piece, he has very freely made use of the novelist's dialogue and poetry. Having, however, resorted to so many different sources, it is hardly surprising

that in the story, and in the several scenes and incidents by which the plot is developed, there should be considerable incoherency. But compositions of this kind have not in general their literary merits subjected to any very severe criticism. It is a good acting opera, and some of the characters have peculiar interest.

The plot mainly turns on the difficulties to which some noble families are exposed, under the usurpation of *Prince John*, [EGERTON] and the regency established during the absence of *Richard Cœur de Lion*, [T. P. COOKE] *Robert Fitzooth*, [ABBOTT] Earl of Huntingdon's marriage with *Lady Matilda Fitzwater*, [Miss M. TREE] is interrupted by charges of treason being preferred against the *Earl*, who thereupon retires to Sherwood Forest, with others who had also been exposed to oppressions. *Lady Matilda's* father, *Baron Fitzwater*, [FARREN] a testy old gentleman, who will quarrel with his own shadow rather than not have something to quarrel about, is rather more liberally indulged in this passion than he desired; for *John* surrounds his castle so closely, that he is obliged to prepare for a siege. At this moment, however, we were rather unexpectedly surprised with the distant view of the blazing of the *Baron's* strongholds; it appearing on his explanation, that as resistance was useless, he preferred the burning of his castle, and exposing himself and his daughter to consequent inconveniencies, rather than submit to lawless aggression. Thence they proceed to *Robin Hood*, *Lady Matilda's* betrothed husband, where she assumes the *incognita* name of the *Maid Marian*,—and the whole party lead a very jolly,—we had almost said an enviable life in Sherwood Forest, till the appearance of *Cœur de Lion* affords them an opportunity of re-assuming their former rank in life.—In all these scenes a principal agent is *Friar Tuck*, [C. KEMBLE] of whom a quintette says—

“Once he was a hale young knight;  
The cry of his dogs was the only choir,  
In which his spirit *did* take delight.  
Little he reck'd of the matin bell,  
But drown'd its tone with his clanging horn;  
And the only beads he loved to tell  
Were the beads of dew on the spangled thorn.”

How he came by the *Friar's* garment is not related, but the



“hale young knight” is unchanged. He is a most irreverent personage in his Monkish costume ; and throughout the whole of the play he luxuriates in the delight of filling flaggons with wine and emptying them—with poaching on the domains of nobles, to secure a substantial board—with kissing “woman’s fair hand”—with ridiculing all his brethren, “those pillars of the church,” as he terms them—with exposing them to the jibes and to the jeers of all around—and with playing at longstaff most lustily, even going so far as to level with the earth the “Sheriff of Nottingham City,” and other representatives of “Church and State,” when in the performance of their duty. This jolly *Friar* frequently makes so free with “Christian Canary,” as to be quite overcome “with the spirit,” so much as to reel about to the great disgrace of the “Church” and the “Cloth !” That he should be expelled from *Rubygill Abbey* for all these sad doings and most heterodox proceedings ; and that he should be doomed to “seven years penance from wine,” cannot surprise any persons of proper and orthodox notions ; but instead of all these proceedings inducing any more regard on his part for the welfare of his soul, he mingles with the brotherhood of Sherwood Forest, and becomes (if possible) a “jollier soul” than ever. The performance of this character by Mr. KEMBLE, is the main support of the opera, and deservedly. He gave to it every point of fun and merriment of which it was capable, and in his hands the “Friar of orders grey” was the most amusing jolly priest we ever beheld.

Of Mr. BISHOP’s music much is not required to be said. It has all that composers characteristics—it abounds in highly laboured passages, with here and there some pleasing touches, but nothing grand or striking, never soaring beyond prettiness. The character of *Maid Marian*, frank, blithe and merry, yet gentle, affectionate, and gracefully feminine, was finely conceived and effectively embodied by Miss TREE, who gave the songs with harmonious spirit ; some pleasing ditties were also given by PEARMAN. *Richard* was well personated by COOKE, and the testy self-willed old *Baron* well pourtrayed by FARREN. The scenery is delightful, the piece well got up, and the whole uncommonly well received.

4.—Ibid—Irish Tutor—Sleep Walker.

5.—Ibid—Two Pages of Frederick the Great.

6.—Romeo and Juliet—Miller and his Men.

7.—Maid Marian—London Hermit.

This *farce*, (for we can call it by no other name) of O'KEEFE's, was revived this evening. Though much of its humour was found to have evaporated with the memory of the topics which formed the subject of its temporary allusions, at the period of its first production, yet enough still remained to render it far more entertaining than most of the recent productions of the same class, and, together with the spirited manner in which it was given, to keep the audience in a constant roar of laughter, from the rising to the falling of the curtain. Mr. JONES frisked through the freaks of *Young Pranks*, with his customary bustling vivacity; Mr. CONNOR's *Tully*, was a rich display of genuine comic humour; and the *Natty Maggs* of Mr. KEELEY was the *beau-ideal* of a dandyfied cockney apprentice, just out of his time.—*Mrs. Maggs*, in the hands of Mrs. DAVENPORT, became a personage of most amusing self-importance; and Miss FOOTE, in *Kitty Barleycorn*, lived, moved, and breathed a very paragon of country bar-maids. These were well supported by the respectability of the remaining characters; and the audience gave unequivocal testimony of their entertainment.

9.—Romeo and Juliet—London Hermit.

10.—Maid Marian—Ibid.

11.—HUGUENOT—[1st time]—Ibid.

This tragedy, ascribed to Mr. SHIEL, after much "preluding" in the way of the puff preliminary, was this evening brought forward.

As the great expectations which were excited previous to its appearance have not been realized, and as it was entirely laid aside after three nights performance, we shall not give ourselves the trouble of detailing the plot, which is tedious and intricate, but merely observe that the piece abounded in striking situations, although those situations were, for the most part, forced and unnatural.

The dialogue is a mere tissue of turgid rant, absurd conceits, and dull metaphor of that description commonly called nonsense. Of character there is but little to be found among the personages who figure through the piece. That of

*Margaret*, an ingenuous young female, whose confidence in the honour and worth of the object of her young heart's first-devotion, not even circumstances of the most damning apparent proof can shake, is the most strongly marked. But it is neither new in conception, nor clearly defined, nor well placed. The acting of Mr. MACREADY and Miss F. H. KELLY alone render the piece tolerable to an audience of as good-natured and indulgent a character as ever sat in the walls of a theatre. Their exertions were indeed great, and the powerful impression they produced was truly extraordinary, the poverty of the materials placed in their hands fairly considered. Several of Mr. MACREADY'S scenes would rank among the finest efforts of histrionic talent, and some passages of Miss KELLY'S performance even more than realized the anticipations of the extent of her power and capabilities, founded on her *Juliet*. Her excellences, however, were not unmingled with acquired faults, which a little experience will teach her to correct. She must learn to trust somewhat more to her own feelings and conception of character and expression, which are evidently naturally good; and above all things should guard against a species of mannerism into which her admiration of others may be likely to lead her, by studiously avoiding too close an imitation of the peculiarities of any master, however highly he may rank in his profession, or however exalted an opinion she may have formed of his excellence, otherwise she never will become a varied actress.

Considerable opposition was manifested at the conclusion—but the piece was given out for a second representation.

12.—Ibid—Irish Tutor—No Song No Supper.

13.—Ibid—Ibid—Rosina.

14.—Maid Marian—London Hermit.

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## MINOR DRAMA.

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### COBOURG THEATRE.

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THIS Theatre opened on Monday, November 18th, for the

Winter Season. The interior has undergone no new painting or embellishment, but another saloon has been added, for the accommodation of the box and pit visitors. This is altogether a novelty in theatrical arrangement; it is situated under part of the pit, and consequently very low; its shape is that of a half circle, the curve part being ornamented with water-colour paintings, pillars gilt, &c., and the straight line covered with plate glass. There are pillars, with figures and gas-lights, ranged in the inside, which make a second half circle; and there are a few seats distributed for loungers. The contrivance is ingenious, but the saloon is necessarily so low, that we question if any expense could have made it handsome. It is, however, calculated to suit the taste of the company likely to frequent it, and from its showiness and being the only saloon attached to the pit of a theatre, will, in all probability, prove very attractive. The performances commenced with a new piece, called the "*Fortress of Palozzi*," (founded on Mrs. RADCLIFF's novel of the *Italians*,) but why so called we know not. HUNTLEY played the chief character—the few opportunities it gave him for acting he made the most of. A new ballet was also produced, under the title of "*The Golden Shower, or Jupiter and Danæ*." This mythological fiction is too well known to need our repeating it. The opening scene is similar to that of "*Midas*," where *Jupiter*, *Juno*, *Mercury*, the *Graces*, &c. &c. are assembled, and some dancing and singing introduced by *Uterpe* and *Terpsichore*. *Jupiter* descends on earth, becomes enamoured of *Danæ*, whom her father, (fearing to meet with his destruction from her offspring,) has confined in a brazen tower. *Jupiter* finding himself debarred all entrance, converts himself into a shower of gold, (which was excellently managed) and by that means introduces himself to the embraces of *Danæ*. *Juno*, jealous of her husband's absence, likewise descends and imposes herself on *Jupiter* and *Acisus* the father, as *Danæ*. *Jupiter*, however, after much dancing, love, and expectation, discovers the fraud, finds the true *Danæ*, and takes flight with her, leaving *Juno*whelmed with jealousy and rage.

December 6th.—FRANCE; or, *Heaven points to the Murderer*!—The story of this piece is as follows:—

The *Marquis de Vancour* is a nobleman of France, who has indulged his passion for gambling to the most pernicious extent, and who, having approached to the very brink of destruction, at length and wisely, resolves to retire, with his lady and infant son, to his patrimonial estate. Here he endeavours to repair his ruined fortune, and sooth his tormented mind with the innocent pleasures to be found in a pastoral retreat. *Le Noir*, an attached valet, who is rather the friend than the menial of *De Vancour*, has followed the fortunes of the latter, and having imitated the paramount vice of his master finds himself in an equally embarrassed situation. Having been dispatched on a journey for *De Vancour*, wrapped in a cloak belonging to the Marquis, he meets on the road with the *Commissaire des Droits du Roi* travelling to Paris, with a large sum belonging to the King's treasures. Tempted by the hope of retrieving his losses, he adopts the desperate resolve to murder the Commissioner, and deprive him of his treasure. The murderer escapes and reaches his master's house, to whom he brings letters informing him of the insolvency of the banker, in whose hands the miserable residue of the Marquis's fortune was placed. *De Vancour*, distracted by the information he has just received, rushes forth, wrapped in the cloak which had been worn by *Le Noir*. Thus habited, he is seized as the assassin, conveyed to the Conciergerie, and condemned to suffer death. From this situation the affectionate heroism of the Marchioness enables him to escape; she remaining in the dungeon in his stead. The escape is immediately discovered, and a prompt pursuit takes place. In consequence of a similarity of dress and person, *Le Noir* is mistaken for the Marquis, arrested, and accused of the murder. Writhing under the agonies of remorse and sorrow, he is several times on the point of confessing the crime, but the love of self, so inherent in us all, prevails, and he remains silent. The whole weight of suspicion and apparent certainty now lies upon the unfortunate Marquis; and an ignominious death appears to be his inevitable doom. At this important juncture the Marchioness arrives, and producing a remnant of the cloak which had been torn off in the moment of the murder, "*heaven points to the murderer.*"—*Le Noir* is condemned and the Marquis saved.



It will be clear from a perusal of the story, that it will not bear criticism ; and, as it is merely to be considered as a spectacle, it would be unfair to subject it to a very scrutiny. Under other circumstances, we might object to the want of originality in the construction of the piece, and the hurry and not unfrequent improbability of the incidents. The passions have not sufficient room to expand themselves, and the consequence is, that we feel but little interest, wonder at the little which we *do* feel, and our principal impression is, surprise at the mighty effects produced by trifling causes. Perhaps these observations are misplaced, as applied to a piece which may be only intended as a vehicle for some pretty singing and superior scenery ; we will, therefore, proceed to offer a few remarks on the performers.—Mr. ROWBOTHAM, as the *Marquis de Vancour*, presented a respectable outline of a mind, torn, in the first instance, by self-accusation, and eventually labouring under a dreadful and unfounded charge. The expression which characterized his countenance, during several of the most trying scenes, was at once natural and terrible ; it was the affecting indication of the workings of agitated mind beneath, and certainly exhibited much of mental power. The personification of *Le Noir*, by Mr. HUNTLEY, could not fail of interest, for he possesses talents to grace the loftiest, or elevate the lowest character. The perturbation of his mind, previous to his encounter with the *Commissaire*, was finely expressed ; the desperation with which he overcomes his natural reluctance to destroy the wealthy messenger, and the manner of committing the murder elicited that most flattering testimonial of applause—deep interest and unaffected sympathy. Mrs. STANLEY's *Constantia*, the wife of *De Vancour*, was a performance of considerable merit. In the opening scenes there was nothing to call forth the hidden treasures of her talents ; but as the piece advanced she exhibited powers of no mean order ; and as the tender wife and mother, agonized by the situation of horror in which circumstances have conspired to place her husband, her performance operated strongly upon the feelings of the audience. Mrs. TENANT sang rather prettily, but marred the effect of her harmony by aiming at what is evidently beyond her reach ; the more ornamental and scientific, but,

in our opinion, less pleasing efforts of the art. There is an unpleasant sameness about her voice, manner, and features, which completely incapacitate her for the stage, and form an insuperable bar to any hopes of success upon the boards. We are sorry to speak disparagingly of any performer, and particularly so, of one of the female sex, but candour compels us to be just to our readers ; and we are convinced that in expressing our sentiments thus openly we are doing the lady herself a most essential service. To neglect entirely, to damn with faint praise, or to offer insincere applause, is far more injurious to candidates for public patronage, than to state at once, and without reserve, the extent of their claims upon that patronage. Though the mentioned in our critique, yet the first and dearest in our estimation, what shall we say of thee, thou silver-toned and liquid-eyed enchantress of our hearts ? Thou true and lovely *Colinette*, for whom a thousand swains might fight, and the conqueror win for more glory than he of Blenheim or of Waterloo. We need not say that we are here apostrophizing our little favourite Miss HEALY, whose performance in this piece added to it a fascinating grace, and awakened an indulgent feeling for its faults. Miss H. warbled several little songs with mingled softness and simplicity ; acted with bewitching archness, and won the eager and heartfelt applause of an elegant and crowded auditory.

The scenery (for which this house has been ever celebrated) is exceedingly grand ; and that in which the Cathedral of Rouen is exhibited in flames, elicited tumultuous shouts of approbation.

Letters from Baltimore say, the people complain very much of Mr. MATHEWS, the comedian. They say he makes them laugh so long and so loud, that they not only violate all CHESTERFIELD'S instructions, but their sides ache for twenty-four hours, and they are thus rendered incapable of attention to business.

The Supplement to the third Volume, embellished with an elegant Vignette, and containing Indexes, Preface, together with *Dramatic Necrology*, for 1823, &c. will appear in the course of the ensuing month.

# THE DRAMA.

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## SUPPLEMENT TO VOL. III.

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MR. KEAN.

[*Concluded from Page 323.*]

On the 17th of September, (after going through the whole of his most celebrated characters) he took his leave of the audience in the following address :—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—The play-bills have announced to you that a considerable period must elapse before I can hope to have the honour of again appearing before you ; and, when I reflect on the uncertainty of human life, a reflection will intrude itself that this may possibly be my last performance on these boards—(Here there were loud cries of *No ! no ! we hope not, Kean !* and Mr. [K. seemed to be deeply affected.)—My feelings overcome me ; I am unable to proceed.”

After a considerable pause, he continued, as follows :—

“ I cannot but remember with gratitude, that on this spot I first enjoyed the welcome of public favour ; you received me, a wanderer, and unknown ; you gave me a residence and a name ; your support lent me new life ; and it is your favour that freights my venture to that distant shore to which I now proceed : it has been the pride and pleasure of my existence ; and my epitaph shall record it when I am no more.

“ Ladies and Gentlemen,—After seven years of anxious endeavour and struggle to deserve your favour, I have now to bid you farewell. My recollections will be gratifying, for they will remind me of that honourable rank in my profession, to which your kindness elevated me. If at any time I have forgotten the dignity of that station, it should be imputed to the delirium which your favour inspired ; and it is to you alone that I need apologise. It is you who have shielded me from the innumerable attacks of calumny to which I have been exposed. My feelings are too much excited to suffer me to find words to express them. What always did support, and supports me now, is the conviction that I have ever been before an enlightened and generous public. With the utmost respect, regret, and gratitude, I bid you farewell.”

After the farce, a supper was given by Mr. KEAN to the performers in the theatre. From London he proceeded to Northampton, Leamington, and Coventry, performing two nights at each town. From the last named place, he proceeded to Liverpool, where he took leave on the 6th Oct. as *Othello*. On the fall of the curtain, he was loudly called for, and on making his appearance was cheered by every part of the audience. He then spoke as follows:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I do assure you, most sincerely, that I can scarcely find words in which to express myself in answer to this very flattering and unexpected mark of your approbation and attention. I beg you, however, to accept of my warmest thanks.

“Whenever I have had the honour of appearing before a Liverpool audience, I have always been most anxious to exert myself to the utmost of my humble abilities. I hope, therefore, that, if ever I have failed in my endeavours to please, you will attribute my deficiencies to a want of talent, and not of assiduity.

“But, I should not fully do justice to my feelings, if I did not remark, most respectfully, *that in this town I have not experienced that warmth of approbation, and that alacrity of attention, with which I have been honoured in other large cities and towns of the three kingdoms.* To those, however, to whom my exertions have been acceptable, I am deeply grateful: and to those, in whose opinion I have not been so successful, I wish greater gratification and instruction from other and superior actors.

“As an Englishman strongly attached to, and proud of, my country, I look forward with anxiety to that period when I shall revisit these shores; but, as a professor, I beg leave, very respectfully, to bid you farewell.”(1)

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(1) Upon this curious effusion a Liverpool paper offers the following observations:—

“A considerable part of the audience warmly applauded the speech, while many persons withheld any expression upon it. There is no doubt, that the Liverpool audience is the most sparing of that encouragement which arises from judicious but liberal applause, of any in the kingdom. There is a coldness in our theatrical manners, which, whe-

On the 11th Oct. Mr. KEAN embarked for New York, on board the *Matilda*, (1) where he arrived on the 10th Nov.

ther proper or not, is oppressive to all performers who have experienced the warmth of more indulgent audiences. KEMBLE and many others have remarked it. Nay, more recently, Mr. MACREADY privately complained of its depressing his spirits, making him fear that he was not at all approved of. If, therefore, Mr. KEAN had alluded to it in behalf of the profession generally, it would have done great credit to his spirit and his candour; but he certainly has offended many friends of the Drama, by speaking exclusively of himself, when it is well known that he has been, next to Miss O'NEILL, more praised and applauded than any of the recent candidates for public favour."

(1) Among the variety of poetical effusions which appeared upon this subject, we take the opportunity of inserting the following lines from the pen of an admired correspondent, which appeared in a Literary Journal of the day.

### LINES

*Addressed to Mr. KEAN on his departure for America.*

Theme of the public's wonder, love, and praise,  
We ill can spare thee, KEAN! but go thy ways;—  
Go,—if it be thy pleasure,—it is ours  
To wish thee happy profitable hours:  
To wish thee honour'd in that distant land,  
As thy high worth and genius demand:—  
Yet be their homage, we devoutly pray,  
Less than our own,—lest thou be lur'd to stay,  
Too long from us, whose eyes, like thine, are wet  
With fearful presage and unfeigned regret.

Fair be thy voyage—prosperous thy sojourn,  
And soon, oh very soon mayst thou return!  
Else how shall the already drooping stage  
Succeed the public feeling to engage?  
How shall those shades of majesty and woe,  
*Richard*, *Othello*, and the mad *Lear*, show



after a quick passage of twenty-eight days.(1) He made his *début* on the 29th Nov. as *Richard III.* The theatre having been burned in 1819, the company occupied a small temporary house, in Anthony Street. Curiosity was most strongly excited on the occasion. Many people travelled from Philadelphia, a distance of 90 miles, to witness his performances, and the receipts which before his arrival were not 1000 dollars per week, amounted to more than that sum nightly. He appeared in *Othello*, Dec. 1. The principal characters were assumed alternately by him and COOPER the American tragedian. On the 28th Dec. a public dinner was given him by some gentlemen of New York, at the

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Hate, jealousy, and grief, when thou art gone ?  
For thou hast truly made them all thine own !

When shall we hear the deep heart-diving tone ?  
When shall we see the lightning of an eye  
So full of the high spirit's mastery ?  
When those great bursts, impetuous and refin'd,  
The true-born children of a master-mind ?  
The emanations of a chainless soul,  
Which spurns at all but nature's true controul ?  
Oh, not until we hail *thee* here once more,  
And English eyes, hands, hearts, attest thy power ?

Go, and may every blessing glad thy heart,  
That thou can'st wish, and a kind fate impart ;  
At least, such blessings as away from home,  
May wait in other climes on those that roam.  
May these be thine, and greater ones in store,  
When from Columbia thou return'st once more,  
To bid our eyes and hearts with passion's streams run o'er.

J. W. DALBY.

(1) A paragraph appeared in the newspapers shortly after he sailed, stating that his wife, who was to have accompanied him was so alarmed at a storm which the ship encountered, that she was put ashore on the coast of Ireland. This was altogether incorrect. She left Liverpool for London the day he sailed, and never intended to accompany him.

City Hotel, and he shortly after set out for Philadelphia and Boston. His engagement at the former place was to have terminated on the 31st Jan. 1821, when he played *Othello*; but on the fall of the curtain he was so loudly called for by the audience, that he was compelled to come forward and enquire their pleasure. A voice from the boxes replied "*A re-engagement*," and after a few minutes had elapsed, the manager announced that though KEAN had intended to set off for Boston on the following morning, he had, in compliance with their wishes, renewed his engagement for two nights more. He returned to New York, in April.(1) After performing at various places, he concluded an engagement at Philadelphia early in May, and after treating the audience with a silly farewell address, he again proceeded to Boston. At this place, however, he failed to attract as on his previous visit; either from the admiration of the Bostonians having cooled, or from some local cause with which we are unacquainted: and accordingly he abruptly quitted the theatre in chagrin, and left the manager to settle matters with the audience in the best way he could.—He set off the next day for New York, and arrived there on the 28th May, with the intention of continuing his performances in America, but finding that his conduct had excited a prejudice against him too strong to be resisted, he resolved to depart at once. He sailed on the 8th June, in the *Martha*, Captain SKETCHLEY, and landed at Holyhead, and reached Liverpool the third week in July, having been absent from England exactly nine months. As it will be impossible for us in the present Number to enter minutely into the detail of all the paragraphs, letters, &c. which appeared in the American papers on the subject between himself and the managers, neither perhaps are the documents worth preservation, as they merely shew the childish petulance and rather ridiculous vanity of his nature, yet, as we wish to render our work useful as a book of re-

(1) During the time of his performance at Boston, the demand for places was so great, that they were disposed of by *Auction*! and the amount received over and above the regular prices, was appropriated to various charitable institutions.

ference for future readers—and as every particular relative to this truly great actor will hereafter be perused with anxious curiosity, we shall take an early opportunity in our next vol. of giving the whole collection with the remarks of American critics on his acting.

During his stay in America, he put into effect an intention which he had formed on his first arrival, by erecting a splendid monument in the church-yard of St. Paul, in New York, to the memory of the late celebrated GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE, who is there buried. This is a deed which will reflect more lasting credit on his name, than the most voluminous letters he ever produced.

The monument consists of a simple pedestal surmounted by an urn, and bearing the following inscription :—

*“Erected to the Memory of GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE,  
by EDMUND KEAN, of the Theatre Royal Drury Lane,”*  
1821.

Subjoined is this really choice couplet :—

“THREE KINGDOMS CLAIM HIS BIRTH,  
BOTH HEMISPHERES PRONOUNCE HIS WORTH !”

In conclusion—Mr. KEAN is undoubtedly the greatest actor of the day though he has many weaknesses—but where is the man of true genius that has not ; however, we shall always be much better pleased to praise his efforts as a performer than censure the eccentricity of his behaviour as a man.

## THE “TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.”

(Concluded from page 220.)

We candidly confess we cannot entirely excuse *Julia* for having made choice of *Protheus* for a lover. He was handsome, and he did not appear guilty of a single fault ; perhaps these two claims upon her notice won her heart. *Julia*, though exquisitely portrayed, is unlike the greater part of SHAKSPEARE’S women ; she has beauty, constancy and tenderness, but no other very brilliant attributes. Compare her with *Viola*, who is in a similar situation with herself,

and she will appear to great disadvantage. To define the love that existed in the breast of *Protheus*, we should say it was not in the slightest degree mental, but corporeal; it neither had its source from the intellect, nor was it fed from thence; but it proceeded from mere nature, and that is always changeable. Like an idolater in religion, he must have his deity continually before him, or his adoration ceases; his mind being incapable of a sublimer worship. It was not possible for him, like *Valentine*, to be thrown into ecstasy at the sight of his mistress's glove; it would have been of no value to him unless it contained her hand. He could have employed his thoughts with rapture, through the watchful night, on the charms of his beloved, provided he lay on a down-bed; but he was not the enamoured swain to "make him a willow-cabin at her gate" with any chance of success; for long before "the dead of night" he would be heartily tired of "calling upon his soul within the house," and stalk very coolly away, with many like sentences in his mouth on the folly of being in love.

It now remains for us to clear his behaviour from the accusation of perplexity and contradiction. To do this, and, at the same time, to prove the correctness of the observations already made, we must follow SHAKSPEARE step by step, and, on such a journey, we trust our readers will have no hesitation in bearing us company.

The comedy opens with the separation of the two friends, where *Protheus* displays no ardour of attachment, although he takes care to conduct himself with all due decorum. He expresses, in the usual style, a desire to accompany him to the sea-side, but this being answered with—"Sweet *Protheus*, no,"—he readily forgoes the pleasure of being the last person to bid him farewell, and does not conceive it needful to repeat his request. He had already done every thing that the established forms of friendship demanded; he had entreated *Valentine* to remain in Verona, and afterwards wished him all happiness in his travels, and even offered to be his beads-man, an offer much in character with so sober and sedate a youth.

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"In thy danger,  
If ever danger do environ thee,

Commend thy grievance to my holy prayer,  
And I will be thy bead's-man, *Valentine*."

When left alone, not a word falls from him that has the appearance of regret. He immediately talks of self, and of his passion for *Julia*, lamenting her cruelty in a strain that would be ridiculous in any but a pedant.

"Thou, *Julia*, thou hast metamorphosed me ;  
*Made me neglect my studies, lose my time.*"

At length, however, all his fondest hopes are realized, for *Julia* promises to be his ! It must be recollected, that he never had been accustomed to dwell with enthusiasm on the perfections of his mistress, but always spoke of her with no more than the warmth of youth. It ought not therefore to be expected that the news should madden him into rapture, it is quite enough that he is highly pleased.

"Sweet love ! sweet lines ! sweet life !  
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart ;  
Here is her oath for love, her honour's power :  
Oh ! that our fathers would applaud our loves,  
To seal our happiness with their consents !  
Oh heavenly *Julia* !"

After being commanded to follow *Valentine* to Milan, he briefly laments his banishment, or rather reasons on the means that lay in his power to have prevented it, and concludes with a moral reflection on the instability of happiness.

"Oh how this spring of love resembleth  
The uncertain glory of an April day ;  
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,  
And by-and-bye a cloud takes all away !"

Let us compare this with the heart-rending tenderness of *Valentine*, when he is forced to quit his *Silvia*, especially in the following beautiful lines.

"Except I be by *Silvia* in the night,  
There is no music in the nightingale,  
Unless I look on *Silvia* in the day,  
There is no day for me to look upon ;  
She is my essence ; and I cease to be,



If I be not by her fair influence  
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive !"

The ceremony of *Protheus* bidding adieu to *Julia* is extremely conformable to the state of his heart; he coolly advises patience, declares he will return as soon as possible, and promises constancy in a set speech. Nothing throughout these scenes is deficient in the description of a faint and feeble passion; every shade in the picture is admirably managed, all in perfect harmony!

It is one of the maxims of *Roche foucault*, that "absence diminishes the weak passions, and augments the strong, as the wind blows out a candle, and increases a fire." SHAKESPEARE had previously exemplified half of this maxim in *Protheus*, who no sooner arrives at Milan, than

"The remembrance of his former love  
Is by a newer object quite forgotten."

The instant he gazes upon *Silvia*, he feels himself overpowered by her beauty, is conscious of his "false transgression," and seems startled at the self-knowledge he has just obtained. How naturally does he confess the immediate effects of his perfidy!

"Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold;  
And that I love him not, as I was wont."

He wishes to summon up the powers of his mind, and hopes to be enabled to "check his erring love," but in the same sentence, as if perplexed in irresolution, and fearfully looking forward to the doubtful contest determines, should he chance to fail in his endeavours, to employ his abilities in the attainment of his desire. For awhile we behold him wavering and confused: on the utmost boundary of innocence, but shuddering to make the fatal step beyond it. Hitherto the absence of temptation had withheld him from the commission of an unworthy action, and the first deviation from virtue alarms him. His conscience is wounded to the quick, and he can do nothing till the pain has ceased. He stands in need of a "flattening unction," seeks for it in the sophistries of his perverted brain, and at last by their assistance becomes a mean disgraceful villain, boasting that he has brought over reason to his side. His arguments are

ingenious, for our passions are wonderful adepts in this science. He acknowledges he will be guilty of perjury, but, like *Hudibras*, discovers not only a palliative, but an excuse for it.

“ To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn ;  
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn ;  
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn.

.....  
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken ;  
And he wants wit, that wants resolved will  
To learn his wit to exchange the bad to better.”

And then, as far as his interest is concerned, what he says is incontrovertible.

“ Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose :  
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself ;  
If I lose them, this find I by their loss,  
For Valentine, myself ; for Julia, Silvia.  
I to myself am dearer than a friend.”

Having proceeded thus far, he observes—

“ I cannot now prove constant to myself,  
Without some treachery us'd to Valentine.”

This is absolutely necessary ! he is compelled to act thus ; it is out of his power to prevent it.

From this moment his crimes gradually increase in number and in magnitude. He has no sooner placed his foot on the empire of guilt, than, according to the ancient custom of the country, he receives a passport to travel into any part of it without interruption. He cannot betray the confidence reposed in him, without making use of dissimulation towards the Duke. And when, by these means, he has contrived the banishment of *Valentine*, his success with his new mistress is endangered if he does not add hypocrisy to his falsehood. He therefore hurries his friend away amidst the strongest expressions of grief and anguish, and, that his letters may never reach *Silvia*, he offers to become the trusty person to whom they may be addressed. Afterwards he finds that the most probable method of turning the current of *Silvia's* love is by slandering *Valentine*.

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“ With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent ;  
Three things that women highly hold in hate.”

And this, under pretence of serving *Sir Thurio*, he proposes to the *Duke*, and undertakes himself to be the agent, because, to give it more colour

———“ It must, with circumstances be spoken  
By one, whom he esteemeth as a friend.”

At length, wearied out by his fruitless attempts, and exasperated at *Silvia's* continual reproaches, he attempts to violate her person ; and it is here, at the very height of his depravity, and at the overthrow of all his schemes, that he becomes a penitent. All this is consonant to nature, and particularly so with *Protheus*. Had he been stopped in the midst of his career, his sudden conversion would be less probable ; a man is more inclined to be sincere in his detestation of villainy, when, after having tried it, in every possible way, he is fully convinced of its inefficacy. The disgrace that *Protheus* endured was so overwhelming, so insupportable, that he was ready to adopt any measures to deliver himself from the dreadful punishment, and as nothing but absolute contrition could be of any service, he flew to it with more ardour than he ever displayed in any other action of his life. If we may venture to give an opinion of the sincerity of his repentance, we would say it was so far honest, that, from that time forward, he neither thought of obtaining possession of *Silvia*, nor endeavoured to revenge himself for the shame he had endured ; and very possibly, when he married *Julia*, he was so far a good husband, that she never could complain of a repetition of his former injuries. In fact, we look upon him, in this point of view, as on a child, who had committed a fault, and was effectually cured by timely chastisement.

Let those people blame SHAKESPEARE for the immoral tendency of this drama, who have not charity, like *Valentine*, to forgive, but willingly consign every offender to eternal punishment ; and who imagine that a few lines of solemn admonishment at the conclusion of a play, is of service to mankind. SHAKESPEARE'S morality is less in his fables, than in his characters ; where the good are incitements to virtue, and the bad are preventatives to vice.

There are very few among us who are not rather compelled to grant a tacit acknowledgement of their similarity to *Protheus*, than to blush at the resemblance ;—who are not aware of their having, at times, and in a degree, clothed their justification in the same wretched subtleties, when self interest strongly prompted the evasion of the rigid laws of unrelenting casuistry. The more we read the works of this poet, the more shall we be astonished at the immensity of his genius ; they force our frailties and corruptions into view, and, like the spear of *ITHURIEL*, convert them, from their mild and smooth appearance, into their own natural black and hideous shapes. We feel convinced, that by a thorough analysis of his guilty characters, from the bold bad men and the wretched grovellers in infamy, down to those minor criminals, who at first either stray through thoughtlessness, or fall through weakness ; by a minute examination of their several situations in life, and the various circumstances that influenced their conduct ; and by tracing, to their origin, those passions which at last maintained an irresistible and absolute dominion over their minds ; we shall then find that our “ sweetest *SHAKESPEARE*, fancy’s child,” is of more service to the cause of morality, than all the grave discourses of the schools.

S.

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### RETRIBUTION.

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(Concluded from page 389.)

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*Lady E.* Thanks, gentle Alice, thy soothing strain  
Hath calmed indeed my agitated thoughts.

(*A trumpet sounded, and shouts heard from without.*)  
But whence that brazen clang, and those acclaims  
That seem to rend the air. My Alice go  
And learn what means that tumult ?

[*Exit Alice.*]

Perchance my sire’s return’d, and thus rejoices  
O’er his foul laid plots and too successful schemes.  
Another shout, but no ! applause like this  
Hath ne’er accompanied his homeward course,

Since I could e'er remember. It may be  
That the youth hath triumph'd o'er Sir Allan,  
And that the vassals now are hailing him  
With shouts of joy and welcome. But alas!  
Should this prove true, I gain my knight, but lose  
My sire. Thus am I plac'd within a vortex  
Of extremes, and endless love and natural  
Affection alternate sway my bosom.

*Enter ALICE.*

*Alice.* Sir Albert's safe return'd, and with him comes  
His sire Sir Hugh; the high renown'd and long  
Regretted lord of Pomfret. All our serfs  
Are gathering in extended lines to view  
Their ancient chief, and all the ramparts ring  
With acclamation. Dare I end my tale?

*Lady E.* Speak on, nor fear these tidings to disclose,  
My heart anticipates the words that thou  
Would'st utter. Speak!

*Alice.* Sir Allan breathes no more!

*Lady E.* Oh, wretched tidings! My unhappy sire!  
Peace be with him, and may he gain above  
That mercy which he oft denied below.

*Enter SENESCHAL.*

*Sen.* Sir Hugh, the rightful lord of Pomfret, sends  
By me his knightly thanks, and prays that you  
With your accustomed courtesy, will deign to  
Grace the presence hall; where he, Sir Albert  
And a num'rous retinue are now assembled.

*Lady E.* Inform Sir Hugh that I'll attend his wish.

*[Exit Seneschal.]*

Now to the ordeal!—Oh my heart be firm!

*[Exit with Alice.]*

SCENE VI.—*Grand Hall, decorated with armorial  
bearings.*

*The Vassals ranged around.*—SIR HUGH with SIR ALBERT,  
SELIM, &c. &c. seated at the banquet table.

*Sir Hugh.* Welcome, thrice welcome to my bounding  
heart,



Ye lov'd associates of my early years,  
 Ye faithful pillars of our ancient house,  
 No more shall discord, scathe or treachery,  
 E'er disunite me from among ye.

*Enter* LADY ELWINA, *attended by* ALICE.

*Lady E.* I come, Sir Hugh, obedient to thy will.  
 And if no tears of sorrow stain my cheek,  
 'Tis that I cannot play the hypocrite,  
 And seem to mourn for that which asks no tears.  
 Yet deem me not devoid of feeling ; while  
 I mourn a father's loss I also feel  
 That justice is triumphant, and that I  
 Possess a lover and a father—*here !*

*Sir H. (Rising.)* I honor and esteem the noble minded  
 Sentiments thou hast so honestly express'd.  
 My Albert and Elwina, thus I join  
 The hands of those whose hearts have long been bound  
 In passion's silken chains ; and on your loves  
 I breathe a father's blessing.

*[Exeunt omnes.]*

## SONNET

TO MISS STEPHENS.

"O her notes  
 Shall hush each sad remembrance to oblivion,  
 Or melt them to such gentleness of feeling,  
 That grief shall have its sweetness."

HALIDON HILL.

Beats there a heart so callous to all feeling—  
 So wedded to insensibility,  
 That thy soft minstrelsy over it stealing  
 Cannot arouse it from its apathy ?  
 Oh ! I could list for aye to notes so healing—  
 Such kindly balm to the mind's misery,  
 And he who can resist such sweet appealing,  
 Should rise the monarch of misanthropy.

Spirit of harmony ! while scarcely breathing  
 Lest it should break the magic of thy lay—  
 With rapture's chaplet one dark thought is wreathing,  
 That even thou death's mandate must obey.  
 Yet why repine ?—where melody had birth  
 Thou wilt but join thine equal—thou hast none on earth,

Mary-le-bone, 1822.

G. J. DE WILDE.

### TO MISS FOOTE.

OH ! sweet are the smiles of love, that lie  
 Within the lid of the sparkling eye,  
 Where beauty dwells :  
 Oh, these are thine, and the fairy hour  
 Of joy, that enchants with it's pow'r,  
 And a charm that the heart to love impels.

How pensive soft is the twilight breeze,  
 As it wafts its breath to the distant trees,  
 That gently sigh :  
 But the twilight's hue, and the rosy morn,  
 When beauty and joy seem newly born,  
 All fade—in the light of that azure eye !

The stars that bespangle the purple space,  
 Less beauteous are than the smiling face  
 Of her I sing !

Oh, years of love may not compare,  
 With the charm of *Ophelia's* angel air,  
 When you pictur'd her sweet and wither'd spring.

S. L. B.

Sep. 5, 1822.

## DRAMATIC NECROLOGY, FOR 1822.

“ They have their *exits* and their *entrances*,  
And one man in his time plays many parts.”

SHAKSPEARE.

1821. December 16.—MR. WILDERS of the Hull Theatre, a promising young actor.

1822. January 19.—C. KNYVETT, Esq; in his 79th year, after a lingering illness, which he bore with manly fortitude. He was long known and highly respected in the musical world. His professional talents procured him the patronage of his late Majesty at an early period, and that patronage was graciously extended to him by his present Majesty. Mr. KNYVETT had three sons, one of whom is now on the staff of the British army; he educated the other two for the musical profession, and the distinction which they have attained as performers and composers, with the respectability of their private characters, manifest the excellence of parental instruction moral and scientific. The companionable qualities, good sense, knowledge of the world, and propriety of conduct of Mr. K. rendered him an acceptable guest to many of our highest nobility during the musical vocations, particularly to all the directors of ancient concerts; and it may be truly affirmed that his merits, personal and professional, will long be remembered and esteemed by all who knew him.

Jan. 21.—HEWETT COBB, Esq; of Clement's Inn, and of Sydenham, in Kent, many years a respectable solicitor and proprietor of Brighton Theatre.

February 3.—Suddenly, Mrs. GARRICK, relict of GEORGE GARRICK, Esq; (brother to the celebrated DAVID GARRICK) mother-in-law to Mrs. GARRICK, of the Haymarket Theatre.

Feb. 7.—In Howland Street, aged 74, Mr. RICHARD WROUGHTON, who held a conspicuous station on the London Stage. His talents, if not of the highest order were of the next degree. He was much respected in his profession

at a time when GARRICK, BARRY, and SMITH, were high in favour. As a companion he was humourous and well-bred; and was much respected by a circle of friends. He has left a widow to lament his loss.

Feb. 8.—Aged 25, Mr. HENRY BALDWIN, bookseller of Newgate Street; a young man of considerable literary attainments. His acquaintance with early poetry and the *Drama* has been forcibly exemplified in the "*Retrospective Review*," to which he contributed several excellent articles on those subjects.

28.—At his Chambers, in Garden Court, Temple, JAMES BOSWELL, Esq; the second son of JAMES BOSWELL, Esq. of Auchinleck, the celebrated biographer of Dr. JOHNSON. He received his education at Westminster, was entered at Brazen-nose College, in 1797, and was subsequently elected Fellow, on the Vinerian foundation. Mr. B. possessed talents of a superior order; sound classical scholarship, and a most extensive and intimate knowledge of our early literature. In the investigation of every subject that he pursued, his industry, judgment, and discrimination, were equally remarkable; his memory was unusually tenacious and accurate; and he was always as ready as he was competent, to communicate his stores of information for the benefit of others. These qualifications (added to the friendship which he entertained for Mr. BOSWELL) influenced the late Mr. MALONE in selecting him as his literary executor, and to his care Mr. M. entrusted the publication of an enlarged and amended edition of SHAKSPEARE, which he had long been meditating. Few months have elapsed since this laborious task was accomplished—laborious it certainly was, as Mr. M.'s papers were left in a state scarcely intelligible; and no individual, probably, excepting Mr. BOSWELL could have rendered them available. To this edition Mr. B. contributed many notes, and collated the text with the earlier copies. In the first volume he has stepped forwards to defend the literary reputation of Mr. MALONE against the severe attacks made by a writer of distinguished eminence upon many of his critical opinions and statements; a task of great delicacy, and which Mr. B. has performed in so spirited and gentlemanly a manner that his preface may be fairly quoted as a model of controversial

writing. In the same volume are inserted the memoirs of Mr. MALONE, originally printed by Mr. BOSWELL for private distribution, and a valuable essay on the metre and phraseology of SHAKSPEARE, the materials for which were partly collected by Mr. M. but the arrangement and completion of them were the work of Mr. B. ; and upon these he is known to have bestowed considerable labour and attention.

From the attractions that the metropolis holds out to the lover of good society, Mr. B. felt and professed an attachment to London, that might be deemed hereditary, so closely did it coincide with those feelings which his father has upon various occasions forcibly described. Few men were better fitted to appreciate and contribute to the pleasures of social intercourse; his conversational powers, and the unfailing cheerfulness of his disposition rendered him a most acceptable guest; but it was the goodness of his heart, that warmth of friendship, which knew no bounds when a call was made upon his services, that formed the sterling excellence and the brightest feature of Mr. BOSWELL's character. A feeling of deeper regret has seldom been evinced than upon the event we are recording, aggravated as it was by the unlooked-for termination of a life that promised many years of happiness to himself and others.

Mr. B. was interred in the Temple Church Yard, attended by many of his oldest friends, anxious to pay the last sad tribute of respect to his memory.

March 3.—At Laurel Cottage, Adelston, near Chertsey, CHARLES EDWARD WHITLOCK, Esq; formerly proprietor and manager of the Chester, Newcastle, and other provincial theatres. This gentleman married Miss E. KEMBLE, sister of Mrs. SIDDONS.

30.—Of a consumption, at Richmond, aged 16, HENRY, the last remaining child of WM. WALKER, the late celebrated Lecturer on the Eidouranion, at the theatres.

June .—At Grantham, aged 38, MARTHA, the wife of T. WHITWORTH, one of the Comedians of that place. She had in her childhood been the *protégé* of Lady ANN PATTERSON ANSTRUTHER, of Fife House, Edinburgh.

6.—Mr. STEPHEN GEORGE KEMBLE. This gentleman was born on the 3d of May, 1758, at Kingstown, Here-



fordshire. He was the third of a numerous offspring, which his parents have added to the theatrical community of our times. A very particular circumstance attended his birth, which we believe has not been mentioned before. His mother brought him into the world on the very night in which she acted the character of *Anne Bullen* in "*Henry VIII.*" soon after she had concluded her performance, and just at the time, when as queen, according to the account found in the play, she is supposed to have given birth to the *Princess Elizabeth*. This singular coincidence excited great notice in the neighbourhood at the time, though we believe it has not before found its way into print. (1)

Mr. ROGER KEMBLE, the venerable father of this distinguished race of performers, forcibly impressed by the uncertainty of the theatrical profession, even with the best pretensions to permanent success as competitors are for ever springing up, and as novelty is too often able to defeat the claims of established merit, resolved to devote his son STEPHEN to a pursuit that seemed less precarious. For this purpose, after giving him as good an education as could be obtained at so early an age as that, at which boys are usually sent into the world, he was placed as an apprentice to Mr. GIBBS, an eminent Surgeon, at Coventry. However, in the intercourse that he had with the theatrical company of which his father was manager, young KEMBLE

(1) Mrs. SARAH KEMBLE, the mother of JOHN, STEPHEN, and CHARLES KEMBLE; Mrs. WHITLOCK, Mrs. TWISS, Mrs. MASON, and Mrs. SIDDONS; was the daughter of Mr. WARD, an actor in the time of BETTERTON, but who quitted the London boards to undertake the management of a strolling company. Mr. ROGER KEMBLE was engaged as one of the actors, and a mutual attachment taking place between him and Miss WARD, the lovers eloped and were married; Mr. W. though he disapproved of the match, became at length reconciled to the young couple, and when he died the theatrical sceptre fell into the hands of his son-in-law. Mrs. KEMBLE had a very commanding figure, and it is said possessed great merit as an actress both in tragedy and comedy. She died on the 25th of April, 1807.

imbibed a propensity for the stage which broke out after he had been about two years with his master, and preferring the dramatic truncheon to the lancet and probe, he sallied forth and joined an itinerant troop of actors at Kidderminster, and from that period devoted himself entirely to the stage. It would be as fruitless as difficult to pursue him through the whole of his theatrical career. It is sufficient to say, that having a strong partiality for the stage, and an excellent understanding, he gradually improved in his art, and after acquiring considerable reputation in various parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland, he made his first appearance on the London boards, at Covent Garden Theatre, in September, 1783, as *Othello*. He supported the character with feeling, and a much greater proportion of judgment than is observed in most of the performers who have not had the advantage of being regularly trained to the art in the metropolis, by the example of experienced merit, and the suggestions of that sound taste and experience which are only to be found in a London audience. In the November following Mr. K. was married to Miss SATCHELL, of the same theatre, then in the bloom of youth and beauty, and who even at that early period had deservedly acquired high estimation with the public, for the truth, delicacy, feeling, and genuine simplicity which always characterized her acting. An unlucky misunderstanding with the proprietors caused Mr. and Mrs. K. to relinquish their engagement the following year. They remained sometime performing with great success in various provincial theatres, but were invited by the elder COLMAN to join his company at the Haymarket. Here they had numberless opportunities for the display of their talents, and here Mrs. K. made a lasting impression on the public by her performance of *Yarico*. Soon after this Mr. K. became manager himself, and conducted in succession the theatres of Edinburgh, Glasgow, Liverpool, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and several others, and by diligence and prudence acquired very considerable wealth.

Obtaining great reputation in various places by his performance of *Falstaff*, he was ambitious to have his provincial fame ratified by a metropolitan audience. He accordingly appeared at Drury Lane Theatre, on October the 2d, 1802.

Mr. BANNISTER, jun. previously delivering the following poetical address, humourously adverting to his pretensions (on the score of size) to the part of *Falstaff*.

“ A *Falstaff* here to-night, by nature made,  
Lends to your favourite bard *his pond’rous aid*.  
No man in buckram he ! no stuffing gear,  
No feather bed, nor e’en a pillow bier !  
But all good honest flesh and blood, and bone,  
And weighing more or less some *thirty stone* :  
Upon the northern coast by chance we caught him,  
And hither, in a *broad wheel’d waggon* brought him,  
For in a *chaise* the varlet ne’er could enter,  
And no *mail coach* on such a fare would venture.  
Blest with unwieldiness, at least his *size*  
Will favour find in every critic’s eyes.  
And should his humour, and his mimic art,  
Bear due proportion to *his outward part*,  
As once ’twas said of MACKLIN in the *Jew*,  
“ This is the very *Falstaff*, SHAKSPEARE drew.”  
To you with diffidence he bids me say,  
Should you approve, you may command his stay,  
To lie and swagger here another day.  
If not, to better men he’ll leave his sack,  
And go as *ballast* in a COLLIER back.

He played the character with such success several times as to satisfy himself, the managers, and the public. (1)

(1) The following lines were written on the subject and appeared in several publications of the day, they contain a fair estimate of his general merit in the character.

ON STEPHEN KEMBLE’S *representation of Falstaff*.

The public oft have *Falstaff* seen,  
As coarse in utt’rance, manners, mien,  
As if from earliest days he knew  
No other than his ruffian crew.  
But with a shrewd reflecting mind,  
And humour’s native force combin’d,  
KEMBLE to SHAKSPEARE’S meaning right,  
Exhibits a degenerate Knight,

He was in person the very *Falstaff* of the poet, and did not disgrace the epithets applied to him "A swoln parcel of dropsies; a huge bombard of sack, a stuffed cloak-bag of guts; a roasted Manningtree ox, with the pudding in his belly; a huge hill of flesh," &c. The idea also he formed of this difficult character, was such as reflected credit on his understanding, and in many instances he carried the intention of the author into the fullest effect. When he took leave of the town he delivered another poetical address expressive of his gratitude, with many pleasant allusions to himself and the character he had performed. In the following year he was tempted to assume the same part at Covent Garden Theatre, and his merit fully confirmed the former decision of the town.

Mr. KEMBLE has supported the whole range of the higher parts of the drama, but though he led an active and regular life, his person had for some years become so corpulent that his talents were obliged to submit to his person, and he therefore latterly confined himself to a few characters, in which it was of trifling importance whether he was to be numbered among PHARAOH's *fat* or *lean* kine.

Mr. K. became manager of Drury Lane Theatre at that period, when in consequence of the internal commotions which distracted the establishment, and the bad conduct of the mis-managing committee, and a strong prejudice and enmity which existed against it, the complete downfall of Old Drury may be said to have ensued. He entered upon his arduous undertaking at this most unfortunate period, and endeavoured by every means in his power to "prop the fallen fortunes of the house," but his efforts were of no avail,—and he retired from the forlorn hope. Since that time up to the period of his decease he had been residing at Grove House, near Durham; his last performance on the stage was on the 20th of May last, when he played *Sir Christopher Curry* in "*Inkle and Yarico*," for the benefit of a part of his family. He was then in his usual health,

---

Who seems to make no empty vaunt  
That erst he joked with *John of Gaunt*,  
And well might Princely *Hal* entice,  
By wit and mirth, with all his vice.

but in a few days afterwards he was attacked by inflammation in the bowels, which terminated his existence.—As an author, Mr. KEMBLE ventured on several dramatic productions, which have not been remarkably successful; his last effort, we believe, was “*The Battle of Flodden Field*,” it already “rots itself at ease on Lethe’s Wharf;” but we must do it the justice to say, that it retired as reluctantly from the play-bills as the Scots did from the contest to which it owes its title.—His laborious profession of an actor he adorned no less by his talents than by the unsullied integrity and respectability of his private character; few men live more generally esteemed and respected, and there are few whose death will be more sincerely and lastingly regretted.

19.—At Leeds, aged 40, Mr. JOHN BRAY, comedian. He had resided in America for the last seventeen years. His death was occasioned by a complication of disorders, which baffled the skill of the faculty of Boston and induced him to visit his native land; attended by his eldest son he crossed the Atlantic, and reached Leeds only two days preceding his death.

21.—At Liverpool, Mrs. MARY ANN LEE, wife of Mr. LEE, stage manager of the Adelphi Theatre.

July 12.—Mr. JOHN HIGMAN, of the Peacock, Maiden Lane, and formerly of Covent Garden Theatre.

25.—Mr. EMERY.—[Vide page 105.]

Sep. 8.—PERCY BYSHE SHELLEY, Esq.

Mr. SHELLEY was the eldest son of Sir JOHN SHELLEY, Bart. He was educated at Oxford, where his fearless and independent spirit displeased the heads of the university; while, at the same time, his superior abilities, which were early evinced, excited no small portion of that universal vice—envy. Eventually, his want of hypocrisy, and some eccentricities which are the usual attendants upon extraordinary genius, caused him to be ejected from the College, a circumstance which reflects less honor upon it than upon himself, and which, in all probability, had much influence in causing his mind to take the course which it so steadily pursued. He married when little more than seventeen, and this was an action, which, perhaps more than any other of his life, he had reason to repent. It was one of those hurried and impetuous resolutions of youth which too frequent-



ly involve the actors in misery. Scandal has been busy in reporting wild and strange stories relative to this union ; but we are sure our readers would not thank us for repeating tales, horrible and disgusting in themselves, and the greater part of which have no foundation whatever in truth. By his first lady Mr. SHELLEY had two children, whose names (HENRY and IANTHE) he has introduced into that early effusion of his genius "*Queen Mab*." After the death of this lady, Mr. SHELLEY married MARY WOOLSTONCRAFT GODWIN, daughter of the celebrated WILLIAM GODWIN, author of "*Political Justice*," "*Caleb Williams*," &c. &c. whose wife was the singularly-gifted authoress of "*The Rights of Women*." This marriage, contracted at a period when his character was formed and his judgment matured, was altogether as productive of happiness, as the former was of the unhappy differences which led to a separation. The present Mrs. SHELLEY is the daughter with which MARY WOOLSTONCRAFT, then Mrs. GODWIN, died in childbirth, and springing from such a philosophical source, has received an education and turn of mind, which rendered her, in every respect, a congenial companion for Mr. SHELLEY. She has acquired great literary celebrity by her "*Frankenstein*," and other works, which evince the power and depth of her imagination, and has now in the press a work around which recent circumstances will throw an intense and extraordinary interest.

Some time after the peace, Mr. SHELLEY travelled through Switzerland and France with Lord BYRON, and has generally been residing with or near him ever since.

Mr. SHELLEY's principal productions were, "*Queen Mab*," a *Philosophical Poem* ; "*Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude*," "*Henry and Ellen*," a Poetical tale ; "*The Revolt of Islam*," "*Prometheus Unbound*," a Lyrical Drama ; "*The Cenci*," a Tragedy ; and "*Adonais*," an Elegy on the death of the young poet KEATS, which is one of Mr. SHELLEY's latest works.

Mr. SHELLEY perished at sea, in a storm, with his friend, Captain WILLIAMS, of the Fusileers, on the evening of the 8th of September, 1822, somewhere off Via Reggia, on the coast of Italy, between Leghorn and the Gulf of Spezia. He was in about the thirtieth year of his age, when he died, and has left children, but we know not how many.

The conflict of wild and terrible emotions which would distract an ordinary mind almost to annihilation, SHELLEY could calmly and fearlessly contemplate, and, like the rock which offers its unyielding breast to the ungovernable fury of the world of waters, remain himself "unhurt amid the war of elements." Such was the character of his genius, and it was lucky for him that it was so, as otherwise, he too, like the sensitive KEATS, would have fallen beneath the poisoned shafts of his indefatigable and malevolent assailants. Towering genius and exalted virtue, however much they may attract the veneration of those who are capable of appreciating their worth or emulating their example, are from their lofty situation only the more exposed to the attacks of malice and detraction.

"He who ascends to mountain tops shall find  
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;  
He who surpasses or subdues mankind,  
Must look down on the hate of all below!"

Mr. SHELLEY has been represented as the *enemy of his species*—his heroism has been termed *lunacy*,—his philosophy *folly*, or worse—his virtue *a cheat*—his religion (and it was the Religion of Love and Nature) a *bubble*!—Yet the life of this calumniated man was spent in doing kind and generous actions, and admitting even that he erred in theory, the most obstinate of bigots could point out no one action of his life at which a Christian would blush; and the most noble men of the age admitted him to their intimate friendship and association.

As a writer Mr. SHELLEY possessed "*a capacity to comprehend the universe*," an imagination of the finest and most prolific powers, and a command of language more extensive than that of any author of the day. His "*Rosalind and Helen*;" his "*Revolt of Islam*," his "*Alastor*," and his "*Prometheus Unbound*," possess beauties of the highest order. In the modern Eclogue of "*Rosalind and Helen*," in particular, (says a critic by no means favorable to Mr. SHELLEY, but who, on this occasion, could afford to do justice to his splendid talents) "there is a pensive sadness, a delicious melancholy, nurst in the purest, the deepest recesses of the heart, and springing up like a fountain in the desert, that pervades the poem, and forms its principal

attraction. The rich yet delicate imagery that is every where scattered over it, is like the glowing splendour of the setting sun, when he retires to rest, amid the blessings of exulting nature. It is the balmy breath of the summer breeze, the twilights' last and holiest sigh."—In the Tragedy of the "*Cenci*," the interest forms a perfect contrast to that we feel in "*Rosalind and Helen*." It is dark, wild, and unearthly. The characters that appear in it are of no mortal stamp; they are dæmons in human guise, inscrutable in their actions, subtle in their revenge. Each has his smile of awful meaning—his purport of hellish tendency. The tempest that rages in his bosom is irrepressible, but by death. The phrenzied groan that diseased imagination extorts from his perverted soul, is as the thunder-clap that reverberates amid the cloud-capt summits of the Alps. It is the storm that convulses all nature—that lays bare the face of heaven, and gives transient glimpses of destruction yet to be. Then in the midst of all these accumulated horrors comes the gentle BEATRICE,

"Who in the gentleness of thy sweet youth  
Hast never trodden on a worm, or bruised  
A living flower, but thou hast pitied it  
With needless tears." CENCI, page 50.

She walks in the light of innocence; in the unclouded sunshine of loveliness and modesty; but her felicity is transient as the calm that precedes the tempest; and in the very whispers of her virtue, you hear the indistinct muttering of the distant thunder. She is conceived in the true master-spirit of genius; and, in the very instant of her parricide, comes home to our imagination fresh as in the spring-time of innocence—hallowed in the deepest recesses of melancholy. The agitation this lovely but unhappy creature experiences after the commission of the incest, is powerfully descriptive.

"How comes this hair undone?

Its wandering strings must be what blind me so,  
And yet I tied it fast.—O, horrible!

The pavement sinks under my feet! the walls  
Spin round! I see a woman weeping there,  
And standing calm and motionless, whilst I

Slide giddily as the world reels—my God!  
 The beautiful blue heaven is flecked with blood!  
 The sunshine on the floor is black! the air  
 Is changed to vapours such as the dead breathe  
 In charnel pits! Pah! I am choaked! There creeps  
 A clinging, black, contaminating mist  
 About me—'tis substantial, heavy, thick,  
 I cannot pluck it from me, for it glues  
 My fingers and my limbs to one another,  
 And eats into my sinews, and dissolves  
 My flesh to a pollution, poisoning  
 The subtle, pure, and inmost spirit of life!"

The idea of approaching execution paralyses the soul of  
 BEATRICE, and she thus frantically expresses her horror:

" Oh,  
 My God! can it be possible I have  
 To die so suddenly? so young to go  
 Under the obscure, cold, rotten, wormy ground!  
 'To be nailed down into a narrow place;  
 'To see no more sweet sunshine; hear no more  
 Blithe voice of living thing; muse not again  
 Upon familiar thoughts, sad, yet thus lost  
 How fearful! to be nothing! or to be—  
 What? O, where am I? Let me not go mad!  
 Sweet Heaven, forgive weak thoughts! If there should  
 be  
 No God, no Heaven, no Earth, in the void world;  
 The wide, grey, lampless, deep, unpeopled world!  
 If all things then should be—my father's spirit—  
 His eye, his voice, his touch surrounding me;  
 The atmosphere and breath of my dead life!  
 If sometimes, as a shape more like himself,  
 Even the form which tortured me on earth,  
 Masked in grey hairs and wrinkles, he should come  
 And wind me in his hellish arms, and fix  
 His eyes on mine, and drag me down, down, down!"

The premature and awful death of Mr. SHELLEY has been  
 celebrated by several poetical pens, friendly and otherwise;  
 among them are those of Mr. ARTHUR BROOKE and BER-  
 NARD BARTON. Our correspondent Mr. J. W. DALBY has

also employed his pen upon the subject, and from his poem, which appeared in No. 4, of a Poetical Magazine, entitled the "Troubadour," we extract the following Stanzas :—

One more is added to the lengthening list  
Of the lamented but immortal dead ;  
Another glorious Minstrel's harp is missed,  
And low is laid another laurelled head :  
The heart that felt—the hand that wrote are fled ;  
The mind that gained poetic strength and gave,  
Hath sunk into the silence of the grave.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Thou'rt gone ! but all who listened to thy songs  
Feel their true music thrill within them yet ;  
And dwelling on thy magic power come throngs  
Of lofty thoughts, saddened by deep regret,  
That point (although thy glorious sun is set)  
To the bright promise of a purer time  
When man shall suffer less from care and crime."

"Thou'rt gone ! but shalt not be forgotten till  
Hearts cease to feel the force of poet-fire !  
SHELLEY ! each lover of his nature will  
Cherish the bright effusions of a lyre  
Not formed to charm awhile, and then expire,  
But destined to illumine after days,  
And win from juster times more general praise."

"Unsparring Ocean ! thy wild waves have closed  
Around a breast warmed with a heart that beat  
With nature's purest feelings—where reposed  
The social virtues in their native seat :  
Where friendship, honor—found a sure retreat ;  
Long may thy dark blue waves, wild ocean ! roll,  
Ere thou canst waft to Heaven a nobler soul."

Sept. 11.—At Brighton, Mrs. J. CRAMER, wife of the celebrated composer and performer on the piano forte ; J. B. CRAMER, Esq.

— Mrs. JOHN COVENEY, aged 33 ; late of the Kean's Head tavern, Drury Lane.

27.—FRANCES, wife of Mr. JOHN BRANDON, of Soho Square, and Covent Garden Theatre.



October 3.—At Bath, Mrs. TWISS, sister of Mrs. SID-  
DONS, and of JOHN, CHARLES, and STEPHEN KEMBLE,  
and mother of HORACE TWISS, Esq; author of the “*Ca-  
rib Chief*,” &c.

6.—Signor CARLO ROVEDINO, at his son's house, in  
Sloane Street, in the 71st year of his age. His death was  
owing to the water in his chest, under which he severely  
suffered for several weeks. This gentleman was well known  
for his musical talents in this country and on the Continent  
as a bass singer; he first visited this country in the year  
1777, and made his *debut* at the King's Theatre, having  
studied under SACCHINI and RAUZZINI; he afterwards  
went abroad, and acquired high celebrity in Italy, Paris,  
&c. He returned to this country in 1791, and remained at  
the King's Theatre for 23 years; after a short engagement  
at Paris, he wholly retired from the stage, and returned to  
pass the remainder of his days in this country.

16.—At her house, on the Adelphi Terrace, at the ad-  
vanced age of 98, Mrs. GARRICK, the venerable relict of  
our great ROSCIUS.(1)

Nov. —Aged 60, Mr. EGAN, nearly thirty years a re-  
spectable member of the Bath theatric company.

— At Calais, Mr. WM. PENLEY, son of Mr. PENLEY,  
late manager of the Windsor Theatre.

22.—Mr. R. C. ANDREWS, of Tunbridge Street, New  
Road, aged 57; late artist of the Theatre Royal Drury  
Lane.

29.—Mr. KENDALL, of Salisbury Street, Strand; some  
years since proprietor of the Brighton Theatre and inventor  
of the life preserver.

Dec. 19.—At his cottage in Hampstead Park, Berkshire,  
the seat of EARL CRAVEN, JOHN BRUNTON, Esq., in the  
82nd year of his age. He was father of the late Mrs. MER-  
RY, the present LADY CRAVEN, and Mr. JOHN BRUNTON,  
manager of the West London Theatre; a man more highly  
respected, or more lamented by a numerous circle of ac-  
quaintances and friends, never left this sublunary scene.

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(1) An extended memoir of this venerable lady will be  
given in our next vol.

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## THEATRICAL INQUISITION.

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“ ——— Dear *Theatre*, where I  
 Have many a time with pleasure sat  
 Applauding players to the sky,  
 And waving handkerchief and hat,  
 I felt the joy, to pains excess,  
 'Twas pleasure which I can't express.”

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## NEW DRURY LANE THEATRE.

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### *Journal of Performances, with Remarks.*

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Dec. 16th.—*Venice Preserved*—Three Weeks After Marriage—Lock and Key.

17.—Way To Get Married—Halt of the Caravan—Old and Young.

18.—*Othello*—Frightened to Death!

19.—A TALE OF OTHER TIMES ; or, *Which is the Bride ?*  
 —[1st time.]—Old and Young.

The plot of this piece is none of the most interesting or intelligible, and is spun out to a most tedious and unnecessary length.—*Segismund* (Mr. BRAHAM), the reigning Prince of Lithuania, ravished with the accounts he hears of her charms, is deeply enamoured with the beauteous *Phedora* (Mrs. AUSTIN), a Swedish Princess ; but *Zumirski* (Mr. COOPER), his former guardian, uses all his endeavours to substitute his daughter *Oswena* (Mrs. WEST), in her stead. In order to accomplish this ambitious project, he resorts to every species of deceit and artifice ; and, for greater security, she is carried off by some ruffians in the service of *Zumirski* : but just as the nuptials of the Prince and *Oswena* are on the point of completion, the fraud is discovered by the intervention of old *Carolstein* (Mr. TERRY), and *Phedora* is restored to the arms of the Prince.

The plot is obscurely conducted, and most imperfectly developed ; and is crowded with subordinate characters, none of whom seem to have any connexion with the main story. The dialogue is heavy and inflated, nor is the tediousness of the scene relieved by the introduction of a sin-

gle agreeable incident. Perhaps, however, the lovers of harmony may think that these disadvantages are surmounted by the many beautiful airs with which the piece abounds: some of them certainly are entitled to a high degree of praise; and so powerful was the impression which **BRAMHAM** created, that most of his songs were rapturously *encored*: he was in excellent voice, and communicated the most exquisite delight to all who heard him. Some very pleasing airs fell to the lot of **Mrs. AUSTIN**, which she executed with much delicacy and sweetness. The daughter of *Zumirski* afforded little opportunity for the talents of **Mrs. WEST**, but she gave to it all the interest of which it was susceptible. The rest of the performers, and **Madame VESTRIS** in particular, may justly claim their respective merit in contributing to sustain for a season a production containing few beauties and many defects. The overture, which, although not remarkable for either brilliancy or sweetness, was loudly *encored*, is the production of **Mr. BOSCHA**, who has already obtained so much distinction in the musical world. The songs, which are supplied in great abundance, are the joint production of **Mr. BOSCHA** and **Mr. T. COOKE**.

20.—*Venice Preserved*—Halt of the Caravan—Past Ten o'Clock.

21.—*A Tale of other Times*—Liar—Old and Young.

23.—*Othello*—Halt of the Caravan—1b.—24th and 25th no performance.

26.—*George Barnwell*—**GOG AND MAGOG**; or, *Harlequin Antiquary*.—[1st time,]

As these merry times can never be got over without a pantomime, the antique legend of *Gog and Magog*, who flourished so conspicuously in the "olden time," was dressed up for the occasion. Of this whimsical production it would be difficult to give any distinct description, for it embraces every curious fact, in our history, from good King **ALFRED**'s magic-lantern down to the "Tread-mill." In the opening scene, *Robin Goodfellow*, who was humourously represented by **FITZWILLIAM**, is discovered, surrounded by *Mirth*, *Laughter*, and *Sport*, and other of the deities who preside over this festive season, and they proceed to the venerable council chamber at Guildhall, where the aforementioned illustrious personages, *Gog and Magog*,

who for so many tedious years have guarded the privileges of the worthy liverymen of London, are exhibited in all their silent grandeur. Fearful lest the "Genius of Innovation" should disturb them from their posts, they call a council of the other "ornaments" of the city, to consider the best and most effectual means of preserving their places. This gigantic congress concluded, *Mirth, Sport, and Laughter*, continue their career to St. Paul's, Lincoln's Inn, out to Vauxhall Bridge, and round to the turnpike-gate at Hampstead Road, culling all the beauties on their road, and making most judicious and learned observations on every thing they meet, and thus they see London as it is, and compare it with London as it was. A great variety of tricks are necessarily introduced, none of them very novel, and not a few most clumsily executed. Some portion of the scenery is extremely beautiful, and particularly the representations of the cathedral of St. Paul's, and the view at Vauxhall. SOUTHEY, as *Clown*, kept the house in roars of laughter; and Miss TREE, as *Columbine*, communicated general delight by the grace and elegance of her movements. She introduced a solo on the flageolet, which was most tastefully executed, and all through her performance she tripped it so lightly that she seemed only, *par complaisance*, to touch the ground. If the strict rules of criticism could be applied to Christmas gambols, perhaps this production would not be selected as a fit subject for panegyric; but as this is the season for laughter, let *Gog and Magog* enjoy their temporary renown, and again retire from the busy pantomimic scene, to indulge the *otium cum dignitate* in Guildhall, amongst the other city dignitaries. The piece was received with much disapprobation.

The following may be selected as not an unfavourable specimen of the poetry:—

SONG—*Laughter.*

This wonderful city 'tis said was begun,  
In the year of the world something thousand and one;  
But when 'twill get finished, or likely to be,  
Is a secret Old Time hasn't yet told to me.

But barring all pother,  
Of this, that, and t'other,  
Folks all go to London in turn.

London's rich, and she's poor, and she's humble and proud,  
 She's handsome and ugly, now calm, now a crowd;  
 Her trade is so vast, it extends, if I'm right,  
 From each Monday morning to Saturday night.

Yet barring, &c.

The Parliament once thought of passing a bill,  
 To bid London cease building, and keep herself still;  
 But why about trifles make needless to do,  
 When her length only reaches from Romford to Kew.

Yet barring, &c.

She had once but two bridges as history notes,  
 Now the watermen say there's more bridges than boats;  
 Her churches were Paul's, and St. Peter, and Bow,  
 Now there's almost as many as people that go.

Yet barring, &c.

For playhouses once there were here and there one,  
 For Shakspeare and Foote, and for pantomime fun;  
 Now there's one in each street, and good luck may they gain,  
 Only ladies and gents don't forget Drury Lane.

Where barring all pother,

Of this, that, and t'other,

We all strive to please you in turn.

27.—Dramatist—Old and Young—Ib.

28.—Busy Body—Ib.—Ib.

In consequence of the continued opposition to the pantomime it was this evening laid aside: another was promised in the course of a week.

30.—Pizarro—Halt of the Caravan—Spoiled Child.

31.—Siege of Belgrade—Old and Young—Who's Who?

Jan. 1.—Road to Ruin—Halt of the Caravan—Old and Young.

2.—Haunted Tower—Old and Young—Frightened to Death!

3.—Macbeth—Halt of the Caravan—Modern Antiques.

4.—SIMPSON AND Co.—[1st time.]—Prisoner at Large.  
 —Halt of the Caravan—Spoiled Child.

Through courtesy to its first appearance this piece was dignified with the title of "Comedy," but its proper appellation is a farce, and as such it cannot fail to produce considerable



amusement ; it is pretty generally attributed to the prolific pen of Mr. DIBDIN. Messrs. *Simpson* and *Bromley*, two worthy citizens of credit and renown, residing in the blithsome neighbourhood of Mincing Lane, are the foundation of the story. The first, a prim, demure, and extremely precise old gentleman, has the good fortune to be blessed with a helpmate who is most wofully jealous of her liege lord. The other, the younger partner in the firm, and also much less advanced in years than poor *Mr. Simpson*, and to whom the suspicion of infidelity would much more reasonably attach, is considered by his fair one as a very pattern of perfection. Like *Joseph Surface*, he assumes the specious garb of a man of sentiment, in order to guard against detection, and passes amongst all his acquaintance for a gentleman of the strictest morality. He is violently smitten with a beautiful woman, whom he accidentally meets at the Opera, who turns out to be a young widow (*Mrs. Fitzallan*), lately returned from India. Having learned her address, he obtrudes his visits under pretence of rendering her some essential service at the India House, of which he represents himself a director. He finally procures the portrait of his *Amanda* to be copied from her likeness in the exhibition, which, in the blindness of his ardour, he incautiously carries about in his commercial pocket-book. In the course of business, *Mr. Simpson* gets possession of the valuable depositary of the widow's portrait, which, in an evil hour, falling into the hands of *Mrs. S.*, appears to her jealous eye "confirmation strong as holy writ" of her husband's baseness. To add new fuel to the flame, a French lace-dealer offers some of her contraband merchandise to *Mrs. Simpson*; and, as an additional recommendation, she mentions that a gentleman purchased a large quantity for a lady in Harley Street, and that she received in payment the acceptance of *Simpson and Co.* On being asked whether she had ever seen *Mr. Simpson*, she said she had observed a little elderly gentleman with a powdered wig, and pepper and salt coat, walking on two or three occasions under the lady's window like an impatient and distracted lover. This story completely corresponded with the fact ; for, on one or two occasions *Mr. Simpson*, "poor easy man," happening to walk to the

west end with the moral *Mr. Bromley*, was left pacing about the street with utmost impatience, while his erring partner was paying his unwelcome visits to *Mrs. Fitzallan*. *Mrs. Simpson's* rage knows no bounds. *Mrs. Bromley*, dreading that her dear *Charles* might be corrupted by the pernicious example of sober *Peter Simpson*, upbraids the poor unhappy man with his perfidy. Thus are the whole firm of *Simpson and Co.*, wives, husbands, and all, thrown into a state of the saddest confusion, when, luckily, *Mrs. Fitzallan* herself, the innocent cause of all the mischief, makes a call upon her early friend and schoolfellow, *Mrs. Bromley*, and instantly recognises the gentleman, who, under the assumed name of *Captain Fitzwalter*, had persecuted her with his attentions. The mystery is thus cleared up, and *Mrs. Simpson* immediately throws herself into the arms of her injured husband, and implores his forgiveness for the wrongs she had done him.

It will be perceived by this outline that the incidents, although not remarkable for novelty, are judiciously selected. Indeed its principal interest depends upon the whimsical situations in which *Peter Simpson* is placed, so entirely contrary to his character. TERRY represented this unhappy man to the life.—He is never more admirable than when endeavouring to unravel some strange perplexities, of which he is himself the object. His countenance exhibited the alternate expressions of conscious innocence struggling with solicitude for his reputation, and the most intense curiosity to discover the secret. Mrs. GLOVER performed *Mrs. Simpson* with great propriety, and Mrs. DAVISON's representation of *Mrs. Bromley* was marked with her accustomed excellence. The jealousy of the one, and the credulity of the other, formed a most humorous contrast. Mrs. W. WEST was an exceedingly pleasing representative of the beautiful widow. The piece received high approbation.

6.—Revenge—The GOLDEN AXE; or, *Harlequin and the Fairy Lake*—[1st time.]

This new pantomime is founded on one of our old nursery tales. A young woodcutter, *Colin* (RIDGWAY), is in love with a village lass, *Phillis* (Miss TREE), but her father, *Nicholas Hackit* (BLANCHARD), refuses his con-

sent, because the young man is poor. He goes to his work filled with grief, and, whilst hewing timber on the borders of a lake, his axe falls into the water ; he is lamenting his loss, when a *Fairy* appears, and offers to assist him in finding the axe. She first presents a *silver* one, which he disowns—next, a golden one which he likewise declares is not his ; and at last, shews him his own, which he claims. To reward such virtue and honesty, the *Fairy* presents him with the *Golden Axe*, and becomes his protectress. The old man, on learning his good fortune, consents to their union. The old man and his son, *Roger Hackit* (SOUTHBY), wishing to meet equal good luck, drop their axes into the lake ; and on the *Fairy's* appearance, and her shewing them the valuable ones, they instantly claim them as their own. She detects their knavery, and changes them for a punishment into Pantaloon and Clown, and turns the young woodcutter and Phillis into the motley hero and Columbine, whereupon the usual pantomimic routine commences, which presents a variety of tricks and escapes.

With respect to incident, scenery, &c. this pantomime is certainly superior to its predecessor : many of the tricks are very laughable and well executed. The View of London from Waterloo Bridge, of Westminster from Milbank, the Fairy Lake, the ancient Vessel lately found in the Channel of the Rother, and various others, were delightful specimens of the art ; and the concluding scene, which represents “ A Palace of Content,” is remarkably splendid. A superb *jet d'eau* is seen in the centre, with a magnificent canopy, supported by massy pillars, encircled with roses and flowers of various hues and descriptions, which produce a most pleasing effect. Miss TREE's *Columbine* was full of that grace and agility for which she is so famous ; SOUTHBY's *Clown* comic to a degree ; RIDGWAY's *Harlequin* we think the best on the stage ; and BLANCHARD's *Pantaloon* is too well known to require commendation. He performed several very astonishing evolutions, and received high and merited approbation. The pantomime has been performed nightly to overflowing houses.

7.—Simpson and Co.—Old and Young—Ibid.

8.—Ib.—Past Ten o'Clock—Ibid.

9.—Love in a Village—Ibid.

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COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

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*Journal of Performances, with Remarks.*


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Dec. 16th.—Venice Preserved—Blind Boy.

17.—Maid Marian—London Hermit.

*Maid Marian* has been often repeated with the same brilliant costume, scenery, and decorations, that marked its first appearance—these form, in fact, its only attraction. It is a fanciful *mélange* of opera, ballet, and melo-drame together, without either originality, dialogue, or plot to recommend it. Though extracted from the great Novelist's Romance of *Ivanhoe*, its tritest part, the oft-repeated tale of *Robin Hood* and his bold outlaws, absorbs the piece; while its best characters, those of the *Saxons*, *Cedric*, and *Athelstan*, the bold and dreckless Templar *Bois de Gilbert*, and the beautiful *Rebecca* (she who reminds us of one of those exquisite Cartoons of the immortal RAFAEL), are altogether omitted. But the scenery is fine; the banquet given by the heartless brother of the valiant *Cœur de Lion*, the gloomy *John*, is most splendid; the ample hall, the gay revellers, the lights and the minstrels, are grouped so as to produce a dazzling effect.

The following lines are from the pen of a very young lady, who, in our opinion, bids fair to rank among those, who in the “olden-time” and in our own days have cast so glorious a flood of light over our literary hemisphere.

---

*Written after seeing “Maid Marian.”*

---

Oh, for the days of the bow and the spear,  
And the hawk, and the hound, and the good red deer !  
I rather would dwell in the forest bower  
Than in princely hall or in knightly tower,  
Amid hearts as free as the shaft of their bow,  
The tall oaks above, the soft grass below.  
Oh, down and the purple canopy  
Are not worth the shade of the greenwood tree !  
My Love would look well in the Lincoln green,  
With his blade, and his bow, and his arrows keen ;

And the hazel glance of his falcon eye  
 The maiden would love, and the warrior fly.  
 I would ask no gems but the flowers of spring,  
 No music but what the birds could sing;  
 And we'd lead a life like a fairy tale,  
 As free and as fresh and as light as the gale.  
 Oh, sweet and wild the hours would be  
 We past in the shade of the greenwood tree!  
 Oh, cities are all of smoke and care,  
 And gold is the curse that is laid on all there,  
 And feelings grow cold, and hearts lie dead,  
 And the fresh leaves of hope are withered!  
 But sweet is the cry when the wild buck bells,  
 And sweetly the horn of the hunter swells;  
 And life is of love and of liberty,  
 When past in the shade of the greenwood tree!

L. E. L.

18.—Ibid.—Ibid.

19.—Wonder—Irish Tutor—Brother and Sister.

20.—Maid Marian—Ibid—Sleep Walker.

21.—Ibid—London Hermit.

23.—Romeo and Juliet—Irish Tutor—Forty Thieves.

Miss KELLY still continues her triumphant career, improving on her original excellence, and receiving the meed of augmented applause. The following tribute to her talents, from a sweet writer, has been handed to us to swell the grateful strain.(1)

### SONNET

*To MISS KELLY, on her performance of Juliet.*

'Twas the embodying of a lovely thought,  
 A living picture exquisitely wrought,

(1) We are glad to insert in opposition to it an abominable Impromptu on the same subject, from a Correspondent who signs "Cockney."

Though in *November* she began  
 Her hour upon our stage to fruct,  
 She is so sweet that every man  
 Hopes she'll go on for *July-yet*.



With hues we think, but never hope to see  
 In all their beautiful reality:  
 With something more than fancy can create,  
 So full of life, so warm, so passionate.  
 Young beauty ! sweetly didst thou paint—the deep  
 Intense affection woman's heart will keep  
 More tenderly than life ! I see thee now,  
 With thy white wreathed arms, thy pensive brow,  
 Standing so lovely in thy sorrowing.  
 I've sometimes read, and closed the page divine,  
 Dreaming what that Italian girl might be ;  
 Yet never imaged—look or tone more sweet than—thine.  
 L. E. L.

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### SONNET,

*On seeing Miss KELLY and Mrs. DAVENPORT, as Juliet and the Nurse, at Covent Garden Theatre, on Monday night, December 23rd, 1822.*

A double wreath, a double crown should be  
 To *Juliet* and her *Nurse*,—Nature's own pair,  
 Who with her cunning hand hath stamped them there  
 As in Verona's walls ! Yes, thou art she,  
 Young KELLY, thou that lov'st so artlessly  
 And with firm faith, as in thy heart so fair  
 And true a welcome only death might share :  
 Sad physic for sick hopes, thy lost love's fee.  
 And thou, too, DAVENPORT, thou turn'st the grace  
 Of *real* life into consummate skill  
 Of aged rheums, and aches, and weary pace,  
 The tongue all voluble and woman's still—  
 Dost bid once more, as with O'NEILL, the stage  
 Show all the mimic power of love and age !

R.

24 and 25.—No Performance.

26.—Douglas—HARLEQUIN AND THE OGRESS; or, *The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood*—[1st time.]—

In compliance with the long-established custom of gratifying the holiday visitors of the theatres with pantomimic representations at this season of year, a new piece of that description was produced at this theatre last night, under

the title of "*Harlequin and the Ogress, or the Sleeping Beauty of the Wood*." The introductory story is taken from the well-known tale of "*The Sleeping Beauty*," in "*Mother Bunch's Fairy Tales*," which had before been "melodramatised," but had not hitherto been taken for the groundwork of a harlequinade.

The piece opens in one of the *fabled* grand caverns under the Pyramids of Egypt, in which the three fatal sisters of Mother Bunch's mythology are seen spinning and winding a ball of golden thread, the fastening of which to the wrist of the Sleeping Beauty is intended to add another century to the duration of her life, and of the power which the Ogress or Fairy has exercised over her and her possessions for the preceding hundred years. The ball having been completed, with the due quantum of magic incantation in such cases prescribed, is consigned to the care of *Grim Gribber*, the porter of the castle, with directions to attach it to the wrist of the lady in the chamber of sleep, whither he accordingly proceeds for that purpose; but overcome by the soporific influences of the atmosphere of that enchanted place, he falls into a deep sleep ere his task is accomplished. *The Prince Azoff*, with his squire *Abnob*, straying from a hunting party into the enchanted cedar grove, encounter the *Fairy Blue Bell*, protector of the *Sleeping Beauty*, who imparts to the Prince the story of her enchantment, furnishes him with a magic flower to protect him from the influence of the *Ogress*, and instructs him in the means of releasing the *Beauty* at the expiration of the term of her first enchanted sleep, which is then drawing to a close. In the amazement which seizes the Prince on finding himself in the chamber of sleep, at the splendour of every thing around him, and the sight of the Sleeping Beauty with her surrounding train of attendants, whose faculties are all enchained in the same preternatural slumber, he lets fall the magic flower, and becomes thereby subject to the power of the *Ogress*, from which he is however rescued on the instant by the protecting interference of the *Fairy Blue Bell*. But in punishment of his neglect, he is condemned to wander for a time in search of happiness with the now-awakened *Beauty*, pursued by the relentless *Ogress* and her servant, *Grim Gribber*. The

whole of the persons engaged in the scene now undergo the prescriptive pantomimic changes, and the ordinary succession of harlequinade adventures, tricks, and transformations ensue.

Our old favourites the GRIMALDI's, father and son, Mr. ELLAR as *Harlequin*, and Mr. BARNES as *Pantaloön*, were hailed, on their appearance, with the warmth of greeting to which their excellence in their several parts fully entitles them, and displayed their wonted drollery, gracefulness, and agility: and Miss BRISSAK, who, for the first time, appeared as *Columbine*, acquitted herself with tolerable credit, and was very well received.

The scenery in general was marked with that characteristic beauty and highly-finished excellence, which have long distinguished the productions of this theatre: and the panoramic series of views on the river Thames, from Greenwich to the Nore, on the passage of the Royal Flotilla for Scotland, and its arrival in Leith Roads, probably surpass every thing of the kind before exhibited. There are several diverting tricks and ingenious changes. GRIMALDI's equipment of a patent safety coach at Brighton, in particular was highly amusing. The machinery, which is in many instances of a most complicated description, worked remarkably well for a first night's exhibition; and the whole went off with a degree of *eclat* which must have been exceedingly gratifying to the managers, as auguring the probability of such a lengthened run for the piece as may amply recompence the pains and expense which have been so lavishly bestowed in its preparation. The house was filled in every part, and the announcement of the pantomime repetition was received with the most clamorous approbation, undisturbed by a single dissentient voice.

27.—Stranger—Ibid.

28.—Maid Marian—Ibid.

30.—Earl of Essex—Ibid.

This tragedy was this evening revived at this theatre with a great strength of cast. The character of the ill-fated hero who gives name to the piece being sustained by Mr. MAC-READY, that of his devoted Countess (*Rutland*) by Miss F. H. KELLY, and the haughty *Elizabeth*, by Miss LACY.

This powerful combination of histrionic talent, even in a

composition of such inferior merit, drew together one of the most crowded audiences of the present season ; the pit, in particular, being crammed to overflowing, long before the rising of the curtain. The personation of the fiery, gallant, generous, and noble-spirited, but deeply-injured and unfortunate *Essex*, was sustained by Mr. MACREADY with his wonted taste, discernment, and vigour. His scenes with *Elizabeth*, in the second and third acts, were finely conceived and spiritedly executed. The delivery of the speeches commencing "I came to clear my injured name," and "I've served you, Madam, with the utmost peril," was a brilliant ebullition of the indignant feelings of a high and gallant spirit chafed by unmerited reproaches, and smarting under a sense of wrong. His upbraidings of his successful rival *Burleigh* were dignified and impressive ; and the strong emotions of his final scene with his wife, in the tower, were powerfully true to nature. Miss F. H. KELLY did all that could be done for the feeble character of *Rutland*. The fond overflowings of a young and ingenuous heart, unexpectedly restored to the presence of the object of its fondest devotion, were uttered with a delightful tone of mingled ecstasy and tenderness in her first scene with *Essex* ; and the agonising sensations of a youthful wife, on the point of being torn from the lord of her soul's most powerful affections, were portrayed with intense feeling in her pleadings with *Elizabeth* for the pardon of *Essex*, in the Tower scene more particularly. Miss LACY was a graceful and dignified representative of the haughty majesty of *Elizabeth*, and gave full effect to those scenes in which the softness of the woman struggles with the pride of power, and the love of rule of the Queen.

The whole performance was such as could not be witnessed but with perfect satisfaction, as far as these highly-gifted persons were concerned ; and their exertions called forth repeated expressions of the warmest approbation.

31.—Maid Marian—Ibid.—Jan. 1.—Way to Keep Him—Ibid.—2.—Rob Roy—Ibid.—3.—Heuri Quatre—Ibid.—4.—Maid Marian—Ibid.—6.—Virginus—Ibid.—7.—Artaxerxes—Ibid.—8.—School for Scandal—Ibid.—9.—Twelfth Night—Ibid.—10.—Artaxerxes—Ibid.

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Mr. KEAN, as <i>Hamlet</i> .	Miss FISHER, as <i>Josephine</i> .
Mr. HARLEY, as <i>Trudge</i> .	Miss MELLON, as <i>Mrs. Page</i> .
Mr. EMERY, as <i>Tyke</i> .	Miss PATON, as <i>Lydia</i> .

And Madame VESTRIS, as *Don Giovanni*.

## ERRATA.

The reader is requested to correct the following errors which occur in some copies.

### VOL. I.

- P. 56, line 18, *for* after anxiously pressing *read* anxiously presses.  
 65, — 20, *for* drunken *read* druken.  
 75, — 9, (from bottom) *for* direpute *read* disrepute.  
 120, — 7, *for* even *read* ever.  
 324, — 8, *for* understanding *read* undertaking.  
 394, — 20, *for* cut *read* put.  
 405, last line, *for* form *read* turf.

### VOL. II.

- 65, — 20, *for* thoughtless *read* thoughtful.  
 69, — 14, *for* made *read* maid.  
 75, — 3, (from bottom) *read* the Comic Muse.  
 77, — 15, *for* foreman *read* foeman.  
 79, — 2, (from bottom) *for* obscurity *read* absurdity.  
 124, — 5, (from bottom) *for* night *read* right.  
 349, — 6, (from bottom) *for* hand *read* hour.  
 401, — 1, *for* and *read* an.

### VOL. III.

- 23, — 13, *for* bring *read* bringing.  
 92, — 8, *for* draw *read* drew.  
 153, — 32, *for* rhyme *read* rhymes.  
 305, — 7, *for* thee *read*, ye.  
 323, — Inscription on Kean's sword, *read* to be worn by him when he appears on the stage &c.  
 339, — 10, Omit the comma after soul.  
 346, — 3, *read* in that all lonely, yet all lovely hour.  
 349, — 11, *for* faintless *read* taintless,  
 361, — 22, *for* untet *read* under.  
 363, — 3, *read* to a very severe scrutiny.

In the No. for Nov. some inaccuracies occur in the Dramatic Register. The List of performances should stand thus.

D.L.T. Nov 9, Suspicious Husband—Nuptials—Rendezvous.

C.G.T. Oct. 23, Twelfth Night—Ali Pacha

25, (Omitted) Way to keep Him—ib.

29, (Do.) Wonder—New Lights—ib.

30, Wonder—ib.—ib.

Nov. 2, Clandestine Marriage—New Lights.

12, Wonder—ib.—2 Galley Slaves.

13, Othello—2 Galley Slaves.

16, Romeo and Juliet—Day after the Wedding Irish Tutor.











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